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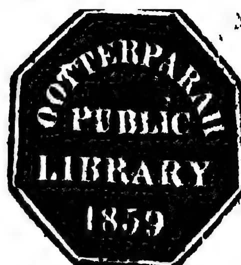


Ch. Maurice de Talleyrand

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THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



JANUARY 1, 1832.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THE NEW YEAR.

The New Year—and when, within our memory, did the year open with such omen of ill, and yet with such promise of good? But how are our own minds prepared for the coming events? At this moment a certain weariness—a certain apathy pervades the higher classes of society. The little great world is sick of the eternal Reform, *blasé* with the cholera, and tired of the more novel horrors of the dissecting-room and the Italian Boy. But slowly, darkly, fearfully rolls the great current of Opinion, among those

orders who have no leisure for weariness, and who, where their worldly betters relax into listless indifference, harden into despairing discontent. Sometimes we employ ourselves in looking at the numerous penny publications which (like the disorders said to belong to the poor, but ultimately extending to the great and wealthy of the land,) are found circulating only among those classes with whom the higher rarely come into contact, but which are gradually generating that atmosphere of disease which shall ultimately equally endanger all, whether the inmates of the palace or the hovel. We look into those publications with a painful and foreboding interest. Opinions are not only increasing in violence; but what is far worse, in fantastic speculation. One of these papers recommends an immediate "calling in," as it mildly terms it, "of all the property in the kingdom; and the utter renunciation of individual rights." Pushing the dreams of Owen into their farthest excess, this writer, who calls himself "a philosophical Radical," insists upon men being portioned off into colleges, living together, dining in common, and working each a quarter of an hour a day. "No difference of opinion," quoth our philosopher, "is in this beautiful state of existence to be permitted or even conceived." Lord Brougham and Lord Aberdeen, the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Place, are to lie down (serpentes avibus) in these charming abodes, systematized into equality and parallelogramed into concord. And be it known to the incredulous dwellers on the World's smooth surface, that Owen's opinions are gaining a daily ground among the operative classes—opinions not dangerous in the mouth of that benevolent man, but far from safe when entrusted to the favour of more passionate and more hungry reasoners. We are not afraid, it is true, of these visions becoming so generally received as to create that violent and armed struggle which Mr. Wakefield predicates in his pamphlet between the Have-nots and the Haves. Still less do we entertain the preposterous notion of the Owenites joining the thieves in a tender invasion of the houses of our shoemakers and bakers. But this we do fear—this we do believe, that the habit of wild speculation, superadded to the habit of impassioned excitement, will produce among the operative classes an aversion to sober industry; an unsettled and vague dissatisfaction; an indifference to moderate benefits, and a grasping at shadowy experiments, which, if it may not destroy constitutional authority, will deeply injure the cause of constitutional freedom. We must put down this spirit of innovating theory. How? by breaking up the monopoly now granted to inflammatory bombast. The whole argument for the repeal of the Stamp Act lies in a nutshell. It is not only that the great legitimate periodicals of the day

are so dear that they do not travel extensively among the poor, but in consequence of their sale being dependant on the better informed and the wealthier classes, it does not answer to their conductors to write in a style, and upon subjects immediately interesting and attractive to the poorer and the worse instructed. Now, in England, the poor *will* read—*will* be politicians—will speculate; we cannot prevent it: henceforth, this will be rendered, by free elections, more than ever the case. Well, since they cannot easily buy the legitimate journals, and since, when they do buy them, they find themselves not addressed in a very familiar, or a very appropriate manner, they are driven to buy the illegitimate journals, cheaper in price, and better adapted to their understandings. These cheap works are against the law. Few honest men will break even a bad law; it is, therefore, *chiefly* dishonest men who write these books, and knowing that ignorant minds love coarse seasoning, they neglect the reason and strike at once at the passion of their readers. Thus we throw the popular education into the hands of dishonest men, and while we lay an interdict on the antidote, we give a monopoly to the bane.

Now let us tell our country readers, afraid of incendiarism and quaking at Captain Swing, an anecdote that occurred within our own knowledge. In one of the distressed and insurgent districts last year, there was a certain incorrigible hamlet of self-confessed machine-breakers and suspected rick-burners. In vain went the squire, in vain the parson, in vain the bailiff, (a popular fellow in his way too, with a bluff, pleasant manner,) among this formidable nest of rustic conspirators, explaining, denouncing, and imploring, talking one moment of increased wages, and the next of a month at the tread-mill. Our sturdy insurgents laughed at the teachers, who they fancied wanted to delude, and who they knew wanted to pacify, them. A month at the tread-mill was no hardship, and that they conceived the extent of the penance to which they were liable. Things grew worse;—barns were fired as well as stacks, and half a dozen soldiers were sent for in despair to try the last logic of the bayonet; when happily a stray number of the Spectator newspaper found its way down to the Parson's vicarage. In this paper was a short statement or address to the agricultural rioters, informing them of the nature of their crimes and the extent of their punishment; in a word, explaining what neither squire nor peasant knew before, that that punishment was not at the most a short exercise in the tread-mill—it was transportation—it was death. The parson was a clever and a shrewd man. He sent for some score copies of this paper, and instantly caused them to be circulated among the rioters. The effect was

magical: the whole tone of that admirable paper is so liberal, that the most violent perceived they were addressed by a friend, and the law, in this number, was so clearly put forth, that the most sturdy were appalled by the statement. Within a week from that time if the peasants were not wholly reconciled to the farmers—the machines at least were again in work, and the business of lighting the swart face of Night was left once more to the stars and Diana. Here what soldiers could not have done, was effected by a newspaper. And here is a fact that says volumes for cheap periodicals. Had works of an equal honesty and intelligence been early sold for a penny apiece, throughout the villages of Kent and Sussex, we should not perhaps have been called upon to celebrate the solemn Holiday of the Christian world with executions of vengeance, and warrants of death; nor have crowded our gaols with men whom we first condemned to ignorance, and whom ignorance, and therefore ourselves, hurried blindfold into crime. This is the first day of a New Year—the high and august commencement of a new series of duties,—the onward step in the great march of human destinies which we have already taught to aim at brave hopes and exalted triumphs. On this day, therefore, as the first of all political objects, higher than any Parliamentary Reform, and without which Parliamentary Reform exposes us rather to the caprices of Passion than to the power of Opinion,—we insist earnestly, seriously, resolvedly upon the *early* necessity of removing all taxes that press upon knowledge, and of laying the ground-work of true national amendment in a national education. We call upon Lord Althorpe to redeem his old pledges on the stamp act;—we invoke Lord Brougham to mature those great schemes, of which pamphlets on hydrostatics are a tantalizing forerunner—scarcely useful as a beginning—utterly abortive as an end. The schoolmaster is abroad, but at present we have seen more of his rod than his books.

The New Year. And what—O Londonderry—O Wharncliffe—do you in this dark and boding epoch—this entrance into a new world of time—what do you meditate towards the re-establishment of your order in the popular esteem? In Spain there was once on a time a man called Perico de Ayala. "What," said a man to Perico de Ayala, "is that miraculous virtue attributed to the turquoise stone?"—"Oh, it is a very wonderful stone," quoth Perico, "none more so!—its virtue is this: if you fall from a high tower, *you* will be dashed to pieces, but the turquoise on your little finger won't be broken in the least." My Lords, the consistency on which you would value yourselves is very like the turquoise—the consistency may be unbroken to the last, but it is scarcely worth while to try the experi-

ment on yourselves. For you, our Lords the Bishops—for you—at the high festival of the English Church, when man should put away from himself the haughty pomps of the world;—when the Christian ethics of peace to earth and good-will to men force themselves the most impressively on the human heart—for your ear is there at this sacred moment, no voice which preacheth "This system you uphold is a system that is built upon the fraud, and the perjury, and the immorality of your flock—will ye do evil that good may come?" Is there no still small whisper at your hearts which says—"Ye fear Reform may attack the pluralities of the Church; but does not Corruption attack its doctrines? Ye fear for your sectarian interests; but have ye no care for the cure of vices which press upon the universal interests of religion?" Most spiritual Lords, we have a tale for you too, as well as for your temporal brethren. The great Mahmoud, for whom the title of Sultan was first coined in the mint of Eastern adulation, is celebrated for his invasion of the Hindoos. He came to the Pagoda of Sunnat in the promontory of Guzzerat. In this Pagoda was an idol held in especial reverence. Mahmoud enters the sanctuary—he lifts his iron mace against the head of the idol—the Brahmins flock around—they weep—they implore—they threaten—it is even said that they attempted to bribe. Mahmoud is softened not—he splits the idol in twain—a profusion of pearls and rubies tumble forth, and the devotion of the Brahmins is explained. There are those, my Lords, in other places than the Pagoda of Sunnat who rally round the shrine of Corruption, not for the holiness of the worship, but for the treasure within the Idol!

We cannot quit this subject, however, without *assuring* our readers—and as yet our assurances have not failed, even when most of our brethren foreboded a contrary result—that we have every cause to be *convinced* that Ministers are resolved on carrying the Bill, the next time, through the Lords. There is not the most remote reason to doubt the steadiness of the King; and they who have gone through the toil and heat of the day without flinching, will not falter at the close. Let us only conceive the possibility of Ministers suffering the Bill again to be thrown out of the Lords;—we tell them boldly that they would lose at once opinion in the country, and a majority in the Lower House. Character, power, esteem, "honour, faith, obedience, troops of friends,"—*all* depend on the resolution they evince in the Upper House. And if they would ensure their point, let them beware of that arch-devil that whispers conciliation to enemies. While they are soothing one foe on the opposite benches, they are alienating, seriously alienating, twenty adherents. Meekness to assailants is a

reproach to supporters. Let them beware of that time when men shall divide the feeling towards the Ministry from the attachment towards the Bill.

The New Year—and what, putting politics aside, forgetting, for a moment, the anxiety and the dissensions, the fever and the fear, of the public mind—what are the softer and more peaceful prospects which Time expands to our survey? In the streams of literature, the ice begins gradually to thaw; and people are no longer so anxious to act as to be reluctant to think. Amusement, "that great want of man," is again sought for, and the world is willing enough to find something to talk about, newer than Reform, and something to read, less monotonous than the debates. Even History, which has slept for a time, begins to awaken to its old importance; and we have from the tardy hands of Murray—arch procrastinator of publishers—two histories within a week of each other. This revival of the good spirit of letters let us endeavour to foster, and temper the bitterness of the period with something of the true gentleness of letters. For ourselves, we have purposely, in this month, gone somewhat back to the treasures of less recent literature; for there we find the principles of that criticism which we are called upon, in newer books, to apply; and we will thus begin the year with old friends, as the best chance of enabling us to end it with new. Our hearts warm at this season to those whom we loved when young. We spring forward to welcome the kind face that smiled upon us when we were boys: we find our steps insensibly wander to that part of our library which contains the well-remembered books that first taught us to glow with the poet, to muse with the sage, to laugh with the satirist; we forget that we are anxious, toiling, hoping, yet care-worn men; and we recur—as the year itself—to a renewal of our youth.

The New Year: and what differences in society—on the great superficies of the World's Mind, in manners, in habits, in customs, does the New Year portend, and bring? Let us pause. A great change is working over even the surface of things. Fashion, within the last twelve months, has been shaken on her throne. Among the great events of time, frivolities cease to charm. People talk no more about Almack's and fine ladies; and Agitation, which works in good as in evil, has done this much—it has called forth the higher, the graver, the steadier properties of the English character. Our attention has been bent upon the realities of things, and we forget our reverence for the appearances. Deep and stern remembrances have been evoked from the depths of the public mind; and these, in their turn,

call for that which the past teaches rather by fits and starts than in a continuous lesson—the necessity of amendment for the future. It was a fine saying, though in the mouth of a court poet, that

> " ———— the people are much like the sea,
> That suffers things to fall, and sink into
> The bottom in a calm, which in a storm
> Stirr'd and enraged, it lifts and doth keep up."

The New Year—the time of charities, of cordiality, of genial and warm feelings—the time that knits together in one bond of amity the old and the young, the rich and the poor. It pleases us at this time, to read in our journals of men in all ranks, and of all opinions, uniting in remembrance to their humbler brethren. We love to read of the loaves, and the fuel, and the warm garments, and the old English hospitality, which we are now reminded that it is a pleasant duty to bestow. But while we do not scorn these private benefits, and while we do homage to these individual benefactors, let us not omit the opportunity of inculcating one great truth—legislation is the only means of effecting general and permanent good; and one wise law does more for the morals, the comforts, the happiness of our peasantry than a thousand Sir Roger de Coverleys.

The New Year—and what hopes, dear reader, (for why should we not be friends, united in a common object?)—and what hopes, dear reader, does it find within ourselves, who now address you? May it be father to that time when we may talk to you of what we *have done*, and when you may feel for us something of that good-will that we now heartily experience for you!

THE TEMPER OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

In an article in the November number on the Temper of the House of Commons, an attempt was made to explain what were the peculiar qualities in a speaker which were likely either to win the favour, or to offend the taste of that Assembly: when, and by whom, the declamatory style might boldly be assumed, and why, generally, the argumentative was the safer path to success and popularity.

In making now a few observations on the Temper of the House of Lords, this essential distinction meets one on the threshold. It is not here a question as to the degree of praise to be obtained. The Upper House, taken as a body, dislikes every speech. It endures all, but it desires none. It submits, as it would to a dose of physic, to the prescribed course of debate and deliberation, necessary for it to exercise its inherent functions of legislation. But in taking that dose it sometimes does make very wry faces the while. Witness the frequent contortion of muscle, with its audible accompaniment, on the part of an illustrious prince, which no doubt he calls a yawn. These, of course involuntary oscitations, are, singularly enough, symptoms of weariness elicited only by the most brilliant parts of his opponents' speeches. This, however, is a peculiar instance. Generally speaking, there is no such judicious discrimination in the degree of attention accorded. A stranger, entering the House of Lords for the first time, could form no estimate from the state in which he found its Members, whether the orator was worth listening to or not. Whatever other distinction the House of Lords may cling to, in talent it is an unsparing leveller. The dullest twaddler may command its patient endurance. The most eloquent debater can do no more. And the consequence is, that though it counts amongst its Members not only avowedly the first orators of the day, but many more pleasant, clever, ready speakers than the House of Commons could now number, yet, how few of these ever willingly open their lips. The Reform Bill was an exception, the debate on which was certainly most creditable to the Aristocracy, whatever may be thought of the division; but on most other occasions, the discussion is not unfrequently allowed to fall into the hands of those incorrigible bores who have either too much vanity, or too little sense, to perceive that the House does not willingly listen to any one. It is, no doubt, a great defect in a legislative assembly to dislike debate, and to be indifferent to the manner in which that prescribed duty is executed. But there is nothing in the constitution of the Upper House which renders this defect incorrigible.

As these remarks are written in no unfriendly spirit to that august assembly, they might have been suppressed at present, when it is certainly not necessary to call public attention to any of its yet undiscovered faults; but this is mentioned now, from the conviction that nothing would tend more to remove the evil complaint of remissness in the personal discharge of their duties on the part of the Peers, than the passing of the Reform Bill. A Peer is described in some Glossary, no matter where, as "a man who votes by *proxy* in *both* Houses of Parliament, but in *person only* in the House of Lords." Take away the first portion of privilege thus described, viz. the right

of double proxy, and the Members would almost as soon recover their individual character as statesmen, as the House itself, collectively, would its credit for patriotism. It does at first appear a little extraordinary, that so few of these Hereditary Legislators, thus, as it were, "to the manner born," should ever even utter a few disjointed sentences in debate; but the cause has, no doubt, in a great measure been, that they have chosen rather as a luxury to appear by their agents in another Court, which, upon that very account, has for many years monopolized all the business. Of all the various misstatements put forward to prevent the passing of the Reform Bill, there is none more diametrically opposed to the truth than that it would be fatal to the importance and independence of the House of Lords. The importance and independence of the House of Lords!—On how few occasions during the last half century, compared with any former periods of our history, have their Lordships shown their importance, by exerting their independence. It is during that period especially that they have been in a false position, not by any means from their having given up political power, but from their having transferred their seat of government to the conquered country—the House of Commons. Thence the disuse into which the House of Lords has fallen—thence its deserted benches, and the listless unoccupied appearance of the few stragglers who, between five and seven, stroll about its matted alleys, whilst some one—they hardly care who—is making motions or asking questions, about—they hardly know what. And why should they, or what motive have they for exertion? For long they have been aware that their individual consequence in the eyes of the distributors of power, has been estimated not by the sound of the voice they could openly raise there, but by the echo of their secret whispers elsewhere. On most great questions it is true that there have been discussions, sometimes more, sometimes less detailed, but those who have engaged in them have been aware that they must be entirely without result—a sort of sham-fight, or rather a feint to distract public attention from the real attack, which other divisions of the same forces were carrying on elsewhere. It is not where no glory calls, nor fame awaits, that zealous volunteers rush forward to offer themselves. It may be said that, still after all, the House of Lords is a Debating Society; and to a certain extent this is true, but all other debating societies are assemblies composed of persons whom the love of oratory alone collects, men anxious to express opinions which they are powerless to carry into effect. The Lords have oratory like "greatness thrust upon them," and, without trouble, they feel sure of having their opinions carried into effect, for, with one or two exceptions (of which a word presently), they have only met (borrowing a phrase from the Anti-Reformers) to "register the edicts" of what they have called the House of Commons. The influence of individual Peers, who are boroughmongers, will no doubt be diminished by Reform, but the personal characters, even of those individuals, are likely to be improved by a new stimulus for exertion, and the importance of themselves and their brethren as a body, will, without a doubt, be increased by their political power being confined within its proper sphere, there to be exercised ostensibly and in person, instead of sending their mercenaries forth into a territory to which they have no claim; and when no longer allowed to interfere, by these indirect

means, in the concerns of others, they are more likely to attend to their own duties themselves. Experience proves this to have been the case.

This inactivity of the House of Lords, as a body, has gradually increased since the time of Sir R. Walpole, who first organized that system of corruption, which has, by degrees, destroyed the power of the people in the House of Commons.

Let the reader look back to the different state in which things were before that time. In the days of Queen Anne, for instance. The preponderance of political talent in the Members of the House of Lords over those of the House of Commons was not then, perhaps, more strongly marked than now. Yet how differently was public attention then divided. The debates were not then reported in the wonderful manner in which they now are, and therefore it is difficult to estimate their talent for debate; but it is impossible to see the number of the protests first of the Tory and then of the Whig Lords of that day, without observing the activity of their proceedings, or to read their contents without, in many instances, being struck with the shrewd, terse, business-like style of their arguments. Most of the names, which then figured in every page of the Journals, have descended to this day, and we should not be particularly struck with either the activity or the business-like habits of the present possessors.

It will hardly be believed, without some example, how many of those, who from their earliest days must have known that they were destined to a certain career, seem rather to have chosen to devote themselves to any other pursuit. How many have never opened their lips in that Council of the Nation, from which no unfitness or inattention can remove them! It would be invidious to select instances. Let us, therefore, begin at the top of the list; meaning, of course, the list of those who voted upon the last question which has occupied them, that of Reform. The majority, doubtless, have right to the precedence, and passing by the Princes from courtesy, the anti-reforming dukes are, in due order, Beaufort, Leeds, Marlborough, Rutland, Manchester, Dorset, Newcastle, Northumberland. We have got thus far without finding one whom the reader will recollect to have ever uttered a word in debate; two more names, at the bottom of the list, fill up the complement of anti-reforming Dukes, and these are the great Duke of Wellington and the big Duke of Buckingham—one as undeniably great as the other is undoubtedly big, these two have both occasionally taken part in debate. In their style of speaking, they are as dissimilar as in their figures; but in rank as orators, a Plutarchian balance might be struck between them without injury to either, both being infinitely below mediocrity. There is not one of the eight dumb Dukes enumerated above who might not speak as well as either of them, if he only chose to try; but none ever have tried, though not any of them young men: and having acted as senators during some of the most eventful portions of our history, it may be questioned whether any one ever raised his voice beyond the undertone of polite conversation, except, perhaps, at a corporation feast or a cover side. Some years back, without a reason, and in silence, they all voted the degradation of an injured woman. But a few weeks since, without a reason and in silence, they opposed themselves to the

wishes of a united people. Yet follow these men into private life, they will most of them be found exemplary in all its relations; kind and charitable, considerate landlords, active magistrates, intelligent men of business; there must, then, be some defect in the present exercise of its functions by the House of Lords, which induces them to neglect a career which seems most naturally open to them, and where their first duties call them. It is unnecessary to pursue this question farther. The names that have been taken at the head of the list, it may be inferred, are a fair sample of the rest, as there is no reason why a Duke should be more dumb or dense than a man in any other degree in the peerage. It is true that one could not get so far in the other list, that of the minority; one could not even pass by the first name without exciting recollections of liberal sentiments, expressed creditably to the individual. Yet even amongst these—who have conveyed the petitions of the people to the House of which they are members—backing them with their earnest recommendations—their own sentiments are rather to be gathered upon those occasions when they have gone out of their peculiar province to seek public meetings; when amongst the people, they have spoken to the people and for the people, than from any voluntary display in so uninviting an arena as the House of Lords.

This is not as it should be, nor is it inevitable; it could only be beyond cure if there were not materials in the House of Lords for oratorical display: but so far is this from being the case, that it does happen that there are now collected within that assembly almost every one of the first orators of the day—all the rich variety of whose different stylesr emain dormant for want of a motive for exertion. This motive would be found in the restored independence of the House of Lords as a legislative assembly, which would be one of the consequences of efficient Reform.

It is not necessary to prove that pre-eminent power of speaking which could upon occasion be called forth in the House of Lords, by referring to what passed during the Reform Bill. The lengthened notice taken in our last number of him, appropriately styled "The Man of the Time," prevents any farther allusion here to that most extraordinary speech, which in the brilliant variety and comprehensive facility of its genius was like nothing ever heard or that could be imagined, except perhaps a play of Shakspeare spoken extempore. But it is not on this one speech, however pre-eminent, that the character of the debate rests. For five long nights, on a subject previously supposed exhausted, there was a succession of speeches, in almost all of which new ideas were ingeniously put forward. Of course, there were various degrees of excellence; but in all that time there were not, on either side, more than two or three essentially bad speeches. What a sensation would at least one half of those delivered have made, if transferred to any part of the five months' previous debate in the House of Commons! Only consider the names of the members of the Cabinet that belong to the House of Lords. It is not necessary to stop at those two who first suggest themselves, the Premier or the Chancellor, and who may be considered as impersonations of perfection in distinct styles of oratory—the aristocratic (if we can so apply that epithet) and the popular. But go through all the other members of the present Cabinet, and you will find that almost every

one of them came up from the House of Commons with a well-earned reputation for first-rate talent in speaking, which has since been shelved in this lordly lumber-room. One only had not the advantage of previous practice enjoyed by all his brethren—Lord Holland was never in the House of Commons. It would be curious to speculate what effect the experience of a popular assembly would have had upon that most delightful speaker, who alone has persisted for so many years in attempting to animate the lifeless blocks by which he has been surrounded. When irresistibly borne along by a torrent of brilliant ideas or generous sentiments, what effect would it have had upon him, if those gasping pauses, produced by physical exhaustion, had been filled up, as they would have been anywhere else in the world, not by the muttered approbation of two or three friends, but by the reiterated cheers of resounding numbers? We have here speculated on what would have been the career of one of the most popular speakers in the House of Lords, if Fate had placed him in the House of Commons. Let us reverse the picture, and suppose the apotheosis of a House of Commons' idol in the House of Lords.

It was stated in the November article that Sir Robert Peel enjoyed a reputation in the House of Commons infinitely beyond that which extended to the country. It is true that at the present moment he possesses the command of that House. How long he may do so—what the faults of omission in others, or what the merit in himself may be which causes this, is beyond the sphere of the present inquiry. The fact cannot be denied out of the House till it is disputed in it. One thing we may prophesy, that no inexplicable forbearance towards him would long enable his ascendancy to withstand the suicide of such exhibitions as the debate on the introduction of the Reform Bill produced, of which it is said the manner was as offensive as the substance was harmless. In the mean time, he is in the Lower House undoubtedly a master amongst journeymen in the science of debate. But suppose the *original* Sir Robert had been made a Baron, instead of a Baronet—two or three of Mr. Pitt's freaks in the plenitude of his power were not less strange than that would have been—what would *Lord* Peel's command now have been?—would he have stretched forth his arm and shaken that long forefinger with such perfect unconcern, if it had pointed at Lord Grey the while?—would he have pushed back as jauntily the lapels of his coat, if he had been exposing himself all the time to the searching sarcasms of Lord Brougham?—how much might then have been for ever suppressed of his prim pleasantry and candid praise of himself?—would that extraordinary *splash*, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing, of the 12th of December, have been ventured, if with the certainty that it would have provoked the dignified rebuke of Lord Grey, the keen irony of Lord Brougham? It must be recollected that if Peel came up to the Lords with his House of Commons' reputation, Lord Grey's power to crush him must not be merely estimated by any ability the latter has found it necessary to exert in the course of the many desultory conversations, rather than debates, which occurred in the course of last summer. A lion (above all, an old lion) does not put forth all his power to prey upon "such small deer," as Londonderry, Aberdeen, and as an orator (forgive us, his sycophants!) even the Duke of Wellington. No, as long as necessary (which might not be very long), it would produce a

succession of such dressings as Lord Lyndhurst experienced, in the reply of the morning of the 8th of October. Peel's enemies, if he have any, could not desire more.

Nor can Brougham's ascendancy over him be fairly estimated by any thing that passed during the last two or three years in the House of Commons, when mutual dislike of the Ultra Tories forced the two orators into a sort of alliance;—when Peel was always speaking, to be cheered from before, not from behind—when the forbearance of the Whigs alone kept the Government in place—and when Brougham, if he did vote against them, said it was a vote "wrung from him with pain." No, to ascertain how completely Brougham could suppress him into silence, one must go back to the olden time—as, for instance, when Peel was once indiscreet enough to venture a laboured attack upon Brougham, upon a subject (the Education Committee) on which, whilst he had the appearance of attempting an unfair advantage, no preparation could give him even gleanings from the other's perfect knowledge. The signal failure of this attempt was commemorated in some smart lines, then attributed to the Hon. F. Douglas; and the effect of the failure was long and sullen silence on the part of the foiled aggressor.*

In estimating the temper of the House of Lords, it is rather curious to observe what was its conduct during the long summer months, when their Lordships were "kept waiting" for the Reform Bill. The position of the Opposition then was a singular one. They were known to command a decided majority hostile towards the Ministry of the day; yet so unpopular in the country would have been that majority on any of the domestic questions on which they could have brought it to bear, that they did not dare to avail themselves of it; and in powers of regular debate on any subject, they knew they could make no stand whatever against the forces which could have been brought against them. They therefore confined themselves to harassing skirmishes on foreign politics, rather preferring to endanger the interests of this country, than to omit or even delay what they thought would be a source of annoyance to their political adversaries. One cannot say that their object was to involve their country in the horrors of war: but in men renowned for political sagacity, the object is generally judged by the tendency of their actions; and in the course of no former negociations was such singular use made of surmise, reports, and garbled extracts of unauthenticated newspapers, as then was by those whose former official experience must have opened their eyes to the danger; though gratitude for former forbearance, on the very grounds asked for, and granted to themselves, did not operate as a restraint. On the contrary, frequent discussions were forced on at moments when the discretion of all former Oppositions would have told them that the interests of the country were best consulted by silent forbearance, and certainly

* We cannot prevail on ourselves to leave out a word of our able correspondent's remarks, but, with all deference to his experienced observation and fine judgment, we must express our *individual* persuasion that in no assembly where the English language is spoken, could Peel fail of being a great and impressive speaker. Brougham might have crushed him some years ago, but he has greatly improved since then.—"*Orator fit.*" We also differ, in some respects, with our correspondent in his estimate of Lord Aberdeen.

often conducted in a tone and a temper which would lead one to suppose that party views actuated the speakers too strongly not to blind them to all hazards. The fact was, that finding how completely their opinions on home policy were at variance with those of the vastly preponderating majority of the people of England, the Opposition were anxious to divert their thoughts into some other channel; in which, by reviving obsolete national prejudices, or exciting unnecessary alarms and jealousies, they might establish some point on which their unpopularity should not be so notorious. But they completely deluded themselves. If they could have for a moment diverted the attention of the people of England from that great question on which their hopes are fixed, it would not have been to regard affairs abroad with their eyes. It is true, that it was Reform which drove out the late Government. But had not the storm of unpopularity, which a memorable declaration engendered, burst upon their devoted heads, and sufficed to overwhelm the Duke, and swallow up the other members of his Government almost unobserved, still the prime mover of all these discussions — the Earl of Aberdeen might know that there was an under current of opinion strongly setting in against him and his foreign policy, that he would have found it difficult to withstand. The people of England are perfectly aware that there are two principles at war in the world at present: one which asserts that the people are only created for the pleasure of their governors; the other, that governments are only maintained for the benefit of the people. Now, it is frequently impossible for states, in their relations with each other, to act purely on one or other of these principles, complicated as their relations are by previously contracted obligations, and real or supposed separate national interests: but as every Government will always be imagined to have a bias towards one or the other, to which it best befits England to lean there can hardly be a doubt. The first, or what is called the liberal side, the Government of Mr. Canning (who perhaps departed from the policy of his predecessor in spirit more than in any overt act,) was universally supposed to favour. The Noble Earl who is now the great questioner and critic on foreign politics, was said to relapse into that course which he had learnt at Vienna. The great, the almost insurmountable desire of the people of England is peace—peace, if it can be preserved with honour. But if they could have been deluded by their feelings to sacrifice their discretion, and act upon this sympathy, they would hardly have been deceived by those Noble Lords, who, at that moment, when a brave people, whose heroism has since been equalled by their misfortunes, were in the last struggling agonies of independence, could confine their sympathies to the difficulties of a Don Miguel, and limit their admiration to the unheard-of activity of a Dutch *coup de main*. These remarks have been rather extended on this point from the notice lately given by one of the Noble Lords who was formerly most active on these subjects, of a speedy recurrence to them—a notice given with a significant smile, as if some party triumph was expected from it, and he thought it a topic adapted to the "Temper of the House of Lords." But since the last attack of this kind, the continued success of the Government in every negociation it has as yet attempted, through all the complicated difficul-

ties and unexampled intricacies of European affairs, has produced a confidence in the people which it will be difficult for that Noble Lord, with all his peculiar sources of information or powers of rhetoric, to shake; and a confident hope will still be entertained, that whilst the moral influence of England is exerted on the side of rational liberty, we may be able to steer our course with safety and with honour.

These discussions on foreign politics, it could hardly have been the interest for administration to avoid, carried on as they were by individual champions, intellectual gladiators, between whom in an oratorical arena there could be no real competition. Lord Grey powerfully eloquent and practised as he is, contending with Lord Aberdeen or Lord Londonderry, the noble Earl a tyro in elocution, the noble Marquess carrying into debate the same talents which had distinguished him in diplomacy, is a spectacle as much to the satisfaction of one party, as it must be—we will not say to the disgrace—but to the disadvantage of the other.

On Lord Londonderry's power of speaking we will make no comment, observing only that he is rather ill-used by his own party, who go about protesting behind his back, that he is *not* their leader, and that, on the contrary, he does them mischief; which, considering that they generally organize their schemes at his hospitable board—considering, too, the pains that he takes, and the *panes* that he loses in their service—is a little unkind; more especially as they always attend upon those occasions in full force, ready to take advantage of any indiscretion which his disorderly pertinacity may provoke on the part of his opponents.

Lord Aberdeen's friends assert, it may be with justice, that he possesses considerable ability, as well as considerable acquaintance with the history and resources of other countries, a knowledge combined with the classical accomplishments of a man of letters. But at least they can scarcely deny that so entirely do these qualifications fail him on the floor of the House of Lords, that it is actually painful to see him stammering forth his studied sarcasms:—dull, yet not discreet; acrimonious, yet not acute; vituperative, without effect; laboured, without point. So it is in reply to Lord Aberdeen that we can best appreciate the noble and swelling eloquence of Lord Grey; as every action and gesture breathes a lofty confidence in his own principles, a high resentment at the unfounded insinuations, and a calm contempt for the narrow sentiments and lean and creeping diction of his opponent. Again to examine incidental indications of a more recent date.

After the evening of the 6th of December, so unusually mild and calm for this stormy political season, one was rather curious to watch the next symptoms by which one might judge whether the favourable change in the atmosphere of that House was likely to be permanent. An occasion was furnished for this experiment on the debate on the nomination of the Irish Tithe Committee. "If there ever was a subject," as Lord Grey justly observed, "which, from the importance of the principles it comprised, the difficulty of the details it involved, the moderation of the initiative proposition submitted, and the temperate manner in which that proposition was introduced, might, one would have thought, have been discussed without exciting party feelings," such was the motion then brought forward by Lord Melbourne. But though the Opposition was contemptible in point of

numbers, and contradictory in their several arguments, yet there was a degree of rancour displayed by those who spoke, which augurs ill for the character of the House, if such a tone should be persevered in, and should, upon occasion, be backed by numerical force. The actors upon that night were, however, not likely, from their own intrinsic qualities, to have many followers. Lord Carnarvon, it is true, (one regrets to see that able and acute man in a false position,) said a few bitter sentences against his "Noble Friends," as if to remind them that that cause of discontent on his part, alluded to in a former debate, was not yet removed. But the principal performers were Lords Ellenborough and Wicklow. Lord Ellenborough seems lately to have recovered from that, to him, painful infliction—suppression of speech, under which he has so long laboured; an event upon which he will, probably, be left to congratulate himself. Lord Ellenborough is a singular instance of a man gifted with that power of speaking, which, when he either chooses, or is permitted to exert it, is considerable, as far as a ready flow of agreeable language goes; but who is, nevertheless, utterly inefficient and unmarked as a statesman. This does not arise merely from his being the most inconsistent of modern politicians. Many most inconsistent men, O'Connell for instance, are, notwithstanding, most effective upon the particular question of which they take a decided and comprehensive view. But Lord Ellenborough, though, whilst it suits his purpose, he is said to be a most zealous partisan, has upon each separate subject the small conceit of showing his superior acuteness by attempting refinements in reasoning, which would not occur to any one else. The result of this is, that though he has been on the political stage during a most eventful period; not only has he been connected with all parties by turns, but there is hardly even an isolated question, looking back upon which, any one could recollect what his opinion was at the time, or on which side he then voted. One of the effects of this is, that though he is, in spite of a too evident supreme contempt for the opinions of those he addresses, rather pleasant to listen to than not, yet no one ever reads Lord Ellenborough's speeches. Let the reader, if he be not a systematic speller of the Journals, recollect whether the report of that Noble Lord's oration would not be the last corner to which he would fly for instruction; and this arises from his never leaving behind any distinct impression of an enlarged view of any subject. He always rises as if he thought there was no one in the world fit to answer *him*—a difficulty which, before he sits down, he generally solves—by answering himself.

But what shall be thought of the tone and temper of Lord Wicklow, a newly-appointed Lord-Lieutenant under the late Act? It was certainly not necessary as a peer of parliament that he should, on account of that appointment, have supported an inquiry into the question of tithes, if he thought such an inquiry wrong; but in supporting that inquiry, it surely was as little necessary for him, a newly-appointed conservator of the peace, upon other points, utterly unconnected with the question before the House, to vilify the Government by whom he was appointed, and for that purpose to collect together all those topics most likely to set that country in a flame, whose peace he had just been appointed to preserve. Nor was this done inconsiderately—such splendid figures of rhetoric do not occur spontane-

ously, even to an Irishman. "Cerberus" is not invoked—"apples of discord" are not "flung from under silk gowns," or "medicated sops" held in "the portals of Hell," without some little preparation. This, however, may be mere verbiage; but what can be thought of such a declaration as this coming from the King's lieutenant?—"he who had never been the member of any society, felt himself compelled, if things did not mend, to ally himself with those who were bound on securing their common safety!" meaning thereby to threaten that he would become a member of that society whose resolutions he had then fresh in his recollection, which resolutions, Lord Grey well observed, were "as violent as objectionable, and as much to be condemned as the others." Lord Wicklow's appointment is inexplicable.

We who give our general support to the present Government from a conscientious concurrence in their political principles, and wish them well, from a thorough conviction that they are exerting themselves at a most difficult moment, in the most beneficial manner, for the good of their country, cannot help thinking that, in many appointments either made or continued, they have erred on the side of courting too much their political opponents.

It is of the utmost importance that through all the grades of official life there should, for its efficiency, exist as much as possible, a community of feeling. This, upon the accession of the present Government, it was difficult to obtain at once, after the almost hereditary possession of office by their predecessors. If it had been pushed to an extreme, it might have led to much individual hardship and some additional burthen to the public. But there are cases in which even these considerations should be disregarded. Magnanimity may be praiseworthy in an individual, but unity of purpose is necessary to a Government.

The Temper of the House of Lords, as connected with its character, present condition, and future prospects, must be (as it has been attempted to prove) very much influenced by its treatment of the question of Reform. But its position at this moment is also much affected by the conduct it maintained, not long since, on another great question—that of the Catholic Emancipation. The House of Lords long pertinaciously resisted, and at length capriciously conceded the Catholic Question. The use that those who look back superficially to this event make of it, is to indulge in chimerical expectation, that the party game then played may be repeated, and that those who have long opposed Reform upon *soi-disant* principle, are those who must be destined to return to office for the purpose of carrying it. It will not be difficult presently to prove, in a few words, such palpable distinctions in the two cases as render this impossible. But the more important deduction from the conduct of the House of Lords in the former instance is, that by whomsoever proposed, Reform, if persevered in by the people, cannot be resisted there. Every one of the reasons which then induced them to alter their course, exist in tenfold force upon the present occasion. Above all, let the late colleagues of the Duke of Wellington at least be consistent in their inconsistency, and if they took expediency for their principle, let there be some principle in their expediency. Now that, which is on the present occasion called intimidation, was then only considered as common prudence and statesman-like discretion; yet every one of

those considerations which then made it discreet, and prudent, and statesman-like to yield, are now much stronger than ever, whilst none of those higher motives, which were then disregarded, here interpose to render farther resistance a matter of conscience. What are the balance of motives and opinions on that question and on this? Then a very considerable portion of the community thought, erroneously as it has turned-out, that concession endangered the sacred interests of our Reformed religion. These fears were then shared by many (prelates, ministers of state, and others,) who nevertheless yielded to expediency. Strong must have been the claims of expediency to produce such an effect. But all claims of expediency exist with greater force in this case, and what on the other hand are the groundworks of resistance? Instead of those higher and holier motives which then might have caused them to pause, it now is only a difference of opinion with the great body of the people as to the share which that House ought to retain of that power which is still nominally vested *in* the people, but of which it has usurped the reality. Is it on this distinction between the two cases that their Lordships think they can base the continuance of their opposition? No true friend of theirs can view such an attempt without the deepest anxiety.

—But then there are some who wish the game of the Catholic question to be revived, and Reform to be in the hands of the Anti-Reformers. Those who indulge in such fond anticipations overlook these two palpable distinctions. Reform is what the Catholic question was not, both a question of degree and one in which the interest of the parties legislating are directly concerned. The first would prevent the new converts from agreeing among themselves; the next would prevent the country from ever feeling satisfied with any modified proposal coming from them. It was said early in the debate on the last Bill that there was disunion in the camp of the Opposition. This was denied; but in spite of every attempt to conceal it, it was evident in the course of that discussion that there was every possible shade of opinion. Not to mention the solid silent mass of regular Anti-Reformers who carried the day by their votes, and were only officered by more discreet commanders, of those who spoke there were varieties of all sorts, beginning with Lords Harrowby and Wharncliffe, who had got as far as the first letter of the reforming alphabet, schedule A. Next, the little tribe of bit-by-bit Reformers. The Lord Mansfield with his two years after date payable Reform; and that fine political plant Lord Winchelsea, who had learnt from the culture of flowers to blossom in the spring a full-blown Reformer, but whose patriotic zeal was untimely nipped by the very first frost in the beginning of this October.

But supposing that the bond of office would be all powerful to amalgamate their discursive fancies, what would the country say to seeing the question in their hands? Knowing how lately they had resisted all Reform; how long they had enjoyed the benefit of those now detected usurpations; how personally interested many of them were in their continuance;—some trick, some juggle, would always be suspected in any the slightest (even beneficial) alteration coming from them. The changes which have been made in the new Bill seem to meet with pretty general concurrence, at least in England; a concurrence principally founded on the unshaken confidence in the

sincerity of the Ministers who propose it. An Anti-Reformer's Reform Bill might yield twice the boon and not receive half the gratitude. The Anti-Catholics who carried the Catholic question, seem not to be aware that that very circumstance it is which increases the difficulty of repeating the experiment. With all the advantages which attended the settlement of that question, the manner in which it was at last settled, and the persons by whom it was carried, have left behind in the public mind a suspicion of the sincerity of public men which would not as yet endure any repetition of party tergiversation. Those who utterly disregarded the great land-mark of change on that subject, the general election of 1826, which showed the substantial power to be already in the hands of the Catholics of Ireland, who nevertheless in 1827 founded their personal opposition to a Right Honourable Gentleman merely on the insuperable nature of the objections to that question, and not two years afterwards unblushingly brought it forward from their own official stations;—such persons must not be surprised if this, their conduct, has bequeathed to the great mass of plain but right-judging men in the country, only the alternative of distrusting either their political sagacity, or their political honesty—a state of feeling towards them which would prevent the possibility of their being suffered to tamper with the Reform question. This part of the subject has been dwelt on the more, as they then involved the House of Lords in their inconsistency, and by so doing took from under its feet the high ground on which it might otherwise have been able to make its stand upon the present occasion.

In estimating the temper of the House of Lords, when so little is said, people will generally judge by what is done, and the whole body is involved in the sentiments and feelings (perhaps rather harshly) attributed to the majority on the late occasion of the Reform Bill. For the minority it may, perhaps, be said, though one would not assert that they were actuated by a stronger love for their country than their other fellow-labourers in the cause of Reform, that their position has given them an unequalled opportunity of proving their patriotism. There are many of them who have not only laid aside the prejudices of their caste, of party, or of early personal connexions, but have even offered up on the altar of their country that which they had acquired as property, and which they had hoarded as counters in the game of political ambition. But if their merits are to be considered only as exceptions, and the whole House of Lords is to be involved in one indiscriminate opprobrium, it will be as well to examine the constitution of that majority, and how far it can be said to represent the unbiassed sentiments of the aristocracy. With regard to that (for them unfortunately) large proportion of the majority which was made up of the Lords Spiritual, we will say nothing at present, in hopes that it is an offence which will not be repeated. We will not examine too closely in what manner this is to be brought about, only hoping that if the Archbishop of Canterbury should think with his namesake in the beginning of Shakspeare's Henry the Fifth, that—

> "Never came reformation in a flood
> With such a heady current;—"

that even should he address to a reverend brother the words with which that play opens—

> " My Lord, I 'll tell you, that *self* Bill is urged
> ' Which, &c.
> Was like, and had indeed against us past;"

and should a modern Bishop of Ely reply—" But how, my Lord, shall we resist it *now*?"—still hoping, we say, that they may follow the example of their dramatic predecessors, and having made their appearance only in the first scene of the play, neither they nor their plots may be again seen or heard to interrupt the further progress of the Drama?

The next peculiarity which strikes one in the construction of that majority is the preponderance in it of proxies over Peers present. The majority of forty-one consisted very nearly half of proxies, and the aggregate number of the Peers present were to the proxies as two hundred and eighty to eighty. This article has already stretched to too great a length, and in hurrying to a conclusion we cannot enter into the general question of the right of voting by proxy—a question which would in itself extend beyond any ordinary limits. But this we may say, that the question upon which, of all others, proxies could with least grace decide, was one against taking the trouble we will not say to pass, but even to *improve* a Bill, which had received so extraordinary a portion of concurrence from all who had examined it.

Another view in which to consider that majority as distinct from the general temper of the House of Lords is, by estimating the number of persons directly interested in the preservation of nomination boroughs. Lord Lyndhurst, in his off-hand way, stated, hardly with judicial accuracy, that there would be but six. If he meant six persons possessing each six seats, he would not have been far wrong; but if he meant individuals possessing direct power by their own fiat to send Members to Parliament, six times six would have been nearer the mark.

Several statements have already been put forth to prove the preponderance of old Peers in the minority. No unimportant point this in considering how far that decision is indicative of the temper of the Aristocracy. But the effect of these statements has been rather impaired by the dates on which they were founded being vague and various. To pit the ten oldest Peers against the ten newest affords no adequate criterion to judge of the bias that has been given on such a question as this. There does, however, appear one epoch peculiarly applicable on this occasion. Mr. Pitt, in the year 1784, declared that " no honest man could be Minister without Reform." We will not recall the pressure of extraordinary and temporary circumstances which afterwards induced that great man always to postpone Reform. But the fact is that he did long, very long continue Minister, and the changes he made during that time were not in the House of Commons but in the House of Lords; and the effect of those changes is peculiarly felt on this question once so forcibly urged by him. Count the votes of the English Peers who now sit there by titles which they held before that memorable declaration, and who have since neither been created nor promoted, and you will find in favour of the

Bill so great a majority that it would have been hardly in the power of the Episcopal Bench to neutralise it.

If these few slight hints as to the analysis of that majority should meet the eyes of any of the Members of it in the solitary pause for reflection which retirement during the recess now bestows, may it enlighten them as to the real state of the case. And however doubtful would still have been the policy of opposing their order as a body to the wishes of the people, if the sense of that body had been pronounced in a decided, unequivocal, unbiassed proportion, surely when he finds how far this is from being so, much more will each individual hesitate before he takes upon himself the responsibility of continuing a majority so easily overthrown, so vulnerable in its composition, so little decisive in its numbers. And when again the anti-reforming Nobles meet in secret council to decide upon the course they are to pursue, if there still are a few who may not be moved by the higher and holier desire to recover the confidence and affection of their countrymen, still must these be shaken by the conviction of the utter impossibility of ultimate triumph. And rather than not yield at all, let them now listen even to the words of Belial—

> "I *should* be much for open war, O Peers!"

(singular enough, by the way, that by that title should be addressed the infernal conclave who had embarked in a hopeless warfare with an irresistible power—)

> "I should be much for open war, O Peers,
> As not behind in hate; if what was urged
> Main reason to persuade immediate war
> Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
> Ominous conjecture on the whole success."

"Ominous conjecture on the whole success" might indeed be now re-echoed in Baronial Hall and in Tory Club.

Belial was no favourite with the poet. Temporising discretion was certainly not an appropriate quality for a fallen fiend. But such is not the character of the Peers now addressed—they are neither fiends, nor as yet fallen. Dissimilar in their present position—unlike in the alternative on which they are called to act, they can never be influenced by the feeling—"Better to rule in hell than serve in Heaven." If unfortunately by their own presumptuous obstinacy they should fall, it would not be to *rule* even in *hell;* and on the other hand, they are but required to share power, (not to *serve*) in that only earthly heaven of a patriot statesman—the heart of a united People.

ON ENGLISH NOTIONS OF MORALITY.

There are many things about which that old gossip the World constantly prates, and "little knows;" but of all things—that of which she most prates and least knows is, *morality!* With us, to be moral merely means to be respectable—it is the appearance we care for—the reality we despise.—As is customary with a commercial people to whom credit is a capital, we value most such externals as keep the world in good humour with us, and the best qualities are those which the most induce a tradesman to trust us! "A most respectable man—he has lived twenty years in that house, Sir; he pays his bills regularly once a quarter—he has provided very handsomely for all his family—his note is as good as the Bank of England's!" This sums up what is called an excellent character; yet in all these attributes of praise there is not a single moral quality. This excellent character may be full of the most vicious characteristics. He may be violent in temper—mercenary in disposition—hypocritical in religion—a hollow friend—an unforgiving enemy—and in possessing the movements of clockwork, may possess also the heart of a clock.

The great feature in our notions of morals is their *one-side-edness*. The golden medium lies between two extremes—one extreme tends to meanness—the other to extravagance. One to the rash excess—the other to the paltry baseness. *We* are most lenient to the most despicable of the extremes, and rather forgive the low nature than the erratic. How little fiction can do towards altering the national dispositions, we may see by the small effect produced on us by the true moral of our greatest and most popular novel, "Tom Jones." It was this one-side-edness of morality—this undue love of the decorous hypocrisies, and this exaggerated resentment against the erring sincerities of mankind, which Fielding, a more deep, accurate, and scientific moralist than is generally supposed, sought to expose and correct when he contrasted the characters of Blifil and Jones. Nothing can more clearly prove our ignorance of real morals than the fact that no one appreciated this high moral purpose in our author. The world of readers fell upon him with the common places of the very hypocrisy he was satirizing;—forgot the service he rendered to virtue in unmasking its counterfeit in Blifil—charged him with all the excesses of his hero; and, because he had embodied morality as a philosopher, condemned him for being immoral. Even now his greatest merit is not acknowledged, nor his indecorums forgiven for the sake of their object; and the herd of critics would conceive it a monstrous paradox in him who asserted and undertook to prove that Fielding was a far more profound and noble moralist than Addison. Nay, if Blifil and Jones were living characters, who does not feel that the world would visit Blifil as a most praiseworthy man, and cut Jones as an incorrigible scapegrace?

It is the misfortune of our social systems that we have been taught so *exclusive* a regard for the domestic moralities. The connexion between the sexes is almost the only morality of which we are aware. Doubtless that connexion constitutes one most important branch of morals, but there are others *as* important. The round of man's duties lies in a vast circle. And to be really good we must be good in

public as well as private. It is a misfortune which has wrung tears of blood from this country, that a separation has been drawn between the public man and the private—that the world has been suffered to say—"a dishonourable politician—a negligent pastor—a fraudulent merchant, but a most exemplary creature in domestic life!" We ought to allow no such unreal distinctions—it is the whole man only we must acknowledge to be good or evil—not a part of him. But even in regard to our domestic rigidities, we are not consistent; we are actuated by the most unaccountable caprices. We court one man solely because he is an adulterer, while we hiss another man off the stage for exactly the same offence.—

> "That in the captain 's but a choleric word
> Which in the soldier is rank blasphemy."

One lady elopes, and is an "interesting creature" for life: another imitates her example, and she is only "that abandoned woman." Nor can it be said, with unvarying justice, that rank is a sufficient palliative of the crime, and the only cause of these discrepancies in our moral severity. A noble poet separates from his wife, and the world turn their backs on him and mutter fearful innuendoes on the terrible crime of quarrelling with a wife. A minister of state loses his *cara sposa* to a German Prince, and all the blame is saddled upon the unfortunate husband—for no earthly reason but because he is a Minister of State and a Tory.

I am very much amused to see the gravity with which our newspapers record some terrible fallacy in the human heart as if it were the most natural thing imaginable. Bishop, whose cold and systematized atrocities checked, by a deeper excitement, the excitement of Reform, and benumbed, with a more curdling fear, the floating apprehensions of the *cholera morbus;* Bishop, we are told very seriously by the journals, after undergoing a certain ceremony, "felt greatly relieved, and enjoyed a sound sleep." What was this mystical ceremony, that thus lulled into peace the conscience-stricken murderer?—merely the confessing that he had committed the murder! A mighty atonement this for the action! In truth, this cant about the blessing of a confession does more harm than the superficial perceive; if a man is to be represented as purchasing mental peace, after committing the most horrible of human crimes, by saying the night before his execution—"I will tell your reverence—it 's all very true, I made the boy drunk with rum, and then kept his head under water till he was fit for selling, and I then sold him, Sir, for twelve guineas; and now I feel mightily eased in my mind, and am going to have a pleasant nap;"—if this is to be the moral of Burking and confessing to have Burked—why, then all I say is, that you rob Religion of those terrors which you assert to be checks upon crime; and you virtually make murder a less offence in a convict than his not satisfying the curiosity of the newsmongers, in quitting his own life without telling us how he got rid of another's.

The fact is, that we pick up, as soon as we are able to remember what we hear, a few common-place maxims, and we call them morals. Whoever the most insists upon these, we call a moralist—that is to say, when Doctor Johnson declares in pompous sentences that we ought

not to tell fibs, nor be proud, nor despise the homeliness of virtue, nor be attracted by the gaudiness of vice—we exclaim, "Ah, the fine moralist!—the admirable teacher!" But when a contemporary writer struck at once at the root of far wider evils than individual and private errors can accomplish—when he satirized military glory, and became the first who seriously invoked mankind to consider war as the darkest calamity that can visit earth—we were dumb in our plaudits—we saw no morality in the maxim—we heard no music in the truth. We could understand the depth of that morality which said to Mr. Higgins "Be content with your station—envy not your betters;" but the morality that in the great spirit of Christianity said to All Earth—"Live in Peace!" was utterly beyond our comprehension.

I believe it is this smallness and frigidity in our notions of morals that has induced men of high and ardent minds to incur the fatal error of choosing feeling rather than principle as a guide. And thus while we seldom hear any one talk of the principles of an honest man, or the duties of a religious one, we are for ever dinned with the *feelings* of a gentleman, and the *feelings* of a Christian, and the *feelings* of a father, till at last we are almost driven to fancy contrary to all sober judgment—that the Almighty intended us to be led not by reason, but emotion. No error for the virtue of a nation can be more deadly than the one I refer to. A pretty community is that in which the sentiments are the only mental guide! The Arabs cultivate the feelings, and are a nation of banditti;—they are exceedingly generous, and exceedingly hospitable, and exceedingly unjust;—they utter the noblest sentiments, and steal the saddle from under you;—they talk of the honourable feelings of a Bedouin, and they—cut your throat!

But if we would have morality, not vague impulse and shifting emotions, the general motor of the popular mind, we must make the Goddess whose Altars we would establish—lovely, gracious, and attractive. Men are very happily struck by the noble and the great;—they see these results in the passions—and by the passions therefore they are allured. Let them behold the same loftiness in the science of morals, and morals will have somewhat of the power and vividness in allurement that now belong to the passions. It has been the fault of our moralists that morality is not better understood among us. Let us base it on its own true vastness of system, and breathe into it the generous spirit of its proper life. Law and Politics have been estranged from it—they should be united. Morality includes in its empire all opinion—Decorum hitherto has been the queen of the empire: let us depose her to her proper level in the court, and make her lady of the Grand Wardrobe. And let us, since we are seriously meditating efficient reform, take from the Virtues that detestable privilege of always acting by their proxies, the Appearances.

Nor must we imagine that faith in our divine religion supersedes the necessity of applying to morals as a separate—though if you will—a subordinate science. The great and plain outlines of right conduct are all that the Scripture indicates; and it wisely leaves the nicer shades, and the more complicated positions, to the human intelligence, which moulds and adapts itself to the everlasting changes in human

affairs. The great secrets of Government—the wide volume of legislation, were not enlightened by the rays that emanated from another world. Those secrets and that volume—thus left in darkness by Religion, it is the main duty of Morality to decipher and expound. Nor must we trust this task (be it said with all due reverence) solely to divines. When it *was* consigned to them, morality consisted only in donations to the Church. Charles Martel saved Christendom from the Saracen, and a synod of Christian Priests damned him afterwards to the penalties of hell.

There is something amusing in the self-contradiction of certain Tory Peers, who are brimfull of noble sentiments for the basest systems. It is vastly entertaining to note the delusion of a phrase—"I will stand by the constitution of my country to the last." How finely that sounds! How the chest of the utterer swells! His eyes water! What generous courage! What gallant fidelity! But the sentence requires construing: the constitution of the country means the jobbing of seats in Parliament. It would sound very differently if the loyalist exclaimed—"Rotten boroughs—perjury—bribery—corruption—and fraud—it is you whom I will support to the last!" Oh, the solemn plausibility of fine phrases!

Reform will do something to amend our morals: we shall not have the sacred example of the great to shelter perjury beneath; but the abolition of the stamp duties will do more. When there are but few public journals, prejudices are a long time grinding against each other before they pulverize into truth. Appeals to error and to passion are not easily answered. When all opinions are thrown into the crucible, the philosopher's stone, Truth, must at last come out! What an odd thing it would seem to Micromegas were he told that the immorality of a people and a tax upon pieces of paper were one and the same thing! The Mahometans narrate a curious fable, with which I will conclude this article, trusting that it may not have so wearied the reader, but that he will suffer me now and then to address him after a similar fashion, and thus to breathe into the lightness of this periodical, the great soul of a moral purpose.

Al Sameri, wishing the Israelites to worship the Golden Calf, took some dust from beneath the footsteps of the horse of the angel Gabriel, and threw it into the mouth of the calf, so that (for the dust had that peculiar virtue) the calf assumed life and voice. Now there are certain good men in the world, who remind one greatly of the sagacious Al Sameri; they call upon us to worship a golden calf, and the only life—the only inspiration they can bestow on an idol, is derived from that dust which blinds the eyes of a man.

A.

THE ANTI-REFORMER.

A Tale.

The earliest years of my life were passed in a country village, of which my father was the rector. The Rev. Dr. Supple, my excellent parent, was descended from a hosier, who kept the shop (then known by the Golden Leg) within a stone's throw of Charing Cross. My father, even in his early youth, was remarkable for talent and assiduity, and to the observation which these qualities excited was owing the proud distinction of being sent as a sizar to Trinity College, Cambridge. There it was that Poverty daily and nightly whispered into his ear the most sound and edifying precepts. His was no ordinary mind. It comprehended the great and the little; or rather, being of a true mathematical vein, it perceived instantaneously that a number of little particles make a great whole. Sedulous to his studies, he also paid considerable attention to those more minute *et ceteras* by which academical reputation is to be obtained. His neckcloth was the most approved model of a reading man's, copied, as precisely as possible, from the mathematical lecturer's. His attention to hall and chapel duties was most exemplary. He shrank from a grass-plot, as if beneath each blade was crouched a rattlesnake, and was never seen in the neighbourhood of Barnwell on a Sunday evening, when the elderly fellows are prone to stroll there. Then surely it was no wonder that the Rev. Benjamin Supple was peculiarly recommended to a cabinet minister as a proper tutor to his eldest son. The reward of his labours was the rectory of A——, value about 700*l.* per annum. Lucky it was for my father, that no delay took place in the presentation; for, three months afterwards, the crown livings were at the disposal of another Administration! A person who knew nothing of the world nor my parent, would imagine that he now sat down in quiet content and gratitude, and passed the remainder of his days in looking after his parishioners, and blessing his patron. Much otherwise. In less than a year after the Seals had changed masters, came out a pamphlet, containing the most bitter and personal attack upon the fallen Minister that had yet made its appearance. The pamphlet was not a particularly good one; but for the first week it was taken for the Chancellor's; and when the author made himself known, the ingratitude of the case produced an impression equal to that which would have been caused by the exhibition of extraordinary ability. My father received an autograph note of thanks from the head of the new cabinet, and was given the rectory of B—— in less than a fortnight.

Nor would his preferment have stopped here, but for a singular accident—the sudden death of his new patron, who was once more succeeded by his political opponent. In vain the most humiliating letters in private, the most fulsome adulations in public, were offered as an atonement for what my father termed "*his mistaken conduct.*" The road to wealth and honours was now blocked up to himself, and he paternally turned the whole of his hopes and attention to me. I was a quick, promising boy, with what my mother, who was distantly related to a country gentleman, called a remarkably genteel

appearance. Talent—appearance! Here was a fortune!—a fortune, if properly cultivated and employed; and this my father knew well. I could never, however, ascertain that he had formed any certain intentions respecting me until I was about eight years old. The extraordinary manner in which I then repeated Sir John St. Aubyn's speech against a standing army to a select number of admiring friends, settled the question. "It is very true," said my father, sitting for some time plunged in a deep reverie, on the conclusion of evening prayers; "it is very true, my love, we must certainly make Benjamin a Member of Parliament." I will do my father justice. After this ejaculation he never fainted or faltered for a moment. All his means were combined towards the end of making me an orator, a senator, and (it followed of course) a statesman. At the proper time I was sent to Eton, as lads are usually sent, to make Latin verses and acquaintances. In both of these pursuits I succeeded almost beyond expectation: for it so happened, that I became the fag of an Earl's son—an atrocious bully; but, as my mother said, a *real* Viscount;—while my father's exhortations to become a scholar so far moved me, that I was never flogged once, and only lost my "*first fault*" for prompting a Marquis, which my father told me encouragingly was no fault at all.

Months and years rolled away: I was at length to leave Eton, and on the evening preceding that eventful day on which I was to proceed to the University, my father, having said grace in a more solemn voice than usual, requested my attendance in the library. Illustrious man! I have the scene before my eyes at this moment. My father's was a pale, thin countenance—pale with watchfulness, probably, and devotion. Those rosy tints which nature sheds vaguely and vaporously over the face of more healthy and less pious personages, were, in his, concentrated and congregated into two or three red and burning pimples, which so scintillated and coruscated, as to appear glorious emanations of the glaring lamp and blazing fire between which he was standing. His eye was fixed upon mine; his right hand was placed upon the table, on which lay open, much dog's-eared and interleaved, Lord Chesterfield's Letters, Hamilton's "Parliamentary Logic," and Mr. Burke's "Letter on the French Revolution." "My son," said he, "so far I am satisfied with you. Your verses are excellent—I hear it from Dr. Bobus; your dress is fashionable—I see it in the 'Almanach des Modes;' your impudence, as far as I can judge, leaves nothing to desire; and your voice, as it waxes mellower, will, I have no doubt, be equal to that of your great prototype and predecessor, Mr. Pitt. But these advantages, my child, though it has cost me the anxiety of a life to procure them you, will be of no avail unless you understand how to turn them to a proper account. In this book, (opening Lord Chesterfield,) you will find all the secrets by which you can please a stranger, or win the affections of an acquaintance, or obtain a proper advantage from the good dispositions of a friend. Such a volume (at no time to be laid aside,) should, at this time, form your particular study, until you have obtained a seat in the House of Commons. It is then that this little book of Mr. Hamilton's may in much supply its place—remarkable for the elegant manner in which the perversion of truth is taught by rules and

precepts of praiseworthy ingenuity. Yet are there vulgar persons who actually believe that there is sincerity in party professions, and that the elucidation of facts, and the establishment of truth, because such happen to be the concern of the country, are the practical object of the politician's orations."

I went to college then; my application and my reputation increased. I wrote verses in the albums of the proctors' wives, and love-songs to the eyes of the Bishop's daughters. I gained the Chancellor's medal and a Trinity Fellowship, and was decidedly the most ready speaker of the then existing "Union." Every man who starts with my prospects and in my situation, ought to consider whether he means to belong to "the paid," or "the bought off," *i. e.* whether he should expect a reward for his services, or a bribe for his capabilities to injure. The last course, as it is founded on the most malevolent and therefore the wisest view of human nature, is, I think, the most correct. The delicacy and difficulty of the part it pronounces in favour of, consists in the double necessity of getting your place and keeping your character. Character to a man without a conscience, is what credit is to a man without money—everything; and here 's where your adventurer too frequently fails. He imagines propriety of conduct to be of no more consequence with the world than it is with himself, and loses for some paltry trifle the great advantage of a scoundrel, that of being taken for an honest man. My father's example, however, was lucky—my own meditations aided me. I saw that the laying-the-hand-upon-the-heart way was the only graceful and proper manner of selling oneself. It is done thus:—a question comes on; your mind is not entirely made up; you are most earnest and anxious to be of the Minister's opinion. Still—and here follows a long string of objections—after all, however, you are not blind to the advantages on the other side, and you beseech the House to be cautious in forming an opinion. But I am anticipating: my policy in the speaking society at Cambridge was in conformity with that which I had determined upon for a future scene, and every sentence I uttered was framed after the wise and sagacious rule of the Abbé St. Pierre—"*qu'il faut toujours parler son opinion, comme si l'on devoit changer bientôt.*" Finally, I left the University with every requisite, in my own and my contemporaries' opinion, for making a figure in the House—except a seat there. This was to be obtained—but how? there was the difficulty. Machiavel says apropos of Rome, "that the best conceived of our designs depends almost wholly upon Fortune." Now it so happened luckily for me that young Lord Bladno was remarkably ugly, and that he lived on terms of intimacy with a lady of whom the world spoke unkindly. Many persons complimented him on the Bladno property and the beauty of Betsey, but I was the only one of his acquaintance who ever gave him to understand that I thought *him* good-looking, or his mistress virtuous. He grew very fond of me therefore; my society was the only one in which he felt himself happy or at ease; but Lord Bladno was very selfish and very suspicious; and though he had three boroughs, there was little likelihood of his offering me a seat out of pure friendship, and still less of his granting me one if I asked for it as a favour.

"My dear Bladno," said I, one day, after it had been settled that we should all three go down to Brighton for two months; "I am very sorry to say that my father has written to me insisting that I should start to-morrow for the Continent!"

"Why, what's the fun of this?" said Bladno, whose every thought turned upon me, and Betsey, and Brighton—and who spat after speaking of a Frenchman.

"Why," said I, "my father writes very peremptorily; he says that as the elections begin so soon, and there is no chance of my getting into the next Parliament, I must begin my travels immediately, so as to return in time to look out for another opportunity."

"A seat in Parliament! what, do you want a seat in Parliament?"

"Not I, at least not now; upon the whole I'd rather travel, only it did annoy me to miss a party we had arranged so pleasantly."

"What if I were to give you a seat?" said my friend, smiling half suspiciously.

"You, Bladno! you are the last man in the world I'd accept a favour from—a favour from a friend! no no! After all, too, it is perhaps as well for me to travel."

"Nonsense, come to Brighton, and by God I'll return you to Parliament; d—n me, if I don't."

"But my politics—"

"Oh, never mind politics; we shall agree, I dare say."

Thus I went to Brighton instead of to Dover, and was very shortly afterwards M. P. for the borough of ——.

"I am here," said I, at last, as I looked round the long desiderated benches, on one of which, after anxious inquiry as to which was the least compromising, I prepared to seat myself: "I am here,—now let me hear, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. Let me catch the tone—initiate myself into the mystery and the taste—of yonder important personages, by whose fiat my fate is to be decided; and above all, let me carefully weigh the power of the contending parties, and since I have no pledges or principles to embarrass me, trust the full instinct of my nature in discovering the side which is likely to be the strongest. I was very soon convinced that the Whigs, honest and liberal, yet prudent and aristocratic men—politicians who professed to rule without corrupt influence, and who were not disposed to pander to courtly favour, were the least likely to obtain office, and the most certain of speedily losing—if they did obtain it.

The extreme Radicals might succeed in a revolution, but that was a desperate and distant chance; and then one could hardly be such a fool as to side with those wicked and dangerous persons, one's natural enemies as it were, who professed to cut away pensions and curtail places; in short, to take the bread out of one's mouth. Still there were many shades in Toryism: this was a serious matter to consider about.

A letter, however, from my father, and some grave cogitations of my own, convinced me that no person can commence his career too illiberally.

My maiden speech, therefore, was an anti-Catholic one: it was ready, confident, and well delivered; but its peculiar merit was its

moderation—the earnest desire it showed to liberate my Catholic brethren, and the difficulty I felt in reconciling myself to those State reasons, which, however, I was convinced, under *present circumstances*, ought to predominate. The success was decided; for the Minister congratulated me, and a rival collegian whispered in my ear that I owed all my advantages to my voice.

My next effort was against the education of the people—there I could not be wrong. If those fellows knew what we were about, a pretty kick-up there 'd be. "Why, Sir, such knowledge cannot exist compatibly with the peace of the country—the Church, the Aristocracy, would be in peril." This was a lucky hit, and the following morning I was asked whether I 'd accept the agency of a Colony? I had now a very fair place of 600*l.* a year, and little or nothing to do with it. As to the Colony for which I was concerned, I knew no more of it than of the "flying island." But laying down a good broad principle, I declared every petitioner against grievances, as well as every advocate for change, a seditious and untractable person, and assumed as a fact that the government of Sir Matthew was, both in its fiscal and legislative enactments, the most perfect that prudence, that wisdom, that integrity could suggest. I should have been, however, a very sorry wretch if I had remained satisfied with so paltry an appointment. A place in the India Board was vacant, and to that I lifted the soaring eye of my ambition. But Parliament was on the eve of dissolution—I had offended Lord Bladno, who, for the last three years, had been continually murmuring against my change and my ingratitude.

It is true I had neglected *him*, but *not* my constituents: they consisted of a mayor and twelve resident burgesses, over whom his Lordship had an influence, partly arising from property, partly from the long habit of a family connexion. This influence had been formerly sustained by a number of non-resident voters, gentlemen in the county, &c. who could overpower the grocers, linendrapers, and lawyers, if they happened to be obstreperous. These persons, however, had died off. Among the twelve resident burgesses then there was a parson, who had been gained by my speech on the Catholic Question; a butcher also, with twelve sons, one of whom I had got into the Custom-house, as a token of the preferment awaiting the eleven others. The attorney's wife called me a sweet man; for I had promised her an introduction into the best society, whenever she came to London; and the heart of the Mayor, a caustic old timber-merchant, was gained by a jar of Lord ——'s best snuff.

At the day of election (fixed and arranged as usual), Lord Bladno's candidates were proposed—and no opposition of course expected—when the butcher, who by dint of lecturing his numerous family had acquired no contemptible share of eloquence, proposed, in a set speech, that the two former members (one of whom was still Lord Bladno's), should be again returned; six hands to four were raised in favour of this proposition—two of the burgesses, (tenants, and in arrears of rent,) were *accidentally* absent.

The question was then put in due form—and the Hon. G. Spitfire, and Benj. Supple, Esq. declared duly elected. This pleasing intelligence was conveyed to me at the house of a friend in the neighbour-

hood. Always careful to preserve appearances, I wrote immediately, as it had been agreed upon, to my friend the Mayor, stating the pain it gave me to have supplanted my friend Lord Bladno's candidate, in whose favour I would most willingly retire. My answer, declaring I might retire if I pleased, but that the Corporation were determined in that case to name Squire Sober (Bladno's particular aversion), together with a copy of the letter I had written, were forwarded to Bladno House, with a note expressing my deep regret at what had occurred, of which I certainly should not avail myself, but for the conviction that my nomination would be more agreeable than Mr. Sober's.

To have beaten a Whig Lord in his own borough was no trifling triumph with my political friends; and shortly afterwards having, "from the force of necessity," changed my opinions on the Catholic Questions, in compliment to Mr. Canning, I received, as an exchange of compliments, the situation I had been desiring.

I now continued, in the receipt of 1500*l.* a year, during a variety of changes, to fill my situation in Parliament with honour to myself and advantage to my country. Mr. Canning, Lord Goderich, the Duke of Wellington, were *all* very able men, and it was a great pleasure to me (considering, if I had done otherwise, my office must have been relinquished) to support them. Thus it was until the 1st of May, 1830. The Rev. Dr. Supple on that day breathed his last, and left me, his sole surviving and disconsolate son, 30,000*l.* (how my dear parent got such a sum I can hardly say) in hard money. His widow, my mother, he recommended to my filial care, and I immediately settled a pension of 80*l.* a year upon her, which was very handsome, since I found her out a boarding-house (in a damp and marshy country to be sure—but then she's not subject to the ague), where she could have fire and candles included, for 40*l.*

My large capital now opened to me the most inspiring hopes. "If," said I, "I could purchase the whole property of the borough of ——, and thus have lawyer, butcher, and timber-merchant in my sure dependance—then the other member named by me—with my talents, I should be a person of no inconsiderable consequence." Bladno, who was heartily sick of the whole concern, and had just quarrelled with his cousin, Capt. Spitfire, for certain familiarities with Miss Betsey, was quite willing to come to terms, and, by dint of much artifice and cunning, for a few of the fools hardly liked to sell what they called their independence—I bought up, with my 30,000*l.* the whole borough, and what was more, let out my first seat for 1500*l.* per annum. Two seats in Parliament—3000*l.* a year, and great expectations, I flattered myself that I was in the fair way of founding the family of the Supples.

It would be difficult to paint the ecstacy that danced in my heart when the news arrived of the French Revolution; I fondly gloated over the horrors that would take place there—the guillotine, (splendid contrivance) in the Place de Grêve!—and then the fears that would paralyze John Bull—the dread of Robespierre and Danton—perhaps a second twenty years' war, and another Mr. Pitt! Besides I had all the immortal Burke by heart—what splendid material for first-rate speeches! In short every thing was exactly what I wished it; and I amused myself in preparing, against the opening of Parliament,

such discourses as would be wanted in favour of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, and the recurrence to the worthy Lord Castlereagh's memorable "Acts."

The first thing that astounded, and indeed showed me the frightful and insane state of the country, was the division on the Civil List. I called, however, the next morning on Palmerston and the Grants, and quarrelled with C——, who, notwithstanding, is a capital fellow, just after my own heart, for asking me to write a song in "John Bull" against the new Administration. However it would not do—those Whigs, for once, were not to be humbugged, and my 1500*l.* a year was obliged to be surrendered. Still there was hope—that Reform Question was a trap which could hardly fail to catch them. Too great a measure would lose them the House—too small a one would kick them out of the favour of the public. I consoled myself, practised attitudes before my glass, and resolved to crush the d——d fellows on the first opportunity.

But who can imagine my horror, my ineffable horror and disgust, when on that awful night, never to be forgotten, little Lord John lisped away my 30,000*l.* and the Borough of ——, without any more regard for me, or for Burke, or the vested rights of our ancient Constitution, than a Brobdignagian would have had in stamping on a Lilliputian. Thank God, H. Twiss gave it him well; and we all of us laughed heartily, though rather on the wrong side of our mouths.

Then came that division; and a majority of *one*. That our constitution—that my thirty thousand pounds—that the whole fortune of the Supples should have depended on one miserable individual! And now hardly had General G—— given me hopes, when followed the dreadful dissolution! Well might our dear Duke say, "Who is silly Billy now?" as the guns fired! I confess honestly that I should have despaired, but the vices of the age and our noble subscription—(by-the-by, what became of that subscription?)—re-assured me. Those pledges on the hustings, however, played the devil with us. I pass over the frightful divisions which succeeded one after the other in so Republican a House of Commons. At last we got the execrable Bill among our excellent friends the Bishops. —Alas! their pious patriotism will have been exerted in vain! But here's a burning, there's a riot—we may be saved yet. *Do*, my good friends, be frightened; all these things are caused by that wicked, impious Reform Bill; they are *really*—so is the cholera!

"Hiatus valde deflendus."

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Sunday morning, December 18th.—The division, death and destruction! the division two to one against us.* The poor dear—dear constitution! My 30,000*l.*! Is there but one step from the Capitol to the Tarpeian Rock—from *a Borough-monger* to a beggar! My Lords, I again appeal to you!—be once more firm and resolute! Virtue—Morality—Public Happiness—and the Borough of —— are all in Schedule A!

A LETTER TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, RELATIVE TO MR. CANNING'S FOREIGN POLICY.

"Stapleton's Political Life of Canning."—"Foreign Policy of England."—"Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning."

Gentlemen:—Although, in the observations which I am about to address to you on the subject of Mr. Canning's Foreign Policy, I may make some remarks at variance with your own political principles, yet such is my opinion of your readiness to serve the cause of truth, that I confidently hope you will insert this letter, and thereby give your readers an opportunity of judging on a somewhat important question respecting the Foreign Policy of this country, which has been discussed at great length in the pages of one of your contemporaries.*

The point at issue relates to the character of that policy, when respectively under the guidance of Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning. Mr. Stapleton, the private secretary of the latter, (who has lately published the "Political Life of Mr. Canning,") maintains that a fundamental difference existed between the principles of these two statesmen. The Reviewer argues that there was nearly an exact similarity between them.

Mr. Stapleton's work treats chiefly of the last five years of Mr. Canning's existence, during which he enjoyed a greater share of political power than at any other period of his life. The work is founded on copies of official documents, left at Mr. Canning's decease in the hands of his widow and executrix, who placed them in Mr. Stapleton's hands for the purpose of his work.

At the time when this work was commenced, it was the fashion to deny that Mr. Canning had any system of policy—that is, "a scheme of policy regulated by fixed principles of action, and operating to produce definite and foreseen results;"† and it was also repeatedly asserted, that his measures, far from being parts of one comprehensive whole, were determined solely by the peculiar circumstances of each particular case. It was further maintained by those men of little minds, whose narrow grasp of intellect rendered them unable to take an enlarged view of any subject, that it is the part of a wise statesman to decide every question, as it may arise, without reference to any general principle. To expose the fallacy of such reasoning, by explaining Mr. Canning's system, is evidently one of the main objects of Mr. Stapleton's work; and it seems difficult to conceive how this object could have been honestly and effectually accomplished without touching upon the measures of Mr. Canning's immediate predecessor, Lord Castlereagh. It appears, however, that, in the Reviewer's opinion, Mr. Stapleton ought to have concealed his real sentiments with respect to Lord Castlereagh, since his "*taste*"‡ is called in question for speaking somewhat disparagingly of that Minister's proceedings. What a notion does this convey to us of the principles of some statesmen! As if the truths of history were the proper concern of a master of the ceremonies!

The substance of the work is, however, stated almost correctly in the Review; and since the summary has likewise the merit of brevity, the words may be quoted:—

"It is said that England, during Lord Castlereagh's administration, was a party assisting, if not contracting, to a league of sovereigns for the suppression of liberal and popular institutions, under the name of the Holy Alliance: that Mr. Canning, when Secretary for Foreign Affairs, disconnected England from this alliance, *and gave her powerful support to the cause of liberty in Europe*; that the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen returned to the illiberal policy of Lord Castlereagh."§

To make this statement in perfect conformity with Mr. Stapleton's book, it is only necessary to alter the words printed in italics as follows: *and aided the*

* Foreign Quarterly Review, No. XVI. pages 391 and following.
† Stapleton, Vol. I. page 474. ‡ Foreign Quarterly Review, page 401.
§ Foreign Quarterly Review, No. XV. page 35.

cause of liberty in Europe, by withdrawing the powerful support of England from those who endeavoured to suppress all liberal opinions.

The propositions contained in the summary thus corrected, Mr. Stapleton, one would have thought, had established beyond controversy, if they had not been controverted by the Reviewer, whose comments are those of an individual having a strong personal interest in making out his case; of one sensitively anxious that his political character should not be deprived of the semblance of consistency, in consequence of his having supported with equal energy Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, and the Duke of Wellington. Into the latter branch of the subject, however, he has not yet entered. It is to prove that there is no essential difference between the Foreign Policy of the two first-mentioned Ministers, that all his labours have been directed. In the first place, if this were true, we must believe that both Mr. Canning's widow, and Mr. Canning's confidential secretary, knew nothing whatsoever of Mr. Canning's policy: in the second, the present Lord Londonderry must have been equally ignorant of his brother's policy; for he, on the 2nd of May, 1827, declared in the House of Lords, that he opposed Mr. Canning *because* "he had departed from the political principles and diplomatic relations of his late brother." Again, Lord Grey must also have been ignorant of the policy of *both;* for he, on the 9th of August, 1831, avowed that Mr. Canning's "Foreign Policy met with his approbation, as far as it went to recover the country from the effects of the policy to which he had been alluding," (viz. that of Lord Castlereagh,) "and the establishment of another system."

Against the opinions of all these individuals, of adverse parties and opposite interests, the Reviewer sets up his own; and, for the sake of getting something like an authority on his side, he drags into the controversy the late Lord Liverpool:—

"The allegation," it is observed, "of a fundamental difference of policy between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, includes a charge of inconsistency against Lord Liverpool, who co-operated with both. He approved cordially, as Mr. Stapleton says, of the policy of Mr. Canning. Who has a right to say that he did not approve of the policy of Lord Castlereagh?" *

The answer to this question is, that it is an undoubted fact, that some time before Lord Castlereagh's death, Lord Liverpool was uneasy at the state of Foreign Affairs. But it must be remembered, that diplomacy is, in a great degree, carried on in personal conferences between the Secretary of State and the Foreign Ambassadors; that in those conferences a tone may be given calculated to change entirely the aspect of the matter in discussion; that to lament the necessity of deference to national feeling might be a safeguard to a foreign government; that its measures would not be efficiently resisted, although they might be publicly condemned; and thus an anti-liberal character might be given to the diplomacy of the country without the knowledge of the First Minister; and this especially of one in the position of Lord Liverpool, whose Government was confessedly a Government of departments, in consequence of his having been elected Premier by his colleagues. Not, therefore, feeling himself as free to interfere, as an ordinary head of an Administration, he might have been uneasy at the state of Foreign Affairs without being able exactly to define the reason; and without inconsistency, he might have cordially approved Mr. Canning's system without sufficiently disapproving, or being cognizant of Lord Castlereagh's, to induce him to break up his Government, in order to rid himself of the responsibility of sanctioning it.

But whether Lord Liverpool acted consistently or not, cannot alter the question at issue, which can only be decided by an examination of facts.

The first position which the Reviewer undertakes to make out, in order to invalidate the correctness of Mr. Stapleton's views, is, "That Mr. Canning came into office in 1822, not only without any avowed disapprobation of the policy of Lord Castlereagh, and intention to change it, but with the decided and unequivocal recognition of it, as the principle of his own Administration."

* Foreign Quarterly Review, No XVI.

The first half of this assertion may readily be admitted. Not so the latter half, even if the accuracy of the premises on which it is founded is not disputed. With respect, however, to these premises, Mr. Stapleton and his Reviewer differ as to a matter of fact. The point in dispute is as follows. There were two circulars issued by the Foreign Office in the time of Lord Castlereagh; the first before Mr. Canning quitted the Government in 1820; the second subsequently to his resignation, in 1821, after the Congress at Laybach. In alluding to the one or the other of these state papers, Mr. Canning observed, that in it "The principles on which the Government were acting were reduced to writing;" and that "upon the execution of these principles, and upon that alone, was founded any claim that he might have to credit from the House." And subsequently, speaking in explanation of these remarks, which he said had been "much misunderstood," he observed, again alluding to the same document, that "it laid down the principle of non-interference, with all the qualifications properly belonging to it, * * * * * as broadly, clearly, and definitively, as it was possible for any statesman to wish to lay it down."†

According to Mr. Stapleton, these words refer to the circular of 1820, which, there is little doubt, was corrected by Mr. Canning. According to the Reviewer, they refer to the circular of 1821, with which Mr. Canning had no concern. They are, therefore, triumphantly cited as an irrefragable proof of the precise similarity of the two systems. Now, admitting, for the sake of argument, that Mr. Canning did allude to the circular of 1821, the Reviewer gains nothing for his cause. For, supposing that Mr. Canning did adopt the principle of non-interference, as laid down by Lord Castlereagh, and did *bonâ fide* apply it in respect to the invasion of Spain by France, still it is not sufficiently fundamental to establish the fact of similarity of policy. Mr. Stapleton describes the fundamental principle of Mr. Canning's system as being to make England preserve "the balance, not only between contending nations, but between conflicting principles,"—a maxim at once comprehensive and intelligible, bearing upon every measure of foreign policy, and serving as a test by which all might be tried. But the principle of non-interference with the internal concerns of foreign states, is one which obviously will not bear upon many of the most important measures; and, so far from identifying one system with another, may be common to those which are directly opposed to each other. Abstinence from interference in the case of Spain would have been beneficial to the cause of liberty. In the case of Poland it has benefited the cause of despotism. How absurd is it, then, to argue, because Mr. Canning adopted one of Lord Castlereagh's principles, that therefore he adopted all of them, so that the general course of their policy had exactly the same direction.

In the last chapter of the third volume of Stapleton's Life, (pp. 477, 478,) it is shown how materially the progress of events may be varied by the "bias" of the British Foreign Minister, who may assist one side of the question "without aught being able to be proved against him." The work imputes to Lord Castlereagh a leaning towards arbitrary principles so strong as to make him sympathise in all the proceedings and principles of the Holy Alliance, and ascribes the formidable power of that Alliance as arising from the good-will which Lord Castlereagh manifested towards it. Of Mr. Canning the work affirms, that he looked with disfavour on the measures and doctrines of that Alliance, and attributes the dwindling away of its strength, and its final extinction, to that disfavour. The Reviewer does not deny that the prosperity of the Alliance coincided in time with the Administration of Lord Castlereagh—its decline and fall with that of Mr. Canning. But nevertheless he contends, somewhat perversely, that these were curious coincidences, and not the causes and effects resulting from the character of our policy, which he maintains was unvaried. He admits, however that—

"Mr. Canning was dissatisfied with the *growing* intimacy between Lord Castlereag

† Foreign Quarterly Review, No. XVI. pages 400 and 401; and Stapleton, Vol. I. pages 399 and 400.

and some of the Continental Ministers; that he became averse to congresses and meetings of sovereigns; and that his indisposition to the proceedings of the Allies extended to their forms, and created in him an almost morbid antipathy to protocols. For some time before he quitted office, he was uneasy at the state of foreign affairs. The management of Lord Castlereagh, and the courteous deference which he paid to the Allied Sovereigns, did not entirely suit his temperament; and, conscious of his own powers, he thought that he could have pursued the interests of England with equal effect, and more dignity, by measures of a different style." *

It is curious that the writer of these sentences did not perceive that they are in direct contradiction to his main argument, and that he blunders into admitting all that for which Mr. Stapleton contends, viz. that Mr. Canning's "*measures were of a different style*" from those of his predecessor.

Mr. Stapleton's criticisms on this circular of 1821 must next be examined—criticisms which the Reviewer describes as "heedless and unfair," and in no way authorized by Mr. Canning, with whose sentiments they are directly at variance, always supposing that it was the circular of 1821 to which Mr. Canning referred. In order to prove this, all that Mr. Stapleton says in commendation is not "heedlessly," but most "unfairly" omitted in the Review, in which the condemning sentence is alone quoted, as if it were a single commentary standing by itself. Mr. Stapleton's observations are as follows—(p. 41, vol. i.)

"Long, therefore, before this circular was sent forth, Lord Castlereagh must have been aware that principles, according to his own admission, 'in direct repugnance to the fundamental laws of this kingdom, and such as could not be safely admitted as the foundation of a system of international law,' were the principles which the Congress were about to make the foundation of all their measures. But still, notwithstanding this knowledge, he made no remonstrances against them; and when at last they are forced upon his observation by a written communication, he begins his circular reply (viz. that of 1821) to that communication, by deliberately declaring, that if it had not been made, he should have thought it 'unnecessary to have offered any remarks whatever upon the nature of the discussions which had occurred at Troppau.' The answer, however, was in some respects worthy of a British Minister—since it condemned in strong and energetic language the most preposterous of the doctrines of the Alliance. Had, indeed, the opinions expressed in it been avowed at so early a period as would have proved them to have been a spontaneous declaration of genuine sentiment, instead of, by the very tardiness with which they were circulated, exposing them to the suspicion that they were merely a sop, as it were, thrown down to pacify the rising indignation of the British Parliament and nation, and above all, had there not been to be found amongst them a saving clause of justification for Austria in her meditated attack on Naples, then there would have been no reason to complain of this document."

In these criticisms there is certainly nothing inconsistent with Mr. Canning's praise; for on a reference to the circular, it will be seen that at the same time that it lays down the doctrine of non-interference, "with all the qualifications properly belonging to it," it likewise volunteers to admit that the position of Austria with respect to Naples came within the exception, and justified a forcible interference. Mr. Canning confined his praise to the rule and its exceptions. Mr. Stapleton does the same—going, however, a step further, and condemning the sanction of a deviation from the principle, in a case which could not fairly be included within either the letter or the spirit of the qualification.

It may now, therefore, be confidently asserted that the Reviewer has failed completely in making out his position that "Mr. Canning came into office with the decided and unequivocal recognition of Lord Castlereagh's policy as the principle of his own administration."†

Nor is he more successful in his comparison of Mr. Canning's measures respecting Spanish America and Portugal, with Lord Castlereagh's principles—a comparison by which it is sought to be shown that, had Lord Castlereagh lived, he would have adopted them all. It cannot, however, be denied that

* Foreign Quarterly, pages 398 and 399.

† This proposition, the only one of real importance in the Review, is worded so ingeniously as to be, in reality, nonsense. Mr. Canning never did any thing so absurd as recognizing a course of "policy" as a "principle" of action.

when Spain was under her Constitutional Government, Lord Castlereagh did talk of recognizing, sooner or later, the independence of the Colonies, "if Spain neither by her councils or by her arms could effectually assert her rights over her dependencies so far as to enforce obedience:" but when the absolute Monarchy was restored in Spain, the question of recognition assumed a totally different character, and it is strange that the Reviewer, who brags rather ostentatiously of what he "knows," should be ignorant that in consequence of this change, the question became one on which the two parties* in the Cabinet maintained a severe struggle for the mastery; and that on its decision the Holy Alliance and their agents well knew that the nature of their intercourse with the British Government depended.

The observations of the Review with respect to Portugal, labour under the same error which has been already pointed out. It is evidently thought all-sufficient, to establish comformity in principle between the two Ministers, to show that Mr. Canning in his dealings with Portugal, adhered to the non-interference principle, a position which Mr. Stapleton, so far from denying, proves to be strictly true. The article throughout bears manifest symptoms of having been written by a person arguing more for victory than truth: for occasionally there are slips of the pen, which betray a consciousness in the writer that the truth is on the side of Mr. Stapleton. For instance: In page 408, it is asserted that "the political opponents of Mr. Canning, afterwards so forward in maintaining, perhaps in originating for purposes of their own, the notion of a difference, saw none in the negociations with France and Spain in 1822." And then three lines after we find, "It is true that even at this early period, they (Mr. Canning's opponents) attempted to make a distinction beween Mr. Canning and his less liberal associates."

Again, at page 428 it is said, "To *restore* or maintain England's influence in Europe, was a part of Mr. Canning's policy;" and page 431, the article emphatically concludes with this sentence—"Mr. Canning upheld, he did not *retrieve*, the honour of his country." How then could it have been "a part of Mr. Canning's policy to *restore* England's influence in Europe," if she were really left by Lord Castlereagh in a situation in which there was nothing to *retrieve?*"

Again, page 408, the Reviewer puts forth as "one of his favourite positions, that it was in the *mode* only that Mr. Canning's policy varied from Lord Castlereagh's," a variation, according to the Private Secretary, amply sufficient to change the *character* of the whole.

Of Lord Castlereagh's "mode," the circular of 1821 contains a specimen, which, when compared with a sentence of Mr. Canning's, affords a striking example of the variation between the two "modes" of proceeding. The circular in question thus concludes—"The difference of sentiment which prevails between them (the Allies) and the Court of London on this matter,* CAN MAKE NO ALTERATION WHATEVER *in the cordiality and harmony of the Alliance on any other subject.*" Mr. Canning, when adverting to a similar difference of principle, observed that he would persevere in refusing "even though a dissolution of the Alliance should be the consequence of his refusal."

If the Reviewer chooses to call this variation in "mode," there can be no objection; for whatever it may be called, the public voice of Europe ascribes to Mr. Canning a course of policy so essentially different from that of his predecessor, that no juggle of argument which the anger of disappointment or the cavilling of detraction can invent, will be able to alter a conviction resting on such firm foundation.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your most obedient servant,
A FRIEND OF MR. CANNING'S.

* Viz. the principle of interference.

ASMODEUS AT LARGE.

A visit to a Quack Doctor—The Mysterious Voice—Asmodeus introduces himself—The reason why the Doctor's lotions were so powerful—The Dèmon's offer—His liberator's reserve—The Devil's visit—The advantages of a good exterior—Our severities to the shabby—Myself and Asmodeus go to the Play—Remarks on the English Drama—The Garrick Club—Our frankness in sinning—Anecdote of a damned Farce—Our Actresses—The difficulty of teaching one of them to be diffident—Braham's improvement—Trip to France—Dialogue on the Reform Bill—On Satirical Poetry—Its decline—Lays for the Lords—Tauroboliad—Tale of Tucuman—The Devil grows metaphysical—Apologizes—Apostrophe to Boulogne—The Spirit of Change—Difference of excitement in England and France—Our moral condition compared to our soil—Paris—The change in its Salons—Chateaubriand and his pamphlet—Ignorance of the English on Foreign Literature—The Rocher de Cancale.

I PUT on my hat, and walked at once to the Doctor's house. "Yes," said I, musingly, "I am certainly in a consumption. I may as well, like Colonel Jones, leave my poor remains to the surgeons at once, and enjoy the newspaper credit of my generosity before I die. The cholera, however, which is terror to others, is consolation to me. If I were not dying of a consumption, I should certainly die of the cholera; it is something to escape six bottles of *cajeput*, and a lamp of spirits of wine between the sheets, by way of a steam bath. Nevertheless," I resumed, after a pause, and I buttoned up my coat as I spoke, "Nevertheless, consumption is a slow and heavy road out of the world. Short journeys are the pleasantest, and it is the greatest of earthly bores to hear oneself styled for eight months 'the interesting invalid.' I will try then this great operator with a cheerful confidence. If he cannot rub me into health, he will rub me a little sooner into my grave. Next to a long life, what blessing like a quick death!"

With this aphorism I knocked at my quack's door, and was admitted. A visit to a quack is a very pleasurable excitement. There is something piquant in the disdain for prudence with which we deliver ourselves up to that illegitimate sportsman of human lives, who kills us without a qualification. There is a delicious titillation in a large demand upon our credulity; we like to expect miracles in our own proper person, and we go to the quack from exactly the same feelings with which our ancestors went to the wizard. In what age has not the human mind its darling superstition? It so happened, that I was the last visitant that morning to "Nature's Grand Restorer." One after one my predecessors in the waiting-room dropped into the Doctor's study, and out of the Doctor's house, and at last I found myself alone. While I was indulging in a reverie and a patent chair, I was suddenly aroused by a low clear voice in the room, uttering these words—"We meet then again." I started. The voice seemed feminine. I looked round. No one was present—not even a stray article of woman's dress betrayed that a woman had been there. "It must have been in the street," said I, and resettled myself in the patent chair.

"What!" said the voice again, "will you not speak to me?"

"Who's there?" cried I, beginning to feel frightened, for I thought it was the soul of a quacked woman! I looked round again. I walked through the apartment. I peeped under the sofa. Nought living could I behold; it was indeed *vox et preterea nihil.* "He has rubbed away all but the lady's voice," said I to myself, "but *that* defies him!"

"You seem puzzled," quoth the voice again.

"You say the truth, Ma'am; yet I question whether I ought to be. A voice without a woman may be a little strange, it is true; but the real wonder would be a woman without a voice!"

"Those jests on the loquacity of the sex," replied my invisible communicant, "have certainly the advantage of novelty. It must be confessed that your wit is very original."

"You have a turn for irony," said I; "no wonder that a gentlewoman so little incommoded by the corporeal, should be inclined to the sprightly."

"You mistake," quoth the airy tongue, "the quality of the person you address. I am no woman, I assure you, though my voice has, I allow, something feminine in its tones."

"What are you then?"

"A Devil!"

"*C'est la même chose!*" said I, going back to my chair very much disappointed.

"Pooh!" said the voice indignantly, "there is no time to lose! The door will be opened presently; you will be summoned into the Doctor's study, and we may never meet each other again."

"That would be a great hardship indeed," said I, "if you have described yourself truly."

"Pooh!" again cried the voice; "there speaks the most damnable of human errors. And so you, poor mortal worms, really suppose that we gentlemen devils intend to admit you into our circle when you quit your vulgar societies here! No, no—we visit you in this world, but never in the next, just as your great people visit folks in the country whom they never receive in their town-houses."

"You are discourteous, Mr. Devil *de bon ton;* but I think we can make ourselves quite as comfortable without you."

"Bah!" replied the Devil. "You would insinuate that you cannot be tormented without us. Absurd! it is your own passions that torment you; those are our deputies, and while you think in our regions below we are actively torturing you, we are sitting quietly in our drawing-rooms playing at *rouge et noir*, and leave you to torture each other. Envy, jealousy, fear, and repentance—these can play the devil with you very handsomely, without our assistance. But a truce to explanation. Time presses for decision. Know that I am the devil Asmodeus, whose adventures with Don Cleofas you know so well. At that time I had the pleasure of making your acquaintance."

"Signor Don Asmodeus," said I, interrupting the Devil, somewhat briskly, "you do me too much honour; I have had cares and crosses enough in life to write old age in my heart; but in mere years, the vulgar computations of time, I am not quite so antient as you would allege; *sacre diantre!* according to you, I should be about one hundred and ninety-five!"

"Mistake not!" returned the Devil, "at that time you existed in another shape."

"Aha! you are a Pythagorean, then! I hope my old form enjoyed better health than my present one."

"That is a secret," said the Devil, mysteriously; "I cannot tell you who or what you were. Transmigration is not a thing to be babbled about; those fellows who pretended in antient times to remember their former selves, were monstrous impostors, I assure you."

"I easily believe it; but granting our old acquaintance, for my memory certainly cannot contradict you; what is it that Signor Don Asmodeus wishes me to do?"

"Mount that chair, and look on the shelf to the right of the fire-place. You will see a bottle of lotion."

"Ah! I see it now; and you are at present within that bottle!"

"Exactly; that d—d Quack in the next room, when he made war against mankind, easily persuaded me to enter into partnership with him; but faith, the rogue decoyed me one bright morning into this bottle of lotion, and there I have been caged ever since."

"What, then, it is your presence, I suppose, that gives so strong a power to the lotion?"

"Just so: You have no idea how the water a devil bathes in can blister the skin; it is from this bottle that the Doctor fills his smaller receptacles in the next room."

"You then are the great back-rubber," cried I, in much horror; "you are the hole-maker, and the lady-destroyer! and going to the Doctor is but another phrase for going to the devil!"

"Do not reproach me now," said the demon, in a melancholy voice, "I suffer myself, I assure you, in this infernal sea of cantharides, as much as the creatures I destroy. Willingly would I be released from my present confinement, and if you have pity either for devil or man, you will take me out of the Doctor's possession. Fortunate, indeed, was it for you that I recognised you as an old acquaintance; to new debutants in this world, I am not suffered to demean myself by an introduction—that is left to demons of lower rank; fortunate, I say, was it for you, or I should have clawed all the skin off your back before you knew what a deuce of a fellow had got hold of you."

"If I release you," said I musingly, "it will certainly be for the benefit of mankind; but then you know—most philosophical Devil—that there is nothing in the world like an enlarged self-interest, and I want to make the best bargain I can with you also, for myself. Will you be to me the same Cicerone and companion that you were to Don Cleofas? I am subject to fits of fearful despondency—I want an entertaining companion—I am too absent for women, and too gloomy for men; but I think I could be excellent friends with a polite devil."

"All that I was to Don Cleofas, that will I be to you! More than I was to Don Cleofas, I can be to you also; for Don Cleofas was an idle young man, a mere student, just wise enough for a lover. He would have been incapable of understanding half the sights I should have wished to reveal to him; and as to our discourses, they owe all their merit to that wittiest of eaves-droppers—Le Sage; but you, Sir, are just the person—nay, never blush, on the honour of a gentleman—you are just the person I could take a pleasure in instruct-

ing. The past—the present—this world—a great portion of the other—all that now live—all that ever have lived—I can show you at your command. Nay, if you have the courage, we can take an occasional trip to the moon, or perform the grand tour of the *lactea via!* What a pleasant way of passing this dull winter! Then, too, I have a large acquaintance among the fairies, and I can let you into more secrets in that quarter, than Master Crofton Croker is well aware of. As to mortals—the highest—the fairest—the wisest—I can make you intimate with them all. You shall shoot with Charles X. at Holyrood—dine with the Duke of Reichstadt, and ask him if he remembers that he is the son of Napoleon. You shall sit on the woolsack with Brougham, and see me uncork the nonsense of Londonderry. You shall eat your fish at the *Rocher de Cancale*, when you incline to the gourmand; and gaze on the moon from the shattered arches of the *Colosseum*, when you meditate the romantic!"

"Your offers content me," said I, less enthusiastically than the Devil expected; "I accept them at once: the time indeed has passed since either luxury or romance had the power to charm; but I can still be amused, if no longer delighted. Come, then, shall I put you into my pocket, and carry you and your prison away?"

"No!" returned the Devil, "you must open the window, and throw the phial out upon the stones!"

"And you—"

"Will have the honour to be in waiting for you at your own rooms by the time you arrive there."

"But, Signor Don Asmodeus, there is no compact between us, you will please to recollect. I shall endorse no bills you may wish to present me, payable in the next world. I shall be happy to make your acquaintance in an honest way, but I cannot afford to lend you my soul."

"Bah!" said Asmodeus, "those bargains are obsolete; Hell must have been badly peopled at that time; now we have more souls than we know what to do with." Re-assured by this information, I opened the window, and threw the lotion on the pavement: I had scarcely done so, before the Doctor's bell rang, and I knew that it was my turn to be rubbed: my ardour for that personal experiment was, however, wonderfully abated; I doubted not but that the Doctor had other bottles equally calculated to play the devil with one. I seized my stick and gloves, brushed by the servant with an unintelligible mutter, and walked home to see if my new acquaintance was a gentleman of his word.

"A stranger, Sir, in the library," said my servant in opening the door.

"Indeed! what, a short, lame gentleman?"

"No, Sir; middle-sized,—has very much the air of a lawyer or professional man."

I entered the room, and instead of the dwarf demon Le Sage described, I beheld a comely man seated at the table, with a high forehead, a sharp face, and a pair of spectacles on his nose. He was employed in reading the new novel of "The Usurer's Daughter."

"This cannot be the devil!" said I to myself; so I bowed, and asked the gentleman his business.

"Tush!" quoth my visitor; "and how did you leave the Doctor?"

"It is you, then!" said I; "you have grown greatly since you left Don Cleofas."

"Wars fatten our tribe," answered the Devil; "besides shapes are optional with me, and in England men go by appearances more than they do abroad; one is forced to look respectable and portly; the Devil himself could not cheat your countrymen with a shabby exterior. Doubtless you observe that all the swindlers, whose adventures enliven your journals, are dressed 'in the height of fashion,' and enjoy 'a mild prepossessing demeanour.' Even the Cholera does not menace 'a gentleman of the better ranks;' and no bodies are burked with a decent suit of clothes on their backs. Wealth in all countries is the highest possible morality; but you carry the doctrine to so great an excess, that you scarcely suffer the poor man to exist at all. If he take a walk in the country, there's the Vagrant Act; and if he has not a penny to hire a cellar in town, he's snapped up by a Burker, and sent off to the surgeons in a sack. It must be owned that no country affords such warnings to the spendthrift. You are one great moral against the getting rid of one's money."

On this, Asmodeus and myself had a long conversation; it ended in our dining together, (for I found him a social fellow, and fond of a broil in a quiet way,) and adjourning, in excellent spirits, to the theatre.

"Certainly," said the Devil, taking a pinch of snuff, "certainly, your drama is wonderfully fine, it is worthy of a civilized nation; formerly you were contented with choosing actors among human kind, but what an improvement to go among the brute creation! think what a fine idea to have a whole play turn upon the appearance of a broken-backed lion! And so you are going to raise the drama by setting up a club; that's another exquisite notion! You hire a great house in the neighbourhood of the theatre; you call it the Garrick Club. You allow actors and patrons to mix themselves and their negus there after the play; and this you call a design for exalting the drama. Certainly you English are a droll set; your expedients are admirable."

"My good Devil, any thing that brings actors and spectators together, that creates an *esprit de corps* among all who cherish the drama, is not to be sneered at in that inconsiderate manner."

"I sneer! you mistake me; you have adduced a most convincing argument—*esprit de corps!*—good! Your clubs certainly nourish sociality greatly; those little tables, with one sulky man before one sulky chop—those hurried nods between acquaintances—that monopoly of newspapers and easy chairs—all exhibit to perfection the cementing faculties of a club. Then, too, it certainly does an actor inestimable benefit to mix with lords and squires. Nothing more fits a man for his profession, than living with people who know nothing about it. Only think what a poor actor Kean is; you would have made him quite a different thing, if you had tied him to tame gentlemen in the "Garrick Club." He would have played "Richard" in a much higher vein, I doubt not."

"Well," said I, "the stage is your affair at present, and doubtless you do right to reject any innovation."

"Why, yes," quoth the Devil, looking round; "we have a very

good female supply in this quarter. But pray how comes it that the English are so candid in sin? Among all nations there is immorality enough, Heaven knows; but you are so delightfully shameless: if a crime is committed here, you can't let it 'waste its sweetness;' you thrust it into your papers forthwith; you stick it up on your walls; you produce it at your theatres; you chat about it as an agreeable subject of conversation; and then you cry out with a blush against the open profligacy abroad! This is one of those amiable contradictions in human nature that charm me excessively. You fill your theatres with ladies of pleasure—you fill your newspapers with naughty accounts—a robbery is better to you than a feast—and a good fraud in the city will make you happy for a week; and all this while you say: '*We* are the people who send vice to Coventry, and teach the world how to despise immorality.' Nay, if one man commits a murder, your newspapers kindly instruct his associates how to murder in future, by a far safer method. A wretch kills a boy for the surgeons, by holding his head under water; 'Silly dog!' cries the Morning Herald, 'why did not he clap a sponge dipped in prussic acid to the boy's mouth?'"

Here we were interrupted by a slight noise in the next box, which a gentleman had just entered. He was a tall man, with a handsome face and very prepossessing manner.

"That is an Author of considerable reputation," said my Devil, "quiet, though a man of wit, and with a heart, though a man of the world. Talking of the drama, he once brought out a farce, which had the good fortune to be damned. As great expectations had been formed of it, and the author's name had transpired; the unsuccessful writer rose the next morning with a hissing sound in his ears, and that leaning towards misanthropy, which you men always experience when the world has the bad taste to mistake your merits. 'Thank Fate, however,' said the Author, 'it is damned thoroughly—it is off the stage—I cannot be hissed again—in a few days it will be forgotten—meanwhile I will take a walk in the Park.' Scarce had the gentleman got into the street, before, lo! at a butcher's shop blazed the 'very head and front of his offending.' 'Second night of its appearance, the admired Farce of ———, by ———, Esq.' Away posts the Author to the Manager.

'Good Heavens! Sir, my farce again! was it not thoroughly damned last night?'

'Thoroughly damned!' quoth the Manager, drily; 'we reproduce it, Sir—we reproduce it (with a knowing wink,) that the world, enraged at our audacity, may come here to damn it again!' So it is, you see! the love of money is the contempt of man: there's an aphorism for you! Let us turn to the stage. What actresses you have!—certainly you English are a gallant nation; you are wonderfully polite to come and see such horrible female performers! By the by, you observed when that young lady came on the stage, how timidly she advanced, how frightened she seemed. "What modesty!" cry the audience; "we must encourage her!" they clap, they shout, they pity the poor thing, they cheer her into spirits. Would you believe that the hardest thing the Manager had to do with her was to

teach her that modesty. She wanted to walk on the stage like a grenadier, and it required fifteen lessons to make her be ashamed of herself. It is in these things that the stage mimics the world, rather behind the scenes than before!"

"Bless me, how Braham is improved!" cried a man with spectacles, behind me; "he acts now better than he sings!"

"Is it not strange," said Asmodeus, "how long the germ of a quality may remain latent in the human mind, and how completely you mortals are the creatures of culture? It was not till his old age that Braham took lessons in acting; some three times a week has he of late wended his way down to the comedian of Chapel-street, to learn energy and counterfeit warmth; and the best of it is, that the spectators will have it that an Actor feels all he acts; as if Human Nature, wicked as it is, could feel Richard the Third every other night. I remember, Mrs. Siddons had a majestic manner of extending her arm as she left the stage. 'What grace!' said the world, with tears in its eyes, 'what dignity! what a wonderful way of extending an arm! you see her whole soul is in the part!' The arm was in reality stretched impatiently out for a pinch from the snuff-box that was always in readiness behind the scenes."

It is my misfortune, Reader, to be rapidly bored. I cannot sit out a sermon, much less a play; amusement is the most tedious of human pursuits.

"You are tired of this, surely," said I to the Devil; "let us go!"

"Whither?" said Asmodeus.

"Why, 'tis a starlit night, let us ride over to Paris, and sup, as you promised, at the Rocher de Cancale."

"*Volontiers.*"

Away—away—away—into the broad still Heavens, the stars dancing merrily above us, and the mighty heart of the City beating beneath the dusky garment of Night below.

"Let us look down," said Asmodeus; "what a wilderness of houses! shall I uncover the roofs for you, as I did for Don Cleofas; or rather, for it is an easier method, shall I touch your eyes with my salve of penetration, and enable you to see at once through the wall?"

"You might as well do so; it is pleasant to feel the power, though at present I think it superfluous; wherever I look, I can only see rogues and fools, with a stray honest man now and then, who is probably in prison."

Asmodeus touched my eyes with a green salve, which he took out of an ivory box, and all at once, my sight being directed towards a certain palace, I beheld

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"And what thought you of the last discussions on the Reform Bill?" quoth the Devil, as we cantered through the clouds to Dover.

"Dull beyond measure. I took my seat under the Gallery—no spirit in the debate—and not one speech save Stanley's that did justice to the speaker. Macauley served up his old speeches as a hash,

and uttered some fearful sophisms for so fine an intellect. The worst of that House is, that a sophism or a common-place is absolutely necessary to produce a splendid effect. Heavens! how they yell on Croker when he is illustrating misstatement; the natural beauty of Truth grows fearfully darkened in that dim oak room. But let us not rush into that *vetitum nefas*—that most hacknied of all subjects. What is there new?"

"Faith," said Asmodeus, "I ought to ask *you* that! A demon caged in a bottle of lotion is in a pretty plight to learn news, truly! I amused myself with looking over a few new books on your table. I read them as attentively as a reviewer; viz. six volumes in a quarter of an hour. I perceived three satirical poems lying together. Ah, said I, 'Lays for the Lords'* on the one side of the question, and the 'Tauroboliad' on the other.†"

"And the 'Tale of Tucuman,'‡ more after my own vein than either," added Asmodeus, "for it hits devilish hard upon both sides. But how strangely times have altered in your poetical literature within the last twenty years; formerly, I remember well that no poetry was so successful as the satirical. A pamphlet of strong rhyme, with a liberal use of the mysterious asterisk, ran through half a dozen editions in a week. Now, what on earth are you all so indifferent to as satire, unless it be the satire of the Sunday newspapers? Here, for instance, is the 'Tauroboliad,' a poem of remarkable causticity and polish, and certainly equal in many parts to the 'Pursuits of Literature;' and not a bookseller could be found to publish it but Hatchard, and he, I fear, will not rejoice at his daring. 'The Lays for the Lords' is a tempting title, and the poem is rough and manly enough, one would think, to charm you Radicals into laying out half-a-crown upon the abuse of the Tories. But I fancy if you had many half-crowns to spare, you would be Tories also."

"As for the 'Tale of Tucuman,' said I, properly disregarding the illiberal sarcasm of the Devil, whom I suspect to be a Tory in his heart; "it has been largely and justly lauded by the critics, and evinces what is rare enough in a satirist—a mind that thinks rightly, and goes at once to the depth of things. The author has in him the stuff to make a very valuable writer, and I think he will do your cause harm yet before he dies."

"*My* cause!" said Asmodeus, stopping short, in despite of the strong winds that now almost blew us away in the Straits of Dover. "*My* cause! Ah, you mortals wrong us devils,—upon my honour, you do: the origin of human evil is ignorance; and who was it that put it into your ancestor's head to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge?"

"Grant me patience!" cried I; "here have I avoided all the world to have a respite from philosophers, and the march of intellect; and I cannot even form an acquaintance with a devil without being plagued with the origin of evil—ignorance and the tree of knowledge. Signor Don Asmodeus, if you are going to be metaphysical——"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Asmodeus, very humbly, "I was thinking of Holland House."

* Effingham Wilson, 1831. † Hatchard, 1831. ‡ Effingham Wilson, 1831.

We got on most famously, as the reader will believe, while Asmodeus and I were thus chatting, now on one thing, now on the other — sometimes of the Emperor of Russia, sometimes of Captain Marryatt's last novel — which, as we were crossing the sea, was the more apropos subject of the two, (and which, by the by, I can recommend to the reader as a capital thing,*)—sometimes of war, sometimes of love, sometimes of the great wonders in the deep beneath us, and sometimes—though the Devil was shy here—of the happy stars, that twinkled their bright eyes so cheerily above. We paused a moment over the town of Boulogne to recruit ourselves and change our steeds; (for we were mounted on a pair of Mr. Croker's notions of French politics—and they could never go a step farther than Boulogne.) As the Devil looked aslant on that little nest of English imperfections, his heart seemed to swell within him— "Oh, *Sentina Gentium!*" cried he aloud—"sink of impurities—reservoir into which, through the mighty drains of the ocean, England pours off the most fœtid of her humours; who can look at thy little, turbulent, gambling, black-legged, duelling, swaggering world, without amazement and emotion? Botany Bay of society—living gazette of bankrupts, whether of character, hope, fortune, or health—in whose small page is crowded so voluminous a list! how pleasant it is to look upon thy motley varieties, and to feel that we may indeed go farther, but we can never fare worse! Paris is the *Circe* of the world, and Boulogne is her pigsty!"

I smiled at the Devil's panegyric, and looking down I beheld a multiplicity of scenes that fully proved its impartiality. There, in the High Town, I saw a fraudulent trader giving a ball from the profits of a bankruptcy; and in the next house, two captains on half-pay were exchanging shots across a table. In a small garret, in the lower part of the town, sat a squalid family, whom the bankrupt had ruined; the children crying for bread, and the father cursing for brandy, and the mother wishing herself dead. Far by the solitary shore was a smuggler's vessel, which dark forms were crowding with various goods—here a box of French lace for a duchess; there a chest of human corpses for the surgeons; here, spirits for a wine-merchant who was a miser; there, indecent prints for his son, who was a spendthrift. "That vessel," quoth the Devil, "is a type of the town!"

"And of the world, too!" said I. "Let us canter on."

We had mounted on a couple of schemes for Saint Simonizing Paris, which the Devil caught out of the soul of a French waiter, and we were up in the clouds in an instant.

"Damn it!" quoth the Devil, very profanely, "we shall be in the moon presently. When a Frenchman does speculate, he takes good care to do it in right earnest: Earth's lost sight of before you can say Jack Robinson."

"And, pray, my dear Don, what think you of all these schemes that fluctuate throughout France—this visionary lust of change—this non-contentment—this shifting tendency to all excitation—this shot-silk colouring of the public mind, that changes hue in every light

* "Newton Forster," Cochrane and Pickersgill.

that you look at it—does it not portend ultimate benefit to us miserable mortals?"

"Humph!" growled Asmodeus, "I know nothing of the future; but, as a devil of sense, though no prophet, I think it is not so dangerous to the present generation in France as in England. If you don't take care, and settle that stupid Bill of yours very shortly, you will sink at once from the highest commercial nation in the world into a fifth-rate power. A trading people, who are only great artificially, and are prosperous upon credit, cannot long bear an excitement that unsettles commerce, makes debtors pressing, money scarce, tradesmen sore, farmers grumbling, and the desire for change so habitual, and at last a great change itself so necessary, that moderate change will be but a thimbleful of water on the fire. The soil of your greatness, compared to that of France, is like the soil of your land compared to hers. A war devastates France, ruins her harvests, crushes her vineyards, and in two years afterwards all is as fertile as before—thanks to Nature!—but your light, thin, sandy stratum—one vast hothouse of skilful forcing—if an army passed over it, would take a dozen years to recover—thanks to Art! So is it with your moral condition, equally artificial as your soil. What agitates France now, injures her not to-morrow. What agitates England now, if not speedily removed, will do the evil work of a century. Look to yourselves in time, and if you must have excitement, prefer the agitations of freedom to the fever of discontent."

"My dear Devil, what a libel on yourself and your brethren to say you can't speak truth!"

"It is so," answered Asmodeus; "we speak truth exactly because that is the very way to make mankind run into error. Truth is the true Cassandra—fated never to be believed till too late!"

Away—away—away—with the dull English lord in his *calèche* and four creeping behind us, and the breath of the mail's panting horses dying on our track—away through that gladsome air which dances over the valleys of France, and mounts into the brain like a glorious wine—away above the lamplit towns, with the husband already asleep, and the lover for ever waking—away, below the gay moon that has just come out, to smile at once upon Joy and Sorrow, Innocence and Crime, the fair stoic of Heaven. We are in Paris!

"There is a change," said Asmodeus, as we sat perched on the dome of the *Invalids*, "there is a change in Paris since you were last here. Observe how serious the *salons* have become; the champagne of society has lost its sparkle."

I looked into the old remembered houses: Asmodeus said right—people were gambling, and talking, and making love as before, but not with the same gaiety; the dark spirit of change worked vividly beneath the surface of manners; circles were more mixed and motley than they had been; men without the "*De*" mixed familiarly with those who boasted the blood of princes; a tone of insolence seemed substituted for the tone of intrigue; and men appeared resolved rather to command the attainment of their wishes than to wheedle themselves into it.

"Fit subjects!" quoth the Devil, lighting his cigar, "for a king who rides bodkin in an omnibus!"

From these scenes I turned with great interest to one that contrasted them forcibly. Apart—alone, in a quiet chamber, sat a man somewhat stricken in years, with a fine and worn countenance, that spoke genius in every line. He leant his head on his hand; papers and books strewed the table at which he sat, and I noted especially one pamphlet, entitled "*De la Nouvelle Proposition relative au Bannissement de Charles X. et de sa Famille.*"

"Wonderful power of pen and ink!" said Asmodeus. "Great ruler of human hearts!—talk of the authority of despots—the quill of a goose is the true sceptre. You see there a man who, by the mere charm of his pen, has made himself a fourth estate: a visionary in his youth, a quack in his old age, he is yet the most remarkable being that France can now boast of. But as for you Englishmen, locked up in your own little island, and reading Mr. Hunt's speeches about Preston, you absolutely do not know any thing more about M. de Chateaubriand, and his present influence in France, than that he wrote a pamphlet the other day, which pamphlet has never been even translated in London, and has been read in the original by at most six Londoners. And yet this pamphlet, which you, I fancy, conclude to be the same sort of thing as 'What will the Lords do next?' raised its author at once into a throne of opinion, and made a greater sensation in France than the finest poem of your Byron ever created in England." *

"The more the pity for France. I was in hopes she had passed the time when fine words could set her feelings against her principles.'

"You are still mounted on a chimera," said the Devil sarcastically. "France can always be won by addressing her heart, just the same as eloquence with you must be addressed to the pocket. You speak to the one of her national greatness, to the other of her national debt; but it is unfortunate for you English, that you do not pay more attention to foreign literature and foreign politics. You ought to hear what the rest of the world say of you;—you ought to see how grand, how true the views, which, from a just distance, Frenchmen in particular, form of your present situation. You are like a man who can only talk of himself, and to himself; one great National Soliloquist wrapt in a Monologue!"

With that Asmodeus threw away the stump of his cigar, and we alighted at the door of the *Rocher*. Small, cheerful chamber, do I see you again, with the large brown sleek cat in the arm-chair! Stir up the fire—make haste with the *Chambertin* and the *Santé*—where is the playbill, and the *Figaro?* Oh, Asmodeus! in this city I find again the pleasures of youth! Can you restore to me also the health,—the heart to enjoy them?"†

* The writer of the article on Talleyrand considers that great diplomat, we think with great felicity, the "Voltaire" of politics—M. de Chateaubriand is the Rousseau.

† To be continued.

SPANISH ACCOUNT OF THE ARMADA.

[We give insertion to this curious document, not only because there are many readers to whom it must be historically interesting—and because it is a very valuable relic in itself—but also as a singular specimen of the *équivoque*. D'Israeli has recorded the anecdote of Père Londre, who registered the battle of the Boyne in this deceptive manner:—" The battle of the Boyne in Ireland—Schomberg is killed there, at the head of the English." We think this equivocation may be matched more than once in the Spanish account of the Armada.]

THE SPANISH OFFICIAL JOURNAL, KEPT ON BOARD THE DUKE OF MEDINA SIDONIA'S SHIP, IS PRESERVED IN THE ARCHIVES OF SIMANCAS; THE FOLLOWING TRANSLATION WAS MADE FROM A COPY OF THAT DOCUMENT.

RELATION of the Voyage performed from Corunna by the Royal Armada, commanded by General the Duke of Medina Sidonia, and of the events which happened on board.

Translated from the Spanish. By Lieutenant-Colonel H. Bristow.

July 1588. Friday 22. The Duke sailed, with the whole Armada, from the port of Corunna, the wind blowing from the south-west point, in which it continued during some days, enabling us to make a favorable voyage.

Monday 25. The Duke observing that fine weather continued, despatched Captain Don Rodrigo Tello to Dunkirk, with orders to inform the Duke of Parma* of the approach of the Armada, to obtain intelligence of the state of affairs in that quarter, and to ascertain the most favorable place to form a junction with the fleet assembled there.

Tuesday 26. At the dawn of day, the Armada was becalmed in a fog which lasted until mid-day, when the wind changed to the north, and the Armada stood to the east, until the middle of the night, when the wind shifted to the west-north-west, with strong showery squalls which continued the entire day and night. This day the Patrona galley,† Diana, parted company in consequence of her making a great deal of water, and it was said, returned to port.

Wednesday 27. The same wind continued, but blew much stronger, and there was a very heavy sea which lasted until the middle of the night. In consequence of this gale, many ships of the Armada, and the other three gallies, parted company.

Thursday 28. The day dawned clear and sunny, the wind and sea were calmer than on the preceding day, and on counting the ships of the Armada, it appeared that forty, and the three gallies, had parted company. The Duke ordered soundings to be taken; the water was found to be seventy-five fathoms deep, and the distance from the land to be thirty leagues from the Scilly Islands. He immediately despatched three Pataches,‡ one to the Lizard, to ascertain if the missing ships were there, and in that case, to direct them to await the arrival of the remainder of the Armada; the second, to discover and reconnoitre the land; and the other was sent back to order the ships astern to make all possible sail, and at the same time to find out if any of those missing were discoverable in that quarter.

Friday 29. The Armada continued its course with a west wind; the patache sent to the Lizard returned, and brought information that Don Pedro de Valdes, with the missing ships, all of which he had assembled, were ahead, and waiting the arrival of the Armada. In the evening all the ships joined, with the exception of the capitana § of Juan Martinez, having on board the Maestre de

* The Duke of Parma was to have co-operated in the invasion with an army of 25,000 men.

† The galley commanded by the second in command of the gallies, was called the Patrona galley.

‡ Patache, a light vessel peculiar to the Calabrian coasts, used as a despatch-boat.

§ According to the ordinances of the Spanish marine, at this time in force, the vessel on board which the commander-in-chief sailed, was called the capitana (each division had its capitana and almiranta), and that on board which the second in command

Campo Nicholas Isla, and the three gallies, about which no tidings could be obtained. On this day the land of England was discovered, which was said to be Cape Lizard.

Saturday 30. At the dawn of day, the Armada was close in with the land, from which it was discovered; and where signals were immediately made by means of fire, and beacons of smoke. In the evening, the Duke sent Ensign Juan Gil, in a zabra* with oars, to obtain intelligence. Late in the evening many ships were discovered, but as a thick haze and drizzling rain came on, it was impossible to ascertain the exact number. Ensign Juan Gil returned, in the middle of the night, with four English fishermen in a boat, which they said belonged to Falmouth, and they stated that they had seen the English fleet sail that evening from Plymouth, having the Admiral of England,† and Drake,‡ on board.

Sunday 31. The day dawned with a west-north-west wind, the Armada being off Plymouth; sixty ships were discovered to windward; and on the side of the land, to leeward, eleven more, amongst which were three great galleons,§ cannonading some of our ships, and standing to windward to join their own fleet. The Armada formed the line-of-battle, and the capitana hoisted the royal standard at the fore.|| The enemy's fleet passed, cannonading our van-division, commanded by Don Alonso de Leyva, who with some ships returned the fire.

The enemy continued their course to attack the rear-division, commanded by the Admiral-General Juan Martinez de Recalde, who, to avoid leaving his position, and to support the attack, although he saw that his ships were closing in with the Armada, and that he should be left alone, waited for, and made head against them. The enemy attacked, and opened so heavy a fire, without however closing so as to lay the admiral-general on board, that they dismantled his ship, cutting away his main-stay, and lodging two shots in his foremast. The ship called the Great Gri (one of the rear-division) supported Juan Martinez: as also did the galleons San Matéo, having on board the Maestre de Campo Don Diego Pimentel, and the San Juan, belonging to the division of Diego Florez, on board which was Don Diego Enriquez, son of the Viceroy Don Martin Enriquez. The royal capitana lowered the sails of her foremast, let fly her sheets, and laying to, waited to receive him in the main-body; on seeing which the enemy stood off, and the Duke collected the Armada, it being impossible to do more, because the enemy had gained the wind; besides their ships were very fast-sailers, and so well managed that they did with them what they pleased. In the evening Don Pedro de Valdes ran foul of the Catalina, a ship of his own division, carrying away his own bowsprit and foresail, to repair which, he withdrew to the centre of the battle. The Armada manœuvred until four o'clock in the evening, to gain the wind of the enemy. At this hour, the almiranta of Oquendo had two decks and her poop blown up, in consequence of some barrels of powder catching fire. The paymaster-general of the Armada was in this part of the ship, and also a part of his Majesty's money. The Duke observing that the almiranta remained astern in consequence of the accident, tacked, and stood towards her, firing a gun at the same time as a signal to the Armada to follow his movement; and he also sent pataches to her assistance. The fire was extinguished, and the enemy's fleet, which had stood towards the disabled ship, drew off, on seeing the capitana bear down; and thus she was protected, and placed in the main body of the Armada. On this tack, the ship of Don

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sailed, the almiranta. Custom, however, very soon reversed this ordinance, and the vessel of the commander-in-chief was called the almiranta, and that of the second in command capitana.

* A zabra, an advice-boat. † Charles Lord Howard of Effingham.

‡ The name of Drake was long terrible in Andalusia, and even at this day the women at Seville and in the neighbourhood, are accustomed to frighten their children, by telling them Drake is coming.

§ A galleon: the word galleon signifies, literally, a large galley; but this vessel is navigated with sails only.

|| The royal standard was hoisted at the main-topmast-head when a member of the royal family was on board, but on other occasions on the fore-topmast-head.

Pedro de Valdes carried away her fore-topmast, which fell on the main-yard, and the Duke went to her succour, intending to take her in tow, but in consequence of a very heavy sea and strong wind, he was unable to fulfil his intention, although every possible effort was made on the occasion, so that Don Pedro de Valdes's ship was unable to make sail, as it was now dark. On this, Diego Florez informed the Duke, that if he lowered his sails, to wait for her, it would be impossible for our Armada to see the manœuvre, as it had run very far a-head, and he certainly would find himself with only half of it, in the morning. Moreover, as the enemy's fleet was so near, it was not worth while risking the safety of the whole for a single ship, as it appeared certain, if he did shorten sail, the failure of the enterprise would be the consequence. The Duke, on hearing this opinion, ordered Captain Ojeda, with his capitana, four pataches, the almiranta of Don Pedro, the capitana of Diego Florez, and a galley,* to remain and endeavour to tow her; or if that were impossible, to take out her people. The force of the wind and sea, joined to the darkness of the night, rendered both impracticable. The Duke, therefore, made sail, and came up with the Armada, which he kept well closed up, and he succeeded in taking out the burnt and wounded, during the night, who remained in the almiranta of Oquendo; but the wind and sea increased very much.

August 1588. Monday 1. The Duke ordered Don Alonso de Leyva, to form a junction between his own van-division, and the rear-division of the Armada, so as to make only one body, and to take as a reinforcement, the three galiasses,† the galleons San Mateo, San Luis, Santiago, and the galleon of Florence, which belonged to the squadron of Portugal; making in all, forty-three ships, the best in the Armada. With these, he was to make head against the enemy and prevent them from obstructing our junction with the Duke of Parma. The Duke himself took post in the van of the remainder of the Armada, which was now composed of two bodies only; the rear-division was to continue under the command of Don Alonso de Leyva, until Juan Martinez got his ship repaired. The Duke also assembled all the sargentos mayores,‡ and ordered each to embark in a patache to place the Armada in order, charging them at the same time, strictly to enjoin each captain to preserve the post assigned him in the new order of sailing, the directions for which were given to each sargento-mayor in writing, and each of them also received a written order, to hang, without further reference, the captain of every ship not observing the new formation; for this purpose, each sargento-mayor carried with him captains of campaign and an executioner. Three sargentos-mayores were appointed to the rear, and three to the van-division, the better to carry every thing into effect. This day at eleven o'clock, the captain of the almiranta of Oquendo came to the Duke and told him, that the almiranta was sinking and no longer manageable, and the Duke in consequence ordered the king's money and the crew to be taken out and the ship to be abandoned. On the evening of this day, the Duke despatched Ensign Juan Gil to Dunkirk, in a patache, that he might apprize the Duke of Parma of the exact position of the Armada.

Tuesday 2. At break of day the weather was fine. The enemy's fleet was to leeward, standing towards the land, manœuvring in every possible manner to gain the wind, to prevent which, the Duke tacked and stood in-shore, followed by the galiasses, as a van-division, and the rest of the Armada at some distance astern. The enemy seeing the capitana stand in-shore, and finding it impossible to get to windward of her on that side, tacked and stood towards the sea, and then our weather ships brought them to action. Martin de Bretendona engaged the capitana of the enemy, bearing down upon her very gallantly, and endeavouring to lay her on board, but she, on finding herself very near, bore up, and stood off to sea. In this affair he was supported by the San Marcos, having the Marquess of Peñafiel; the San Luis, having the Maestre de Campo Don Agustin Mesia; the San Mateo, having the Maestre de Campo

* A galley, a low vessel, navigated with sails and oars.

† A galiass, a large galley, having three masts.

‡ A sargento-mayor, an officer charged, amongst other duties, with that of police.

Don Diego Pimentel; the San Felipe, having the Maestre de Campo Don Francesco de Toledo; the Rata, having Don Alonso de Leyva; the Capitana of Oquendo, having Don Diego Pacheco, and the San Juan, having Don Diego Tellez Enriquez on board; and which last had been close up with the enemy ever since the morning. The galleon of Florence, having Gaspar de Sousa; the galleon Santiago, having Antonio Pereyra; the galleon San Juan of Diego Florez, having Don Diego Enriquez; and the Venetian Valencera, having the Maestre de Campo Don Alonso Luzon on board, also supported. The galiasses which went in advance, found themselves very near the land, having been carried to leeward by the currents. The Duke sent them orders to do every thing possible, both by means of their sails and oars, to close with the enemy, and he himself bore down, and engaged some ships of the rear division. The galiasses came up with the ships, which were carrying on a very close running fight with the enemy, watching an opportunity of laying them on board, and which were the galleon of Florence, having Gaspar de Sousa; the capitana of Ojeda, the Begoña, having Garibay; the Valencera, having Don Alonso de Luzon; and the galleon San Juan Bautista, having Don Juan Maldonado and Don Luis de Madea on board. But the efforts of all were unavailing, for the enemy seeing our ships endeavoured to bring on a close engagement, stood off to sea, receiving our fire with great advantage, because of the lightness of their ships. After standing off a short distance, they returned with the wind and tide in their favour, and attacked Juan Martinez de Recalde, who brought up the rear-division, and Don Alonso de Leyva supported him. All this while our capitana was in the midst of the battle, standing backwards and forwards to encourage those ships which were closely intermixed with the enemy's rear-division, the two parties being separated from both fleets. The Duke ordered Captain Maroli to take a six-oared boat, and make the ships which were near the capitana go about, for the purpose of assisting Juan Martinez, which was done. On this, the enemy left him, and bore down with all their ships on the capitana, which was then alone, doing her utmost to support our ships engaged, as has been said. Our capitana seeing the enemy's capitana coming in the van, steering for her, lowered her topsails, and awaited the combat. The enemy's capitana and the whole of the fleet passed, firing, ship after ship, at our capitana, which maintained her post all the time, returning the fire so well, that the enemy's sternmost ships fired at a much greater distance than those ahead. Juan Martinez de Recalde, Don Alonso de Leyva, the Marquess of Peñafiel, on board the galleon San Marcos, and the capitana of Oquendo, having Don Diego Pacheco on board, went to the assistance of the capitana, but arrived when the heat of the combat was over. The enemy on this stood off to sea, and collected their ships, which appeared to have sustained some damage, and they drew off the ships which were occupied with our van. One of the ships which was most engaged on our part in the skirmish of this day, which lasted more than three hours, was the galleon of Florence, having Gaspar de Sousa on board.

Wednesday 3. Juan Martinez de Recalde resumed the command of the rear-division, and Don Alonso de Leyva remained with him, dividing between them the forty-three ships of which the rear-division was composed. At break of day the enemy being near our rear-division, fired on the almiranta, and their fire was returned by the stern-chasers of the galiasses, of the ships of Juan Martinez de Recalde, of Don Alonso de Leyva, and of the other ships forming the rear-division, none of which quitted their posts. On this, the enemy stood away, without making any further effort, because our galiasses had disabled their capitana, by shooting her mainyard out of the slings.

Thursday 4. Day of St. Domingo: the urca,* Santa Anna, and a Portuguese galleon, had fallen rather astern, which induced the enemy to make a warm attack upon them. Don Alonso de Leyva, Don Diego Tellez Enriquez, and the galiasses went to their assistance, and manœuvred so well, that they ex-

* An urca was a dogger-rigged vessel used generally as a store-ship. Those attached to the Armada were employed as victuallers, and for the conveyance of horses, mules, and stores of all descriptions.

tricated them, although surrounded by the enemy's ships. During the period of this contest with the rear-division, the enemy's capitana attacked ours, which was in the van, with several heavy ships. They approached much nearer than on the first day, and opened a fire with their heaviest lower-deck guns; they shot away the haulyards of our capitana's main-mast, and killed some soldiers. The galleon San Luis, having the Maestre de campo Don Agustin Mesia on board, came to her succour, and Juan Martinez de Recalde, the San Juan of the squadron of Diego Florez, having Don Diego Enriquez on board, and the capitana of Oquendo, formed a line ahead of our royal capitana, it not being possible for them to place themselves between the enemy and her, in consequence of the strong currents; and other ships commenced following the example. On this the enemy's ships drew off, their capitana remaining considerably damaged, rather to leeward of our Armada. Our capitana immediately bore down upon her, followed by Juan Martinez de Recalde, the San Juan of Sicily, having Don Diego Tellez Enriquez on board, the capitana of the galleons of Castile, the Great Gri, and all the other ships of our Armada, having the enemy's fleet to windward supporting their own capitana, whose danger was now so great, that they towed her with eleven long boats, and took away the standard, and she fired guns for assistance. Our capitana, our almiranta, and the other ships began to arrive, as soon as the enemy's movements indicated an intention of going to her succour, so that this day we considered our being able to bring on a close engagement as certain, which was the only manner in which we could gain the victory. Things being in this position, the wind began to freshen in favour of the enemy's capitana, which immediately stood away from us, casting off the eleven boats which had been towing her; and on this, their fleet, which had already commenced running to leeward of us, recovered the wind. The Duke, finding it was useless to continue the attack, and that he was off the Isle of Wight, fired a gun as a signal to close, and stood with the capitana on the course of the voyage; the rest of the Armada following in very good order, and the enemy remaining a great way astern. This day the Duke despatched Captain Pedro de Leon to the Duke of Parma in Dunkirk, to inform him of his present situation, and of all the late occurrences, and also to acquaint him with the very great importance of his immediate junction with the Armada; he desired him to send four, six, and ten pound balls, as many had been expended in the skirmishes. This day the Duke conferred the command of the squadron of Don Pedro de Valdes on Don Diego Enriquez, son of the Viceroy Don Martin Enriquez, in consequence of his zeal and great inclination to the sea-service.

Friday 5. At the dawn of day, there was a calm, and the two fleets were in sight. The Duke sent the pilot Domingo Ochoa, in a six-oared boat, to the Duke of Parma, with a request for forty filibotes,* which he wished to be sent to his assistance immediately, for the purpose of opposing the operations of the enemy, because by reason of the unwieldy size of our ships as compared with the lightness of theirs, it was found impossible to bring them to a close engagement in any manner. He was also directed again to explain to the Duke of Parma how highly important it was that he should be ready to join the Armada, the day it arrived off Dunkirk; and on this subject the Duke was very anxious, as he began to think the Duke of Parma was not in Dunkirk, because Don Rodrigo Tello had neither returned nor sent any body. At sunset a breeze sprang up, and our Armada steered for Calais.

Saturday 6. At break of day, the two fleets were in company very near each other, and continued their course without firing, because our Armada ran before the wind, and the rear-division was closed well up, in good order. The coast of France near Boulogne was discovered at ten o'clock; we steered for the herrada † of Calais, where we arrived at four in the evening. Opinions were divided as to the propriety of anchoring, most were in favour of proceed-

* Filibotes, in English, fly-boats.

† Herrada, the name of a liquid measure of a round shape; probably there was some resemblance between this shape, and the head near the anchorage.

ing; but the Duke, on hearing from the pilots that if he proceeded, the currents would drive him out of the English channel, into the North sea, determined to anchor, particularly as this place was only seven leagues from Dunkirk, and the Duke of Parma could join him here. At five o'clock, therefore, he ordered the whole Armada to anchor, and immediately sent Captain Herédia to visit M. de Gourdon, the Governor of Calais, that he might be informed of the cause of our coming there, and the Captain was also to offer him the Duke's friendship and good correspondence. This evening thirty-six ships, (amongst them five heavy galleons,) understood to be the squadron of John Accles,* which had been stationed off Dunkirk, joined the enemy. In the night, Captain Herédia returned, and said the Governor made great offers of service to his Majesty, the sincerity of which he proved by his deeds. In the course of the night, the Duke despatched his secretary Hieronimo de Arco to inform the Duke of Parma of his situation, and to acquaint him that it was impossible for the Armada to continue in its present position without incurring great danger.

Sunday 7. At break of day Captain Don Rodrigo Tello arrived from Dunkirk, and said the Duke of Parma was in Bruges, where he had waited upon him, and although the Duke of Parma seemed to be very much pleased with the news of the arrival of the Armada, yet on the evening of Saturday at six o'clock, when the Captain left Dunkirk, he had not arrived there; neither had the embarkation of the troops, provisions, or stores, commenced. On the morning of this day, the Governor of Calais sent his nephew to visit the Duke; he brought a large present of refreshments, and was desired to say, on the part of the Governor, that the anchorage was very dangerous to continue in, on account of its exposure to the currents and cross winds of that channel, which were very strong. The Duke relying on the offers of friendship which the Governor of Calais made him, sent the purveyor, Bernabe de Pedraso, to buy provisions, and the paymaster, Juan de Huerta, went with him. This night the Duke sent Don Torge Manrique to the Duke of Parma, to request him to hasten his sailing by all possible means, and at ten o'clock the Duke received a letter from his secretary Arco at Dunkirk, with information that the Duke of Parma had not even yet arrived there, nor had even the stores and provisions been embarked, an operation which appeared to the secretary to require at least fifteen days to complete. This day nine more ships joined the enemy, and a squadron of twenty-six ships approached nearer the land, which led to a suspicion that some attempt was about to be made on us with fire-ships. The Duke, in consequence, ordered Captain Serrano to take a pinnace, and carry with him a cable and anchor, for the purpose of directing any fire-ship sent down upon us towards the land; and the Duke sent to all the ships that fronted the enemy, directing them to be on the alert, and keep boats ready manned with soldiers for the same purpose. In the middle of the night we discovered two fires burning in the English fleet, which soon increased to eight. They were eight ships burning fiercely, which, under all sail, came with the current directly down upon our capitana and the rest of the Armada. The Duke seeing them approach without meeting any obstruction on our part, and fearing they contained some invention for exploding, weighed his own anchor, and caused the rest of the Armada to do the same, directing all, however, to resume their stations as soon as the fire-ships had passed. The capitana of the galiasses ran foul of the San Juan of Sicily in endeavouring to avoid a fire-ship, and sustained so much damage, that she was obliged to remain near the shore. The current turned out to be so strong, that it drove the whole Armada rapidly towards the sands of Dunkirk, except the capitana and those ships near her, which returned to the anchorage, firing a gun as a signal to the others to do the same, but it was not seen.

Monday 8. At break of day, the Duke, finding that his Armada was very far a-head, and that the enemy approached under all sail, weighed for the purpose of joining it, intending afterwards to regain his station. The wind freshened

* Probably Sir John Hawkins; the squadron, however, blockading Dunkirk, was commanded by Lord Henry Seymour, and Count Justin Nassau.

from the north-west, which crosses that coast, and the enemy's fleet, consisting of a hundred and thirty-six ships, favoured both by wind and tide, approached very rapidly. The Duke, who was in the rear division, seeing that if he spent time in endeavouring to come up with his Armada, it would be lost, in consequence of its being already very near the sands of Dunkirk, according to the report made by the Flemish pilots who were with him, determined to make head against the whole fleet of the enemy, for the purpose of saving it, and he therefore returned, placing his broadside towards the enemy, thus covering the movements of his own Armada, which he directed, by means of pataches, to keep to windward, because it was now standing directly on the sands of Dunkirk. The enemy's capitana, with the greatest part of their fleet, attacked our capitana very furiously, as soon as the day dawned, opening a very heavy fire of artillery, sometimes within musket,* sometimes within arquebus range. The battle continued until three o'clock in the evening, without one moment's intermission, and without our capitana's changing her position until our Armada had cleared the sands. The galleon San Marcos, having the Marquess of Peñafiel on board, was near the capitana during the whole of this affair. The capitana† of the galiasses, being unable to keep up with our Armada, returned towards Calais, and ran aground at the entrance of the port. Some of the enemy's ships chased her, but it is believed she was protected by the guns of the castle, and her crew saved. Don Alonzo de Leyva, Juan Martinez de Recalde, the capitana of Oquendo, all the ships of the Castillian and Portuguese Maestre-de-Campos, the capitanas of Diego Florez and Bretendona, and the galleon San Juan, having Don Diego Enriquez on board, had resisted the attack of the enemy to the utmost, so that all having sustained very considerable injury were almost rendered incapable of farther defence, and most of them were now without balls to fire. Don Francisco de Toledo closed with the enemy's rear, trying to board some of their ships, on which they turned on him, and opened so heavy a fire that he was much pressed. Don Diego Pimentel came down to his assistance, and both were placed in very great peril; on which Juan Martinez de Recalde and Don Agustin Mesia aided, and extricated them from this strait. Notwithstanding this, these two ships ran again into the midst of the enemy, as also did Don Alonso de Luzon's ship, with the Santa Maria de Begoña, having Garibay, and the San Juan de Sicilia, having Don Diego Tellez Enriquez on board; they were attacked by several very heavy ships, which closed on them on all sides. The enemy, without furling their sails, came almost near enough to board Don Francisco de Toledo, Don Diego Pimentel, and Don Diego Tellez Enriquez, firing on them all the time with artillery, and they defending themselves with muskets and arquebusses, in consequence of the closeness of the ships. The Duke, hearing the firing of the musketry and arquebusses which continued in the rear-division, without being able to discover from his tops what was going on, in consequence of the smoke, farther than the seeing two of our ships in the midst of those of the enemy, and

* A musket was at this time fired on a stand; an arquebus was fired from the shoulder.

† Whereupon Monsieur Goudon, governor of Calais, a man of good estimation in respect of his prerogative in that place, sent his nephew to give the Englishmen to understand, that they should content themselves with the ordinary spoil; and that they should leave behind them the great ordnance, as a thing belonging to him by virtue of his office. The which embassage, sent a second time unto men more intentive unto their prey than other men's reason, made the gentleman to be evilly entertained by our men, in such sort, that they would have forcibly taken from him some trifling things about him, thinking him to be a Spaniard. Whereat M. Goudon, being offended, caused certain pieces of ordnance to be discharged from the town; and then the Englishmen departed, leaving the galiass at his pleasure, after the loss of some soldiers, having, notwithstanding, sacked 22,000 ducats of gold, appertaining unto the King, and fourteen coffers of moveables of the Duke of Medina; with some other, both money and moveables, of other particular men, and some prisoners, among whom was Duke Rodrigo of Mendoza, and Duke John Gonzales de Solorzano, under captain of the galiass.—Patricio Ubaldino.

that after the enemy's ships left our capitana, all bore down to that point—ordered the capitana to be put about, and go to the assistance of the two ships, although she was so damaged by shot-holes between wind and water, that it was impossible to stop the leaks, and almost the whole of her rigging had been cut away during the action. Notwithstanding, the enemy, on seeing the capitana approach, abandoned the ships with which they were engaged, which were those of Don Alonzo de Luzon, of Garibay, of Don Francisco de Toledo, of Don Diego Pimentel, and of Don Diego Tellez Enriquez: of these, the three last, being closer to the enemy, and more engaged, had sustained the greatest injury, and were rendered useless. Almost the whole of their crews were either killed or wounded; although Don Diego Tellez Enriquez's ship was still able to keep company with us, but in a very disabled state. The Duke and the enemy collected their respective fleets. The Duke sent pataches to take out the crews of the San Félipe and the San Mateo: that belonging to the San Mateo was taken out, though Don Diego Pimentel would not abandon his ship, but sent Don Rodrigo de Bivero and Don Luis Vanégas to the Duke, with a request that some person capable of determining whether she was sea-worthy, might be sent to examine her. The Duke sent him a pilot and a diver of this, his own galleon, although he himself was exposed to great risk without them; but they, in consequence of its being now late, and the greatness of the sea, could not reach the San Mateo, which they saw, from a distance, go towards Zealand that night. The galleon San Félipe ran close alongside the Urca Doncella, and put all her crew on board. A short time after Don Francisco had got on board, a cry arose that the Urca was sinking, in consequence of which Captain Juan Poza de Santiso and Don Francisco de Toledo jumped both back into the San Félipe, with which they went towards Zealand; which was very unfortunate, as the alarm of the Urca's sinking was false, and Don Francisco told the Duke that he and all his people were safe on board the Urca. The tide, however, was so strong that there was no remedy, and it was not even possible to stop the shot-holes in the capitana, which was in great danger of being lost in consequence. The Duke wished to have returned with the whole Armada on the enemy this day, that he might not have been under the necessity of leaving the Channel; but the pilots informed him the remaining was impossible, as the wind and tide were both against him, and the former was in the north-west, which is a cross wind on that coast. The pilots said he must either go into the North Sea, or run the whole Armada on the sands; so that for this reason it was impossible to avoid leaving the Channel. Moreover, all our best ships were very much injured, and incapable of resistance, both on account of shot-holes and the not having more balls to fire.

Tuesday 9. Eve of San Lorenzo. At two o'clock in the morning the wind freshened so much, that notwithstanding our capitana kept as much as possible to windward for the purpose of finding a favourable opportunity of re-entering the Channel, she could not weather the coast of Zealand. At day-break the north-west wind grew calmer, and the enemy's fleet, consisting of a hundred and nine ships, appeared astern, at the distance of little more than half a league. Our capitana remained in the rear-division with Juan Martinez de Recalde, Don Alonso de Leyva, the galiasses, the galleon San Marcos, and the San Juan of Diego Florez, the rest of our Armada being at a distance, and very much to leeward. The enemy's ships were steering for our capitana, which hauled her wind; the galiasses laid to, and the other ships composing the rear-division took up the line of battle, on which the enemy laid-to. The Duke fired two guns as a signal to the Armada to close, and sent a pilot in a patache to direct the ships to keep to windward, because they were very near the sands of Zealand, which was the real cause of the enemy's not coming nearer. The enemy supposed that our Armada was about to be lost, and the pilots for this coast, whom the Duke had on board, told him at this time, that it was impossible to save even a single ship; and that the whole Armada would inevitably be driven on the sands off the coast of Zealand by the north-west wind which now blew, and which God only could change. The Armada being in this critical position,

which appeared without remedy, and in only six and a half fathoms water, God was pleased to change the wind to west-south-west, which enabled the Armada to stand to the north, without exposing any ships to danger, as the Duke had sent orders by the pataches that all should follow the capitana, because they otherwise would run on the sands of Zealand. This evening the Duke assembled the Generals and Don Alonso de Leyva, to determine what was best to be done. After explaining the state of the Armada, and the want of cannon-balls, all the principal ships having sent for a supply, he asked them whether it were better to return to the English Channel, or go back to Spain by the North Sea, as no information of the period when the Duke of Parma could join had been received. The Council was unanimous in the determination of returning to the Channel, if it were possible; but if that were impracticable, it resolved to go back to Spain by the North Sea, in consequence of the almost entire want of every thing necessary in the Armada, and because those ships which had hitherto resisted were now disabled. The wind continued increasing to the south-south-west, so that the Duke pursued his course to sea, followed by the enemy's fleet. The Duke, in what concerned fighting the capitana, returning to succour and support the points attacked or in danger, followed the advice of the Maestre de Campo Don Francisco de Bobadilla, whose many years' experience in war, both by sea and land, was the cause why he had been ordered in Corunna to leave the galleon San Marcos, with which he had been entrusted, under the command of the Marquess of Peñafiel, who was with him, and come on board the capitana. The Marquess of Peñafiel, who had received a similar order, excused himself out of regard to the Cavaliers embarked with him, and remained in the San Marcos. In what concerned the interior management of the Armada, and the navigation, the Duke followed the advice of General Diego Florez, who had also been directed to embark in the capitana, in consequence of his being one of the oldest and most experienced officers in sea affairs.

Wednesday 10. Our Armada continued its course under a strong south-west wind, the sea being very heavy, and the enemy's fleet following us. In the evening, the fury of the wind abating, the enemy stood towards our rear division, under all sail; and the Duke, perceiving there were very few ships with Juan Martinez de Recalde in the rear-division, lowered his topsails, and laid-to, firing three guns at intervals, as a signal to the Armada, which was then under all sail, to do the same, that it might wait for the capitana and the rear-division. What our Armada did on this occasion, Don Baltasar de Zuñiga can tell! The enemy's fleet, seeing that our capitana had laid-to, and that the galiasses of the rear-division had done the same, and also twelve of our best ships, laid-to also on their part, without firing. This evening, the squadron of John Accles parted company with the enemy's fleet, steering for Dunkirk.

Thursday 11. We pursued our voyage with the same wind, which blew strong, the enemy's fleet keeping at a distance. In the evening, it came up under all sail, and we observed the absence of the ships of John Accles: the galiasses and the capitana again laid-to, and the enemy again did the same, without firing.

Friday 12. At break of day the enemy's fleet was close to us; but seeing the Armada well closed up, and the rear-division reinforced, it stood away, steering for England, until we lost sight of it.

The voyage has been continued with the same wind all the remaining days; we have cleared the Norwegian Channel, without its being possible to return to the English Channel, although we have made every effort to effect that object until this day, the 20th of August, and now, having doubled the last islands of Scotland, to the north, we are steering for Spain, with a west-north-west wind.

ITALIAN HUMOROUS POETRY.

The Italians have a class of poems, of which comparatively little is known in this country, called either *rime piacevole*, or *rime burlesche*, not at all meaning by the latter term anything like what we should understand from a literal translation of it, although perhaps we have no other single word for it in our language. These poems may be said to be almost peculiar to Italy: in France, Spain, and Germany they have little of the kind, and in this country Lord Rochester's poem "Upon Nothing" is almost our only specimen, and even that is distinguished by too much depth of thought, metaphysical abstraction and severity of satire. Phillips's "Splendid Shilling" and Shenstone's "Schoolmistress" may be thought by some to bear a resemblance to the class; but they both, especially the latter, rather belong to the mock-heroic, of which we have not a few other examples, though none perhaps quite so good. It is evident that at the time Lord Rochester wrote his poem "Upon Nothing," he had in his memory, if not in in his sight, Francesco Copetta's *Capitolo* (for such was the particular name by which pieces of this kind usually went) *nel quale si lodano le Noncorelle*, of which the following is a short extract, which will sufficiently show the spirit of the whole, and partially establish Lord Rochester's obligation, a point not hitherto touched.

"*Nothing* is brother to primeval matter,
On which philosophers their brains may batter,
But still prove *nothing* by their solemn patter.

The worth of *nothing*'s wondrously display'd,
For in the Bible, we all know, 'tis said
God out of *nothing* the creation made.

Yet *nothing* has nor head, tail, back, nor shoulder;
And though than the great *dixit* it is older,
Its strength is such that all things first shall moulder.

The rank of *nothing* we from this may see:
The mighty Roman once declar'd, that he
Cæsar or *nothing* was resolv'd to be."

The *rime piacevole* or *burlesche* seem to have been the offspring of fine animal spirits, operating upon, and quickening a lively imagination; and the fancy as well as the ingenuity displayed in them is quite astonishing: it is delightful to see how the writers often revel in their subjects, and the more trifling they are, the more they rejoice in setting them off, and exalting them by dignity of thought and graces of style. They have great enjoyment in showing the new and witty things that may be said, upon a radish, a cricket, a fig, a large nose, a piece of packthread, a sausage, or any other apparently insignificant object. Many parts of Italy were famous for their sausages, and the celebrity of Bologna, in this respect, has gained her at least as wide a reputation as her University or her School of Painting. Germany can give her savoury productions of the chopping-knife no higher claim to esteem, than by calling them Bolognas. Modena was at one time equally distinguished in this respect, and Tassoni in his *Secchia Rapita* (Canto v. st. 23.) thought necessary to assign it no

other designation than *la città de la salsiccia fina*, while in an earlier part of his poem (Canto i. st. 31.) he immortalizes Sabatino Brunello as *primo inventor de la salsiccia fina*. Let the reader observe with what a true, and at the same time with what a learned relish of a sausage Michael Agnolo Firenzuola writes of it, in a *canzon* which he devoted expressly to its praise—

"Sausage is made of every kind of meat.
We learn, indeed, from history,
Dædalus knew the mystery;
He was a first-rate cook.
His meat from bulls he took,
Then gave it to Pasiphaë to eat.
The skill of many now-a-days surpasses
In making sausages of flesh of asses,
They must be asses who think them a treat.
Semiramis us'd horse-flesh;
But she was a piece of coarse flesh.
A learned Grecian author,
Speaking of what he saw there,
Says that in Egypt of dog's-flesh they make them:
I'd rather much my own compound,
Large, firm, and round,
And in the well-clean'd entrails tightly bound.
Happy, ye old, that are not gabies,
And ne'er forsake them!
Live on such food, and then
Ye will be young again;
So young, you'll fancy ye are full-grown babies."

And so this sausage-serving Abbot of Prato (who lived in the gay times of Leo, Clement, and Paul III.) proceeds in the same strain of carnivorous devotion. How much more naturally does he account for the passion of Pasiphaë, than Ovid or Apollonius; and no wonder if, living upon bull-beef sausages, she produced the Minotaur, without any of the scandal to which for many centuries the lady's character has been exposed. But the founder of the De-la-Cruscan Academy of Florence (which grew out of the society of the *Humidi*) thought the same theme not below the dignity of his pen; and thus, in his *Capitolo* on the sausage, in *terza rima* (which we have ventured to imitate), breaks out in a fit of enthusiastic admiration of pork, the meat best adapted to the purpose.

"The pig domestic's better far than all
The other animals of earth, sea, air,
In my poor judgment, which I think not small.

Nor are there any who in this affair
Will contradict me, if they duly feel
The various goodness of that creature rare.

Oh worthy pig! both gentle and genteel,
Of every animal superlative,
And good at dinner, supper, every meal!

Thou giv'st content to every man alive
With thy most noble limbs, fat, fair, and round.
All parts of thee for excellence must strive,

Head, feet, and blood; ay, e'en thy skin is found
Most wholesome and most grateful to the taste;
Boil'd, fried, stew'd, roasted, delicately brown'd.

All the year through thy excellence will last,
Dress'd in more ways than one cook ever knew:
Ten tongues could never tell thy virtues vast!

But this thy chiefest excellence and true,
That thy rare flesh can make an old man young:
Fit food of poets and of emperors too!"

The thought in the last line but one of this quotation from Grazzini is the same as in the *canzon* of Michael Agnolo Firenzuola, and it seems to have been a proverb. Grazzini was known among his friends by the designation of *Il Lasca*, or the Roach, for it was the custom for each of the Members of the Academy of the *Humidi* to take a name connected with water: all Grazzini's *rime piacevole* purport to have been written by *Il Lasca.* And this leads us to remark upon another point, viz. that this humorous species of poetry, which flourished at one period so luxuriantly in Italy, arose not more out of the nature of the language than out of the state of society in that country. Besides the *Humidi* already mentioned, there were many other clubs or associations of artists and men of letters coexistent—the *Academia de gli Inquieti, de gli Confusi*, and divers others. There is no book that gives a more entertaining and vivid account of such societies than the Life of Benvenuto Cellini, where he speaks of the convivial unions of painters, with Julio Romano at their head, and of poets, with Berni for their leader, at which he was present. The moral conduct of the Associates was now and then exceptionable, and it not a little tinged their productions both of the pencil and the pen, but the meetings were most joyous and unrestrained, and the mirth was generally as harmless as it was hearty. On these occasions many, if not most, of the *poesie giocose* were read or recited, and not a few of the artists of that day were also poets, or at least dabblers in poetry as well as in paint. There is no doubt, however, that the Italian language is also peculiarly adapted to such capricious effusions: Rapin (a very impartial judge, because a Frenchman, who never admits any superior excellence in a foreign tongue which he can possibly deny), in his Reflections on Modern Poetry, states that "les Italiens expriment mieux le ridicule des choses;" and that "leur langue est plus propre que la nôtre, par l'air badin qu'elle a de dire ce qu'elle dit." The fact is indisputable, and hence the great difficulty we have found in rendering some of these charming pieces into tolerable English. Boileau, however, was not so impartial when he talks of the *éclatante folie* of Italian poetry, although he was fain to imitate some of its *faux brillans* in his *Lutrin*, as well as Gresset in his delectable *Vert Vert.*

We have mentioned Italian poet-painters, or painter-poets (as they may be called in reference to their superior excellence in the one art or in the other) who wrote *rime piacevole;* but there is one great artist, who was also no inconsiderable satirist, of more modern date, who fell foul of the light-infantry of letters, the authors of humorous poems of the kind we have been describing, with his wonted vigour.

We allude to Salvator Rosa, who, in his second satire, lays about him in the following manner. We must use his own words, for they are quite untranslatable.

"Oh Febo! oh Febo! e dove sei condotto?
 Questi gli studii son d'un gran cervello!
Sono questi i pensier d'un capo dotto?

Lodar le mosche, i grilli, e il ravanello,
 Ed altre scioccherie ch' hanno composto
Il Berni, il Mauro, il Lasca, ed il Burchiello."

Here we see that he names three of the principal authors of *rime piacevole*, for it is not at all fair to include Burchiello, who was called the Barber of Florence, and most of whose productions were mere nonsensical absurdities, with here and there a stroke of humour, or a personal allusion now totally unintelligible: this, too, notwithstanding all the painful annotations of Doni, in the edition of 1553, dedicated to no less a man than Tintoretto, who seems to have had a genuine relish for the ridiculous. But Burchiello, to do him justice, did not owe all his reputation to mere nonsense-verses, as most of them may be fairly called: here and there he writes in a much better strain, as will be evidenced by the following sonnet, with its *coda*, which contains a very amusing as well as instructive apologue.

THE VAGRANT ANT.

"An Ant one day was roaming through the valleys,
 When by some chance she saw a horse's head,
 Or skull, quite white, for it had long been dead:
She took it for a spacious royal palace.
The more she looks, the more the fabric tallies
 With her first notion: to herself she said,
 'I want a house and this shall do instead,
Full of fine chambers, passages, and alleys.'
 When weary of surveying it about,
She sought in vain for something that was eatable,
 A sort of thing 'tis hard to do without.
'Where I came from (she cried) there was a free table:
 I will return without delay. I fear
 I shall be starv'd to death if I stay here.'—
  I also hold it clear,
Where there are victuals every place is handsome,
And all are ugly where you can't command some."

The *coda* is of course delivered by the writer in his own proper person, and the whole was intended to ridicule great houses, where a vast deal of state was kept up to the starvation of the inmates. The same thought occurs somewhere in Pulci's *Morgante Maggiore*, but we have mislaid the reference, and have not time just now to turn over the four-and-twenty cantos to find it. Some of the *rime piacevole* were addressed by poets to their patrons, in whose palaces they lived, now and then with a scanty allowance of money, but oftener merely for the sake of the table at which they were permitted to eat and drink. These poems therefore give us a curious in-

sight into the state of society at that date in Italy. Romolo Bertini seems to have been one of those who obtained a small annuity, for in a sonnet addressed to Leopold, his patron, he acknowledges the receipt of *dieci scudi il mese;* and in another, which we are about to quote, he pleads very hard, and with much humour, for an increase of his allowance: the turn at the conclusion is very pleasant and unexpected.

" My Lord, I must acknowledge very clearly
That memory is least where wit is greatest,
Which shows, though proof comes rather of the latest,
Why thou, so witty, treatest me so queerly.
This is the reason (I should hint it merely)
Why to my sonnets thou cry'st often *sat est,*
And why I pester thee whene'er thou waitest,
Compelling me to insolence, or nearly.
All that I ask to satiate hunger, dryness,
Will raise me and my desperate fortunes higher,
But cannot lower a single inch your highness.
It was decreed by heaven, that my desire
Thou shouldst fulfil: 'tis fit to have some shyness
In proving heaven itself to be a liar."

This point is similar to that in Moore's epigram beginning "Your mother says, my little Venus," but we freely acquit him of any plagiarism. Bertini was not like Berni, who could lie on his back in his garret and count the rafters, despising courts and patrons: [*Vide Orlando Innamorato,* canto lxvii. st. 36. *et seq.*] in one part of his *rifacimento* he expressly calls upon the Anthropophagi and Lestrigoni of Boiardo to swallow *cortigiani* and *empii padroni,* who devoured the flesh and blood of their unhappy dependants and left them only their bare bones. Berni was a genius above the world, who could set at nought its troubles, or rather rejoice that he had them to contend with, and all his poetry shows a most hilarious spirit of reckless independence: he must have been a delightful fellow; and Dolce, who wrote a long poem upon Berni's huge nose, is a contemporary witness to his powers of conversation. The same praise seems to be due, though not by any means in the same degree, to Pier Salvetti, of whom, however, little is known beyond what he tells us himself in the *terzetti* he has left behind him. It was a peculiarity of the humorous poems of Italy, that the authors in the midst of their jocularity sometimes introduced matter deserving the gravest meditation; and Salvetti, whose chapter "Upon the loss of a Cricket" is now before us, affords a striking proof of it: he there inserts the following semi-serious apostrophe to justice, which is perhaps as fine as anything of the kind in Italian.

" Oh Justice! Justice! where art thou?
Thou 'rt not on earth poor Virtue's nurse!
Thou ne'er wast wanted more than now,
When all things grow from bad to worse.
Our Justice here 's a mere impostor,
Beneath thy name all vice to foster,
And bears a sword, the worst of curses,
To cut and empty people's purses.

Here our Astræa, as we know,
Has lost her balance very long;
And 'tis all one with us below
To have the right side or the wrong:
For gold has power to make her mute, or
Say "no" or "yes" to every suitor.
A rich man may in prison revel;
Come out a saint, go in a devil.

In poverty's well-beaten way
The honest man must run his race,
While the proud rogue secure may stay
Obtaining money, rank, and place.
Must we live thus?—Indeed I dread it,
But yet I will not give it credit.
Justice! descend; will nought be then amiss:
Begin the slaughter of thine enemies!"

The power of gold, in the second stanza, to make Justice say "no," or "yes," according to convenience, is precisely Dante's thought—

"Del *no* per li denar vi *si* fa ita."—*Inferno*, c xxi.

Salvetti, if we are not mistaken, was a priest; at least he gives us to understand that he was in orders—and it was not then looked upon as at all inconsistent that he should write *poesie giocose*, even of the freest kind. One of the most notorious authors of this class (and who also wrote admirably in other departments) was Giovanni, or John, de la Casa, who was made Archbishop of Benevento by Paul III. and who very nearly contrived to thrust his head into a cardinal's hat. Some of his biographers endeavour to prove that he wrote *rime burlesche* only, *prima che fosse in chiesa;* but the best authorities establish that this was not the fact. He has produced a great deal that is quotable, and, among others, a very pleasant chapter on his own name John, which he considered a great misfortune to have received from his godfathers and godmothers. Old Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," (the reader must take the trouble to find the page, for here we are at fault for the exact reference,) says that "Socrates thought it worthy of him formally to advise parents to give their children well-sounding names;" and Archbishop John de la Casa was decidedly of opinion, although we can by no means agree with him, that *John* was not only an ill-sounding name, but that there were other very valid objections to it. The following is the sense of part of what he advances:—

"If I were younger by some twenty years,
I would be re-baptised without all doubt,
To change a name which everywhere one hears.

My duty I can hardly go about;
In fact, I cannot any where be seen,
But five or six at least will bawl it out;

And when I turn, it is not I they mean.
'Tis quite a nuisance to have such a name,
And a disgrace, too, and has always been.

Nightmen and scavengers have just the same;
Link-boys and chimney-sweepers, shoe-blacks, too;
And though 'tis mine, yet how am I to blame?

I had rather be a German, or a Jew,
Esteeming it by far a less disgrace;
I should rejoice to be Bartholomew,

Mathew, or Simon with a weasel-face;
Or any thing but what I am, in short,
Being but one of such a low-lived race.

Those who baptize us, really should not sport
With children's future peace in such a way,
But be discreet, and choose their names from court.

All ye that love me truly, never say
My name is John, or by it to me speak;
Oh, call me any name but that, I pray!

Some may insist 'tis taken from the Greek,
Like many other names, as they pretend:
What signifies the etymon we seek,

When 'tis a name that must all ears offend?
And no man willingly, I 'm sure, would choose
To have it own'd by relative or friend.

You can't abridge it; and whiche'er you use,
Whether you make it Johnny or plain Jack,
'Tis only worse; and well may all abuse

What only fits some miserable hack."

It is to be remarked that in Italian the name of Giovanni admits of sundry derogatory derivatives and diminutives unknown in English, such as Nanni, Vanni, Vannino, Vannozzo, &c. which gives the original a degree of force that cannot be transferred to a translation. When de la Casa says—" I 'd rather be a German," &c. he refers no doubt to what Berni had so well said, in one of his *Capitoli*, against the horrible names just brought by Pope Adrian from Germany—

" Nome da fare sbigottire un cane,
Da fare spiritare un cemitero
Al suon del parole orrende e strane."

A number of Italian poets of high celebrity at one time clubbed their wits for the purpose of giving point and application to the jests and *scioccherie* of a notorious buffoon of the name of Bertoldo. These constitute a body of humorous poetry, not always very intelligible to foreigners, but now and then very witty and amusing. Among these were Padre Sebastiano Paoli, Dottore Francesco Zanotti, Abate Carlo Innocenzo Frugoni, Abate Giuseppi Amadesi, with sixteen others; and the work went through several editions in a very short time. It is full of obscurities of matter and style, and although we have paid some attention to Italian poetry, during the last ten or twelve years, we frankly own that there are many parts of the corpulent volume we cannot pretend to explain. It must be acknowledged, however, that in some of the tales what is intended

for pleasantry appears to us mere grossness,—a mistake not unfrequently made by Italian novelists and poets, from Sacchetti to Casti, but certainly not Casti included. Casti is often coarse, but never without wit; and on some future occasion we may endeavour to show that he has been much libelled, and that his novelle, quite independent of their immorality, contain a vast deal of humour, and profound wisdom, conveyed in exquisite versification. The following sonnet, founded upon one of Bertoldo's jests, contains, together with a good joke, a better moral lesson: the original is in what the Italians call *rime tronche*, and we, monosyllabic rhymes; which are used in that language for comic effect, in the same way that double and triple rhymes are often employed in English? Muratori, in his work, *Della Perfetta Poesia Italiana*, tells us gravely that he could find no trace in any author of such a supposed custom among the Greeks and Romans, just as if Girolamo Gigli (the author of the Sonnet) meant to be understood literally upon the point: it is called

"THE SIEVE.

"If we may trust Bertoldo's famous history,
The King said to him, 'Come to me to-morrow,
So that I both may see you and not see you;'
A seeming contradiction and a mystery.
What did Bertoldo then? You will agree you
Ne'er heard a subtler trick. He went to borrow
A monstrous sieve: the King, as he had told him,
The sieve in front, could and could not behold him.
Now, we may well explain from this contrivance
Why in old time (of some strange customs mother)
They put a sieve in bed with those just married,
To indicate there needed some connivance;
That 'twixt the wedded sieves should aye be carried,
To see and not see—trust, not trust each other."

Muratori pronounces this composition *giocoso e piacevole*, and abounding in *moltissime grazie;* therefore if it do not seem to the reader to deserve this praise, it must be our fault. The pleasantry consists principally in the application, for the moral that husbands and wives should wink at each other's goings on is very old, and no where more necessary than in Italy. Fortiguerri, who, as all are aware, is a comparatively modern author, has put it as well as any body, in the fifth canto of his *Ricciardetto !*—

"Che son pazzi i mariti, e ancor le mogli,
I quai cercan di cio che lor da pene."

This passage should be written as a motto over every door belonging to every married couple from Milan to Reggio. C. R.

THE UNIVERSAL EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE ESSENTIAL TO THE PUBLIC HAPPINESS.

"The duty of a man hath great variety; and the persuasions of men are strangely divided; and every state of life hath its proper prejudice; and we shall perceive that men generally need knowledge to overpower their passions, and to master their prejudice; and therefore to see your brother in ignorance is to see him unfurnished to all good works; and every master is to cause his family to be instructed; every governor is to instruct his charge, every man his brother, by all possible and just provisions. For if the people die for want of knowledge, they who are set over them, shall also die for want of charity."—Bishop Jeremy Taylor's Works, vol. v. p. 277.

It is at length settled by the opinions of the wisest of men, after the best experience, that, whatever more must be done for the good of society at large, and of the poor in particular, *one* of the readiest means of improving the condition of both, is thoroughly to instruct the uneducated. No thinking man, indeed, believes that schools alone, even if extensive enough for teaching all the ignorant, old as well as young, will get rid of the just call for general reform; but such a consummation will do much in aid of other things, and by sharpening the invention of all classes, when reflecting upon what more is wanted, it will greatly facilitate its attainment. On the other hand, few will look for lasting peace in all that may be accomplished besides, if firm foundations for future good be not laid, in the sound knowledge which in various ways can now be safely given to the whole people.

The first step to this end is, to learn the extent in point of numbers of the people's present want of knowledge. Ten years ago* it was thought by those then held to be the persons best acquainted with the subject, that one-ninth only of any population could be found proper to be admitted into all kinds of schools. The subsequent exertions of many excellent individuals in this country, and abroad, and more extensive inquiries, have shewn that opinion to have been erroneous. In parts of England not very carefully provided with the means of education, about a sixth part of the people is at present actually at school; and in the United States of North America (whence, in spite of our pride, we have to learn many lessons) numerous districts afford examples of instruction being imparted to more than to one-third and one-fourth parts of the inhabitants. Particular cases will illustrate these positions most satisfactorily.

At Steyning, in Sussex, out of 1436, the number of all the inhabitants of that town, according to the census of the present year, there are 240 children at school, although hitherto neither any infant school nor a *school of industry* is established there; and although the grammar school of the place is not yet conducted upon the only plan, which, as will be seen in our next number, is calculated sufficiently to attract numerous scholars. By the average distribution of ages in Sussex, as in other parts of England, about five-twelfths of the people are under fifteen years of age; and the large majority of individuals of that period ought to be at some kind of school. This rule, if properly acted upon, would give at Steyning at least 450 scholars instead of the present number, 240; whilst many individuals at more advanced ages than fifteen years, might easily be provided with other means of instruction better suited to their time of life.

The United States of North America, with almost an English population, afford the following examples to illustrate the subject. In Kentucky, at Hopkin's ville, a place scarcely perhaps yet redeemed from the wilderness, and not too favourable an example of American towns, out of 1350 souls, 426 enjoy regular instruction; 226 being at ordinary schools, (not yet including infant schools) and 200 *attending the Lyceum*, an institution of great importance, of which a few words will be said presently. Again, in the State of New York, with a population of one million and a half, 500,000 children are in the course

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* See the speech of the present Lord Chancellor upon bringing in a Bill in 1820 for the general education of the people.

of education. How many of the people attend Lyceums does not appear; and infant schools, although highly esteemed, are yet far from being universal. Other States of the Union are equally strenuous to promote the great object of teaching the people; and one of the ablest statesmen of that country, Mr. Livingston, has recorded the effect of the system in the following terms: "The plan of *general* religious instruction, embracing the doctrines common to all Christian sects, and excluding all sectarian doctrine, has been for years practised in Boston; and such success has attended it, that, although the schools have been in operation more than ten years, and on an average more than three thousand have been educated in them every year, not one of those educated there has been even committed for a crime. In New York a similar effect has been observed. Of the thousands educated in the public schools of that city, taken generally from the poorest classes, but one, it is asserted, has ever been convicted, and that for a trifling offence."*

These are facts which, if they prove the vastness of the work to be accomplished in this country, also prove the great amount of the materials waiting to receive only due care, in order to become of inestimable value. Especially is it to be considered in reference to the extent of the labour recommended, that education must be afforded to *all* the people, unless the reproach is to be incurred of leaving some against their will in more disadvantageous circumstances than the rest.

In England alone, taking the population at nine millions, there ought to be schools for at least three millions of souls under fifteen years of age, after making every deduction for sickness and other impediment: and no provision of any kind, public or private, probably now exists for the education of many more than one-half of this number. If one seventh part of these are taught at their parents' expense, the rest unquestionably claim fairly, more or less, a public provision. The proper mode of raising this provision is not perhaps easily settled. There are strong objections to mere charity schools. But *public* schools are indispensable; and what is supported by general taxation is not a charity. In the present unequal distribution of property too, and most oppressed condition of the labouring poor, to expect large contributions directly, is out of the question. Nor is the evil of charity absolute; as the Pension List is filled without much self-abasement in those who have neither personal, nor reflected merits, it is probable that education will bring with it compensations for the humility which its apparent eleemosynary character may fix upon the scholars. Odious distinctions must be rejected, and some palliatives may be devised for the evil, if it prove to be one, after we shall have determined to do the great work, to which, at the worst, it will be but an inconsiderable obstacle. In this very general estimate females are included; inasmuch as every plan of national education must be exceedingly imperfect which is confined to boys alone.

The existing institutions of the country for the purposes of education seem to be consistent with the proposed supply, by taxation, of what will more adequately meet the acknowledged wants of the people. If any of these institutions require to be reformed, as undoubtedly they do, due reformation is an essential part of their rule; and without violence to foundations they may all be accommodated to any improvements which sound discretion recommends.

In the following sketch of what is needful for the instruction of the contemplated three millions, it has been attempted to include all existing establishments in the range of what seems good for the more extensive usefulness of the old institutions, whilst their permanence is insured by connecting them advantageously with what is indispensable and new.

There is wanted, then, a system comprising, first, seminaries for teachers, male and female, and of various qualifications; secondly, infant schools; thirdly, what are usually termed primary schools; fourthly, Sunday schools; fifthly, schools of industry; sixthly, mechanics' institutes and *lyceums;* seventhly, grammar schools; and eighthly, colleges.

* Introductory Report to the Code of Prison Discipline for Louisiana. By Edward Livingston. London edition. 1827. p. 22.—*See Webster's Speeches.*

First. *Seminaries for teachers, male and female, and of various qualifications.* Whether his Majesty the King of the French, the great practical pedagogue of the day, or Lord Chancellor Brougham, the greater theoretical "schoolmaster," may have reflected upon the importance of this first step towards the effectual education of the people, seems doubtful. They will both, however, admit its pressing necessity, which is proved by nothing more clearly, than by the difficulty now felt in private life to select a good school for the children of the rich; and by the more frequent difficulty there is experienced in all parts of the country, whenever the increasing demand calls for the establishment of a new school for the poor. Competent teachers are rare, and above all price.

In Switzerland something is done for this object in one of the cantons; and various private associations in England and in other countries intimate its utility. In regard to the professors of one particular line of study, the munificence of a private gentleman in America is worthy of universal respect. Mr. Van Rensselaer, to whom we allude, a rich land-owner of the State of New York, has settled between seven and eight hundred pounds a-year upon a seminary of *teachers* to give instruction in the application of science to the common purposes of life;—of teachers of science to the farmers and artisans of America. The results of this establishment are understood to have far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the founder. Five classes have graduated at the school, and many of the members of each class are engaged in teaching upon the experimental and demonstrative plan, and in preparing other teachers for the same duties in British America, as well as in various parts of the United States.

To a certain extent all universities are seminaries for instructing *teachers* of the higher schools; and such establishments as the *Training Department* of the British and Foreign School Society do much; but the want especially to be provided against by the seminaries contemplated, in this first article of our system, is the want, to use the language of the volume to which we are indebted for the foregoing notice of Mr. Van Rensselaer's foundation, of "seminaries devoted to the preparation of elementary teachers of the common branches, and to preparing instructors to give the first lessons to the infant."*

It has been observed, by a most competent judge, the late Governor Ashman, of Liberia, that English-bred teachers excel those of other countries. Such testimony might stimulate us to multiply them with zeal; and, as Britain of old was the nursery of Druidism and religion to Western Europe, we might now earn a more honourable renown in the superiority of our disseminators of better creeds.

Secondly. *Infant schools.* With respect to infant schools, so much might be said with advantage, that we regret to be confined to a very few words indeed on the subject. They are spreading rapidly in every quarter of the globe. They are the happiest means of withdrawing the young from evil example, and from the bad language of the unfortunate convicts in New South Wales, where they were introduced seven years ago; in India, and in Africa,† they are found

* American Annals of Education. Vol. i. pp. 231, 232. Boston, May 1831.

† The following account of the first infant school at the Cape of Good Hope, from the pen of the master, a very young man, himself an infant school pupil, to his father, Mr. Buchanan, of Westminster, will be read with interest:— "April 1, 1830.

"We commenced school on the 15th of last month. It is principally intended for the children of slaves, and already contains 160. Here is a capital field for exertion! The greater part of the children are little curly-headed urchins, flat-nosed, and thick lips, with snow-white teeth, and fine, large intelligent eyes. They are remarkably active, and in docility and capacity I think them superior to the white children *here*, who are generally spoiled, and who early acquire a violent, domineering spirit, the natural effect of slavery upon the masters. One of the most pleasing scenes I ever beheld, or could imagine, is presented by these little bronze and japanned creatures, when they walk round the school to the sound of my flute, or sing,

'Oh! how pretty 'tis to see
Little children all agree;'

clapping their hands, or stamping their feet to the sound of their own voices; or a number of them in the class-room, with my brother at their head, learning to read, spell, count, or repeat the little hymns and songs."

most successful in anticipating the uncivilised habits of the tribes, to whom we have but too often imparted only the ills of civilised tyranny, and more than barbarian degradation. In our own most crowded streets they offer asylums from filth and neglect, and present examples of all that is good and happy. Still, infant schools are almost languishing in England for want of public support and good visitation. There are, perhaps, 25,000 children in them, instead of 150,000, who ought to be there. In Westminster, for instance, the centre of public spirit, there are above 8000 children, from two to six years of age, fit for infant schools. During twelve years also, the richer people of Westminster have had before their eyes eminently successful examples of these schools, from their first establishment under Mr. Buchanan, their originator; and the inhabitants possess a rental of more than a million sterling on the one hand, whilst they see a yearly increasing mass of crime and pauperism threatening their peace on the other. Nevertheless, in defiance of this invitation—of this means of enjoying the good, and of the warning given by so much evil, about 1000 only of the children are provided with this excellent corrective to vice.

An infant school in Geneva possesses an advantage deserving of universal adoption. The most valuable part of that establishment is justly described to be *the spacious and beautiful garden*, of which the children have the use. This is regarded by its instructor, M. Monod, as absolutely indispensable. In it they take their diversions, perform gymnastic exercises, labour with their little rakes, wooden shovels, and wheelbarrows, a roof being made over part of the grounds for exercise in wet weather.

There are now in England, it is thought, above 500 infant schools, the whole number wanted being about 6000. Whatever may be said of other seminaries, to these there seems to be no serious objection. Instead of taking labourers from industry, the absence of infants at school enables their mothers to attend to profitable employment; and most enviable will that Member of a Reformed Parliament be, who shall bring before the legislature the details proper to promote the establishment of institutions, which, duly managed, will secure universal applause.

Thirdly. *Primary schools*. This title, which should be transferred to infant schools, designates those with which we are all familiar, under the names of the National, or Bell's schools, and the Lancasterian schools. As it is no part of the present purpose to discuss minute details respecting the management of different modes of instruction, it is sufficient to say, that about 370,000 children now attend the National, and above 60,000 the Lancasterian schools; and it will be cause of much satisfaction if the distinctions heretofore productive of many evils to these establishments, can be removed by an honest and wise union of them all, divested of mutually injurious peculiarities in point of religious minor doctrines.

Fourthly. *Sunday schools*. These schools are also familiar to every reader. They now contain about one million of scholars, most of whom, however, attend the primary schools; to the statement of which fact we shall only add, that it has been proposed by one of the ablest of those scholars, Mr. Rowland Detrosier, of Manchester, to increase their usefulness by adding to their subjects of study.

Fifthly. *Schools of Industry*. It has often been objected to the education of the poor, that the profitable employment of their hands is better for them than the intellectual employment of their heads; and if schooling made idle men, there would be much in the objection. Our forefathers were of opinion, however, that schooling is not in itself an evil; and if it can be shown, that profitable labour may be exercised, and habits of industry acquired, at the very time during which learning is being gained, the cause of learning, thus combined with industry, will triumph without a dissentient voice.

For several years past, Fellenberg and others upon the Continent have united various kinds of labour with study; a practice familiar to the most eminent nations of antiquity. In the United States (to go again to North America for examples of good,) this system has of late been most favourably begun at schools called *Manual Labour Academies*. To Englishmen, who know how

much general and scientific tuition takes place in the Royal Navy at the same time that the midshipmen are also discharging their frequently arduous naval duties, it will be obvious, that to divide the attention in this way, is far from having the effect of blunting the faculties. To what extent it may be carried as an economical process, remains to be tried by experience. Already, however, it has given hope to hundreds of the poor, that the morning of life is not necessarily to be worn away in unmitigated toil, leaving old age either ignorant or pennyless.

Sixthly. *Lyceum and Mechanics' Institutions.* These institutions are of somewhat a like kind; the latter being of English origin; the former, of American. It is not intended to say more respecting Mechanics' Institutions, than that experience has proved them to be deserving of more extensive use, and their founder, Dr. Birkbeck, to be one of the benefactors of his species.

The American *Lyceums* being less known, and in some important points of a different character, the following account of them is offered from the volume* before quoted.

The name *Lyceum* was originally applied to institutions designed to promote the cultivation of natural science, by mutual communication and influence; and a number of these were long since established in the state of New York, whose efforts have done more perhaps for the promotion of science than any other single means. Within a few years, the people of a town in Massachusetts resolved to form an institution for mutual improvement, not merely in natural science, but on all subjects of immediate interest and usefulness, and with a special reference to the promotion of knowledge among themselves, and the extension of the sphere of instruction in common schools, by exciting the taste for knowledge, and showing its value. They assumed the name *Lyceum.* This example was imitated by other towns. Several towns united to form a *County Lyceum,* composed of delegates from the towns. The institution spread from county to county. *State Lyceums* have ultimately been formed in several States, designed to embrace the County Lyceums, and others are soon to be formed.

In this way, the term *Lyceum* has been applied to *associations for mutual improvement,* by means of discussions and public lectures, and the collection of libraries, apparatus, and objects of natural history. In this application of the term, which has now become too general to be changed, the Lyceum is essentially a *social institution,* availing itself of the social principle to call forth the resources of every individual, for the benefit of the community. The subjects of discussion and lectures will, of course, vary with the resources, and with the disposition of the members. In this way, topics are treated which the wants and taste of the community demand; and all are interested in it as a means of amusement, as well as of instruction.

More questionable means of amusement are thus excluded; and a new and improving direction is given to the thoughts and conversation of all its members in their social intercourse.

These institutions have actually produced these effects to a very considerable extent. In some towns, collections in natural history, libraries, and apparatus have been purchased. In others, buildings have been erected for the Lyceum, which have been at the same time used for other public purposes. In some instances, public spirit has been awakened by means of these associations, which has shown itself in the promotion of other public objects of great importance.

Such are the associations which have united in resolving to form a *National Lyceum,* designed to consist of delegates from State Lyceums, in order to combine their efforts, and watch over the interests of these institutions throughout the country. Simple and republican in their character, adapting themselves to the wants and conditions of every community, and leading to combined operations for public objects, we think they are among those means of usefulness which deserve the patronage of every friend of improvement.

The particulars of grammar schools and colleges, and their proper connexion with the institutions now noticed, together with the manner in which this whole system of national education may be established in England, so that we may be one people, and of one mind, will be the subjects for a future paper.

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* American Annals of Education for 1831. No. V. Supplement, p. 9. We are glad of this opportunity of stating that this very valuable publication may be purchased at the house of Mr. Rich, 12, Red Lion-square, London.

CONVERSATIONS WITH AN AMBITIOUS STUDENT IN ILL HEALTH, NO. VII.

Conversation the Eighth.—*Continued.*

A. There seems to have been in Young's mind a remarkable turn towards the ambitious. His poetry and his life equally betray that certain loftiness of desire and straining after effect—which both in composition and character we term ambitious.

L. It is rather a curious anecdote in literary history that the austere Young should have attempted to enter Parliament under the auspices of that profligate bankrupt of all morality, public and private, Philip Duke of Wharton. Had he succeeded—what difference might it have made not only in Young's life but in his character! Is it not on the cards that the grandest of all theological poets, (for neither Milton nor Dante are in reality theological poets, though they are often so called,) might have become, in that vicious and jobbing age of parliamentary history, a truckling adventurer or an intriguing placeman?

A. The supposition is not uncharitable when we look to his after-life, and see his manœuvres for ecclesiastical preferment. For my own part I incline to suspect that half the sublime melancholy of the poet proceeded from the discontent of the worldling.

L. It is certainly possible that not even the loftiest sentiments—the fullest mind—the most devout and solemn fervour of religion may suffice to chase away the poor and petty feelings that in this artificial world fasten themselves around the heart, and are often the base causes of the most magnificent efforts of genius. The blighting of a selfish ambition produced the Gulliver of Swift—and possibly also deepened the ebon dies of the verse of Young. A morbid discontent—an infirmity of constitution—breathed its gloom into the "Rasselas" of Johnson, and the "Childe Harold" of him who loved to be compared with Johnson. When the poet flies, after any affliction in the world, to his consolatory and absorbing art, he is unaware that that affliction which inspires him is often composed of the paltriest materials. So singular and complex, in short, are the sources of inspiration, so completely and subtly are the clay and the gold moulded together, that, though it may be a curious metaphysical pleasure to analyse, and weigh, and sift, the good and the evil therein, it is not a labour that it is very wise in us to adopt. Let us drink into our souls the deep thought and lofty verse of Lucretius, without asking what share belonged to the philtre and what to the genius.

We may remark that the contemplation exhibited in the poetry of the Ancients turns usually towards a gay result, and sighs forth an Epicurean moral—the melancholy is soft, not gloomy, and brightens up at its close.

> "———— Vina liques, et spatio brevi
> Spem longam reseces; dum loquimur, fugerit invida
> Ætas; carpe diem quàm minimùm credula postero."

Life is short—while we speak it flies—enjoy then the present and

forget the future—such is the chief moral of ancient poetry, a graceful and a wise moral—indulged beneath a southern sky, and well deserving the phrase applied to it—"the philosophy of the garden"—telling us of the brief and fleeting life of the flowers that surround us, only to encourage us to hang over their odours while we may. But it must be observed that this, the more agreeable, shape of melancholy is more remarkable among the Romans than the Greeks. Throughout the various philosophies of the latter the dark and saddening doctrine of an irresistible Fate flows like a bitter stream;—and an unrelieved and heavy despondency among the less popular of the remains of Greek poesy often comes in startling contrast to the gayer wisdom of that more commonly admired. Turn from Anacreon to the fragments of Mimnermus, collected by Stobæus—it is indeed turning from the roses to the sepulchre beneath. "Life is short—we learn from the Gods neither evil nor good—the black fates are before us—death and old age at hand. Not one among mortals whom Jupiter heaps not with afflictions," &c. It is chiefly from this more sombre order of reflection that the English contemplative writers deduce their inspiration. Lord Sackville, in the "Mirror of Magistrates," may furnish no inadequate notion of the exaggerating extent to which we have carried despondency. He therein makes Sorrow in hell, introducing the reader to the principal characters in our history! With our earlier writers Young was intimately acquainted and deeply imbued. But of all great poets his plagiarisms are the least naked. Drummond says—

"This world a hunting is;
The prey poor man—the Nimrod fierce is death."

And Young at once familiarises and exalts the image—

"I see the circling hunt of noisy men
Burst law's enclosure, leap the mounds of right,
Pursuing and pursued, each other's prey—
Till Death that mighty Hunter earths them all."

The love of common and daily images is very remarkable in Young; but when we come to examine the works of the greater poets, we shall generally be surprised to find that those poets who abound in the most lofty and far-fetched images, invariably furnish also the most homely. It is the genius in whom we miss the one that avoids the other. We may be quite sure when we open Shakspeare that the sublimest metaphor will be in the closest juxtaposition with what in any one else we should not hesitate to call the most vulgar—

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time:
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death—*Out—out, brief candle!*"

It is too much the cry to accuse Young, as a peculiarity in his genius, of being too bombastic, and turgid, and peregrinate in his metaphors—fond of conceits and addicted to exaggeration. Doubtless he is so; but as the man in the play exclaims—"your great geniuses can never say a thing like other people"—and it certainly is noticeable, though common-place or uninvestigating critics have

said the contrary, that in all modern literature it is the loftiest order of genius that will furnish examples of the most numerous exaggerations and the most grotesque conceits. Among the Italians we all know how prevalent they are. Even the cold rules of the French drama do not banish them, and Corneille still, beyond all comparison the grandest of the French poets, is also the most addicted to extravagances.

"Ma plus douce esperance est de perdre l'espoir"*

is one among a thousand. You recollect, of course, those extravagances which Addison selects from Milton, and the many others in that great poet which Addison did not select; in short, when we blame Young for a want of strict taste in his metaphors, we blame him for no fault peculiar to himself, but one which he shares with the greatest poets of modern times in so remarkable a degree that it almost seems a necessary part of their genius. And I am not quite certain whether after all it is they, or we the critics, who are in the wrong. I think that had a list of their conceits been presented to Milton and to Young, they would have had a great deal to say in their defence. Certainly, by the way, Dr. Johnson, in his hasty and slurring essay on Young's poetry, has not been fortunate in the instances of conceits which he quotes for reprobation. For example, he says of a certain line applied to Tyre in Young's Merchant—"Let burlesque try to go beyond him." The line is this—

"Her Merchants Princes and *each deck a throne!*"

It is at least doubtful whether the words that seem so ridiculous to Johnson, do not, on the contrary, body forth a very bold and fine image; and it is quite certain that the critic might have selected at least a hundred far more glaring specimens of conceit or tumidity. One great merit in Young, and also one great cause of his exaggerations is his habit of embodying feelings, his fondness of personifying. For instance:—

"My Hopes and Fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? a fathomless abyss."

This vivifying the dread inmates of the human heart, and giving the Dark Invisible a shape and action, is singularly fine in the above passage. Again:—

"Thought—busy Thought—too busy for my peace—
Through the dark postern of Time long elapsed,
Led softly by the stillness of the night,
Led like a murderer——
——meets the Ghosts
Of my departed joys."

There is here a dim and sepulchral life breathed into the Thought that wanders and the Joys it meets, that belongs only to the highest order of creative poetry; and sometimes a few lines testifying of

* The Cid.

this sublime power, will show as prolific and exuberant an invention as that which calls forth the beings of the Drama and the Epic—as the Greeks often conveyed their most complicated similes in one epithet. It is scarcely possible to conceive a more solemn and august example of this faculty than where afterwards he calls his sorrow itself into a separate existence, and says—

"Punctual as Lovers to the moment sworn,
I keep an assignation with my Woe."

But if this great proneness to personify produces so much that is the greatest in Young—it produces also that which criticism condemns as the lowest. For instance, you will smile at the following verses:

"———— Who can take
Death's portrait true—*the Tyrant never sat.*"

* * * * *
* * * * *

"Rude thought runs wild in contemplation's field,
Converse the *manège* breaks it to the bit.

* * * * *
* * * * *

—— He 's at the door,
Insidious Death—should his strong hand *arrest,*
No composition sets the prisoner free."

It is the same habit of personification which I think, on looking over Milton and Shakspeare, you will find mainly produce the same fault (if fault it really be) in them.

That power of the Greeks to which I have alluded of conveying the most complicated images by a *word,* belongs also to Young in a greater degree than to any poet *since* his time. As where he exclaims—

"Much wealth how little worldlings can enjoy;
At best it *babies* us with endless toys."

And again—a finer instance—

"Mine" (*joys*) "died with thee, Philander; thy last sigh
Dissolved the charm; the disenchanted earth
Lost all her lustre. Where her glittering towers,
Her golden mountains where? all darkened down
To naked waste—a dreary vale of years.—
The great *Magician* 's dead!"

Here the whole contents of the preceding lines—the whole power of friendship—the whole victory of death, are summed up at once in the words

"The great MAGICIAN 's dead!"

Nothing, indeed, throughout the whole poem is more remarkable in Young than his power of condensation. He gathers up a vast store of thought, and coins the whole into one inestimable sentence. He compresses the porosities of language, and embodies a world of meaning in a single line. And it is indeed remarkable, that a writer possessing this power to so unrivalled a degree, should ever subject himself with justice to the charge of tumidity.

But what place in our literature is to be assigned to Young? At present, his position is vague and uncertain. Like many other of our poets, his merits are acknowledged, but his station undecided. Shall we place him before Pope? Pope's admirers would be startled at the presumption. Below Goldsmith? Few would assert the "Deserted Village" to be a greater poem than the "Night Thoughts." What is his exact rank? I confess that I should incline to place it on a very lofty eminence. In a word, I should consider the "Night Thoughts," altogether, the finest didactic poem in the language. The greatest orders of poetry, we all allow, are the epic and the dramatic. I am at a loss to say whether, *in general*, lyrical or didactic poetry should be placed next; but I am sure that, *in our country*, didactic poetry takes the precedence. None of our lyrists have equalled our great didactic writers; and with us, the order itself of lyrical writing seldom aspires beyond the graceful. But it must be understood that there is sometimes a great difference between the rank of the poem and that of the poet; many writings of great excellence can pile up a higher reputation than one work of the greatest. Both Voltaire and Scott depend, not only on the quality but the quantity of their productions, for their fame. When the public were crying out that the Author of "Waverley" was writing too much and too fast, they did not perceive that even his bad works contributed to swell the sum of his glory, by proving the fertility of his genius. And to them may be well applied the words applied to another—"he would not have effected such great things, if his errors had been less numerous." So, although I consider the "Night Thoughts" a poem entitled to rank immediately below the "Paradise Lost," I am far from contending that Young should rank as a poet immediately next to Milton. I think the "Night Thoughts" a more sustained, solemn, and mighty poem than the "Childe Harold;" but when I recall all the works that accompany the latter—produce of the same fiery and teeming mind—the dark tale of "Lara"—the sweetness of the "Prisoner of Chillon"—the daring grandeur of "Cain," and, above all, the rich, nervous humour—the deep mastery of the living world that breathes a corporeal life into the shadows of the "Don Juan," I am at no loss to allow Byron to be a greater genius, and a greater poet, than Young.

A. But you really think the "Night Thoughts" finer than "The Harold."

L. So much so, that I doubt if the finest parts of "Childe Harold"—the most majestic of its reflections, and the most energetic of its declamation—are not found in those passages which have been (perhaps indistinctly and unconsciously) borrowed from Young.

A. Byron always admired the "Night Thoughts" to idolatry, and his favourite play was "The Revenge."

L. The fault of the "Childe Harold" is as a whole. There is no grandeur in its conception. Every novel in the Minerva Press furnishes a similar idea of the hero and the plan. A discontented young nobleman, sated and jaded, setting out on his travels—turn the conception as you will, it comes always to that in plain and sober reality. But this poor and hacknied conception the Poet has hid in so magnificent a robe, and decorated with such a costly profusion of gems, that it matters little to the delight and interest of the reader. Still, in judging of it as a great poem, we must remember, that in the

most important part of a great poem, it is deficient. But the conception of the "Night Thoughts," for a didactic poem, is unutterably grand. An aged and bereaved mourner stands alone with the dead—the grave his scene—the night his canopy—and time, death, eternity—the darkest, the loftiest objects of human hope and human intellect, supply his only themes. Here, at this spot, and at this hour, commencing his strain with a majesty worthy of its aims and end, he calls upon

> "Silence and Darkness, solemn sisters, twins
> From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought
> To Reason, and on reason build resolve,
> That column of true majesty in man!
> Assist me: I will thank you in the grave—
> The grave, your kingdom———"

Following the course of the sombre inspiration that he adjures, he then passes in a vast review before him, in the presence of the Stars, and above the slumbers of the dead, the pomps and glories of the world—the veiled and shadowy forms of Hope—the dim hosts of Memory—

> "The Spirit walks of each departed Hour,
> And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns—"

Standing upon the grave—the creations of two worlds are round him, and the grey hairs of the mourner become touched with the halo of the prophet. It is the time and spot he has chosen wherein to teach us, that dignify and consecrate the lesson: it is not the mere human and earthly moral that gathers on his tongue. The conception hallows the work, and sustains its own majesty in every change and wandering of the verse. And there is this greatness in his theme—dark, terrible, severe—hope never deserts it! It is a deep and gloomy wave, but the stars are glassed upon its bosom. The more sternly he questions the world, the more solemnly he refers its answer to Heaven. Our bane and antidote are both before him; and he only arraigns the things of Time before the tribunal of Eternity. It is this, which to men whom grief or approaching death can divest of the love and hankerings of the world, leaves the great monitor his majesty, but deprives him of his gloom. Convinced with him of the vanities of life, it is not an ungracious or unsoothing melancholy which confirms us in our conviction, and points with a steady hand to the divine SOMETHING that awaits us beyond;

> "The darkness aiding intellectual light,
> And sacred silence whispering truths divine,
> And truths divine converting pain to peace."

I know not whether I should say too much of this great poem if I should call it a fit Appendix to "Paradise Lost." It is the Consolation to that Complaint. Imagine the ages to have rolled by since our first parents gave earth to their offspring, who sealed the gift with blood, and bequeathed it to us with toil:—imagine, after all that experience can teach—after the hoarded wisdom and the increasing pomp of countless generations—an old man, one of that exiled and fallen race, standing among the tombs of his ancestors, telling us their whole history, in his appeals to the living heart, and holding out to

us, with trembling hands, the only comfort which Earth has yet discovered for its cares and sores—the anticipation of Heaven! To me, that picture completes all that Milton began. It sums up the Human History, whose first great chapter he had chronicled; it preacheth the great issues of the Fall; it shows that the burning light then breathed into the soul, lives there still, and consummates the mysterious record of our mortal sadness and our everlasting hope. But if the conception of the "Night Thoughts" be great, it is also uniform and sustained. The vast wings of the Inspiration never slacken or grow fatigued. Even the humours and conceits are of a piece with the solemnity of the poem—like the grotesque masks carved on the walls of a Cathedral, which defy the strict laws of taste, and almost inexplicably harmonize with the whole. The sorrow, too, of the poet is not egotistical, or weak in its repining. It is the Great One Sorrow common to all human nature—the deep and wise regret that springs from an intimate knowledge of our being and the scene in which it has been cast. That same knowledge, operating on various minds, produces various results. In Voltaire, it sparkled into wit; in Goëthe, it deepened into a humour that belongs to the sublime; in Young, it generated the same high and profound melancholy as that which produced the inspirations of the Son of Sirach, and the soundest portion of the philosophy of Plato. It is, then, the conception of the poem, and its sustained flight, which entitle it to so high a rank in our literature. Turn from it to any other didactic poem, and you are struck at once by the contrast—you are amazed at once by its greatness. "The Seasons" shrink into a mere pastoral; "The Essay on Man" becomes French and artificial; even the "Excursion" of Wordsworth has, I know not what, of childish and garrulous, the moment they are forced into a comparison with the solemn and stern majesty of the "Night Thoughts."

There is another merit in the "Night Thoughts;" apart from its one great lesson, it abounds in a thousand minor ones. Forget its conception—open it at random, and its reflections, its thoughts, its worldly wisdom alone may instruct the most worldly. It is strange, indeed, to find united in one page the sublimity of Milton and the point of La Bruyere. I know of no poem, except the Odyssey, which in this excels the one before us. Of isolated beauties, what rich redundance! The similes and the graces of expression with which the poem is sown are full of all the lesser wealth of invention. How beautiful, in mere diction, is that address to the flowers:—

> "Queen lilies, and ye painted populace,
> Who dwell in fields and lead ambrosial lives."

So, too, how expressive the short simile,

> "————— like our shadows,
> Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines."

What—but here I must pause abruptly, or I should go on for ever; for the poet is one who strikes the superficial even more on opening a single page at random than in reviewing the whole in order. Only one word, then, upon the Author himself. Ambition he certainly possessed; and, in spite of all things, it continued with him to the last. His love of ambition, perhaps deepened, in his wiser moments, his con-

tempt of the world: for we are generally disappointed before we despise. But the purer source of his inspiration seems to have been solemnly and fervently felt throughout life. At college, he was distinguished for his successful zeal in opposing the unbelief of Tindal. In literature, some of his earliest offerings were laid upon the altar of God. In the pulpit, where he was usually a powerful and victorious preacher, he is recorded once to have burst into tears on seeing that he could not breathe his own intense emotion into the hearts of a worldly audience. Naturally vain, he renounced the drama, in which he had gained so great a reputation, when he entered the church; and though called covetous, he afterwards gave—when his play of "The Brothers" several years afterwards was acted, not the real proceeds of the play, (for it was not successful,) but what he had imagined might be the proceeds—a thousand pounds, to the propagation of the Gospel abroad. A religious vein distinguished his private conversation in health and manhood, no less than his reflections in sorrow, and his thoughts at the approach of death. May we hope with him that the cravings of his heart were the proof of a hereafter—

"That grief is but our grandeur in disguise,
And discontent is immortality."

While we admire his genius, let us benefit from its object; while we bow in homage before the spirit that "stole the music from the spheres to soothe their goddess;" while we behold aghast the dread portrait he has drawn of Death, noting from his grim and secret stand the *follies* of a wild and revelling horde of bacchanals; while we shudder with him when he conjures up the arch-fiend from his lair; while we stand awed and breathless beneath his adjuration to Night,

"Nature's great ancestor, Day's elder born,
And fated to survive the transient sun;"

let us always come back at last to his serene and holy consolation:—

"Through many a field of moral and divine
The muse has strayed, and much of sorrow seen
In human ways, and much of false and vain,
Which none who travel this bad road can miss;
O'er friends deceased full heartily she wept,
Of love divine the wonders she displayed;
Proved man immortal; showed the source of joy;
The grand tribunal raised; assigned the bounds
Of human grief. In few, to close the whole,
The moral muse has shadowed out a sketch
Of most our weakness needs believe, or do,
In this our land of travail and of hope,
For peace on earth, or prospect of the skies." '

I have given the substance—and, as far as I could remember, the words of my friend's remarks—the last conversation I ever held with him on his favourite poet—or indeed upon any matters merely critical. And although the reader, attached to more worldly literature, may not agree with L—— as to the high and settled rank in which the poem thus criticised should be placed—I do not think he will be displeased to have had his attention drawn for a few moments towards one, at least, among the highest, but not most popular, of his

country's poets. At this solemn time, too, of the year—the graver and the holier thoughts of life—can scarcely be considered strangers altogether uninvited and unwelcome. And as for the rest—it is not perhaps amiss to refresh ever and anon our critical susceptibilities to genius—its defects and its beauties, by recurring to those departed writers, who—being past the reach of our petty jealousies—may keep us, as it were, in the custom to praise without envy and blame without injustice. And I must confess, moreover—that it appears to me a sort of duty we owe to the illustrious dead—to turn at times from the busier and more urgent pursuits of the world—and to water from a liberal urn the flowers or the laurels which former gratitude planted above their tombs.*

A WORD FOR THE CONSTITUTION.

What is the British Constitution? In what records is it contained? On what parchments is it written? At what period, and at whose creative fiat did the elements of its beauty and perfection rise out of chaos? If it be the work of a day, what is the date of that day? If years and centuries, what years and what centuries? When did its light first begin to struggle with the darkness, and on what day or year had it reached the high noon of its splendour? Who can put his finger on the page of English history, and say, "At this period our glorious Constitution was formed;" or, "Here its formation commenced, and there it was completed?" To whose wisdom are we indebted for it? By whose sagacity was it constructed? When did it exist in all its perfection and vigour, sending political health through the whole frame of society, satisfying all reasonable men, and defying the nice eye of captious criticism to discern a flaw in it? And before it existed, what was Great Britain? Did it gain no victories, enjoy no peace, boast of no prosperity? If we be called on to thank our ancestors for the blessings which they have transmitted to us, which of our ancestors are we to thank? What generation, or what part of any generation? What is the Constitution, is it changeable or unchangeable? If unchangeable, how long has it existed unchanged; and if changeable, of what changes is it susceptible on this side of destruction or deterioration? Is a Whig or a Tory Ministry essential to it? Is the House of Commons part of the Constitution, and is it essential to the Constitution that Old Sarum should send two Members, and Manchester none? If Old Sarum can be disfranchised, and Manchester enfranchised, without injury to the Constitution, how far can disfranchisement of the depopulated, or enfranchisement of peopled districts proceed, without destroying the Constitution? Have we, then, no Constitution? Yes; we have a glorious Constitution, that is as old as the hills, free as the streams. Our Constitution is the air we breathe, the restless blood that circulates in our veins, the food that we eat, the soil that nourishes us, the waves that beat upon our shores, the beauty of our women, the strength of our men, the skill of our artisans, the science of our philosophers, the adventurousness of our merchants, the busy activity and civil ambition that keeps us in a constant state of effervescence, progressing in the arts and advancing in the comforts of civilized life. Our Constitution is imperishable and indestructible, save by a convulsion of nature, or a change which neither mobs nor monarchs can ever make. The constitution of every country under heaven is nothing more nor less than the national characteristics modified by the times. Constitutions are not made of paper, nor are they to be destroyed by paper. S.

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* To be concluded in our next.

TALLEYRAND.

There is a propensity often found among eminent persons which, abstractedly from the gratification they derived from the performance of great actions, has given them pleasure in acting the part, as it were, belonging to the situation in which their talents placed them. This passion for acting, if we may so call it, has made many assume divers varieties of character—some hardly correspondent with their genius; some out of keeping with their position. Alexander, and Julius Cæsar, in particular, possessed it in an extraordinary degree; so that the one of those great men, even on board the pirate's vessel, wrote poems and orations, and rehearsed them, as Plutarch tells us. Bolingbroke, an able statesman, and with the elegant accomplishments of a man of letters, *acted* the melo-dramatic union of the debauchee and the philosopher. We have ventured, in a former Number, to say, that the most distinguished orator of our own time and country possesses this theatrical disposition—this feeling for stage effect; while few, we should think, have seen M. de Chateaubriand at Rome, in the Chamber of Peers, in the Institute—have read his travels, or his "*Génie du Christianisme*," or have even cast their eye on the Letter to M. Beranger, and the pamphlet on the banishment of Charles the Tenth and his family, (with which it is published,) without perceiving that the passion and disposition of an actor are as strong in the Noble Viscount, as they even could be in Garrick, in Talma, or in Kean.

If we could suppose this passion to be the ruling one of the distinguished person of whom we are about to make mention, few people certainly could ever have enjoyed a life in more accordance with, or better suited to, the developement of, their peculiar taste. Let us look back to the Past—let us suppose that a year has rolled away since the destruction of the Bastille; and on the spot consecrated by the sighs of so many victims, "ICI L'ON DANSE," proclaims, with a characteristic grace and gaiety, the triumph of the Revolution. It is the 14th of July—the celebrated day of the Federation—an immense and magnificent amphitheatre is erected in the Champ de Mars;—there the descendant of St. Louis, and the President of the National Assembly—the representatives of Old and Young France, are seated on two equal thrones, resplendent with those arms which the Nation has taken from its ancient kings—and there is the infant hope of that nation and those kings—and there that Queen, "decorating and cheering the sphere she moves in, glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendour, and joy;" —and on each side of those thrones are ranged the members of that Assembly, which has displayed such talent, such energy, and such perseverance in creating a Constitution, which is, unfortunately, doomed to be too like the spectacle they are assisting at—the mere pageant of a day;—and in yonder balcony is the most graceful and splendid court (for such, even at that time, it was,) that ever existed;—and the surrounding galleries are filled with the gayest people in the world, at all times easily enchanted, and at this moment in the presence of every thing that can captivate the eye and exalt the imagination;—in the open space, those confederated bands, collected from every part, and representing every feeling and interest in

France, and supporting the banners of their respective sections, deliver themselves up, with the enthusiasm of their national character, to those emotions of pleasure, which the lively splendor of the spectacle naturally inspires;—on a sudden, the sky, the light of which mingles so well with the joy of men, but which had hitherto been clouded and obscured—on a sudden, the sky clears up, and the sun blends his pomp with that of this noble ceremony—and now, robed in his pontifical garments, and standing on an altar, fashioned after the august models of antiquity, the steps of which are thronged by three hundred priests, in long white robes, and tricoloured girdles — *the Bishop of Autun* blesses the great standard of France, the oriflamme, no longer the ensign of war—the sign and symbol of peace between the past and the future — between the ancient recollections, and the modern aspirations of the French people. Who that had been present that day in Paris could have believed that those who wept with the children of Bearn at the foot of the statue of Henry IV. would so soon rejoice round the scaffold of his descendant; that the gay multitude, wandering in the *Champs Elysées*, amidst garlands of light, and breathing sounds of innocent happiness and delight, would so soon mingle with the ferocious mob, dripping with the blood of the victims of September;—that (the result of obstinacy, deceit, and delusion on one side—of indignation, violence, and ignorance on the other) the Monarch, the Court, the Deputies, the Priests, every popular illustration of this great spectacle—the very religion with which it was consecrated, would in such brief time pass away; that even the high priest of the ceremony, thus solemnly employing the mysterious rites of Christianity, would, in a *very* few years, be a lay citizen—the Minister for Foreign Affairs in a Republic, where the Catholic religion was unrecognized, if not proscribed. Yet such was the Bishop of Autun, M. de Talleyrand, when, on the 10th of December 1797, he presented the youthful Conqueror of Italy to the Directory, in a speech wherein, with that tact and sagacity for which this eminent person is so distinguished, the General Bonaparte's military talents were passed over, in order that the simplicity of his tastes, his love for the abstract branches of philosophy might be praised. "Il faudroit le soliciter peut-être," said the artful flatterer, "pour l'arracher un jour de sa studieuse retraite."

The Minister of Louis XVI.—of the Directory—of the Empire—of the Restoration, and finally of the Roi Citoyen—this singular man,—if he find pleasure in the performance of a variety of parts, has most undoubtedly had more than a mortal's ordinary share of enjoyment!

The happy versatility with which he passed from one personal attachment to another, and adopted with a certain easiness and grace the prevailing ideas and most powerful parties of each successive epoch, leaving off the old just in time to assume the new, with so little awkwardness and effort, as merely to appear to do that which was expected from him, is a quality that excites our admiration,—but at the expense of—our respect.—The many changes we have alluded to, seen, like so many chasms in history, apart, and from such a distance as to prevent our perceiving the gradual ascent or declivity which sloped the way from one to the other, strike us

as more sudden and startling than they really were;—the various taunts, coming to us frequently in a circuitous, and, therefore, less suspicious manner—the various taunts of those, his bitterest enemies, whose fortunes have been shipwrecked in any of the revolutionary storms, the waves of which have borne his own lightly and triumphantly along,—have all contributed to throw a darker shade over M. de Talleyrand's character than it ought, in justice, to wear. At least, this is the manner in which it appears to the public. At the same time, those who have had a more intimate approach to this remarkable man, who have been charmed by the lively sallies, which not even age can suppress, and observed, amidst that tone of levity which seems to treat all human things as if they were rather absurd than serious, a clearness of view, and frequently a rectitude of principle, which cannot, in fact, be altogether separate from profoundness of thought, have, with an amiable facility, fallen into an opposite extreme, and fancied that "the first *diplomat* of his age," to use the expression of M. Thiers, is not only the wittiest, but the honestest, and most frank-hearted of human beings. "Surely," says our friend De la Rochefoucauld, "that man is not exceedingly cunning, whose art every body is suspecting." We know that our present Noble Secretary for Foreign Affairs anticipated that his colleague, at the conference, would use a kind of light, and yet mysterious, half-meaning mode of speaking; that he would be cautious of committing himself, and talk as if he were laying traps for others; that he would appear, in short, a subtle and wily man, more skilful, as Lord Bacon says, in shuffling the cards than in playing with them when dealt out. When he found that, so far from this, no man could, *to all appearance*, talk more candidly and frankly, could exhibit greater eagerness to be properly understood, could seem more explicit in all that he said, or less anxious to draw out others beyond the intention of their speech, he was struck with astonishment, and declared that everybody, until now, had mistaken the Prince of Benevento, who was, in reality, a very downright, fair-dealing gentleman, with whom it was quite a pleasure to have any business. And yet M. de Talleyrand might have done every thing we have given him credit for, and been a very cunning—a *very cunning* man indeed, for all that. On the other hand, Madame de Stael's simile, "Ce M. de Talleyrand, c'est la m—de dans un bas de soie,"—(for we suppose we may repeat the words, in our journal, which did not sully the lips of a French lady,) more forcible than elegant, is rather too forcible to be true. That lady, as strong in her dislikes as her attachments, who never lost an opportunity of praising her father, or her lover for the time being, did not easily forget or forgive an ungrateful friend. When M. de Talleyrand returned from America, (whither he went after the departure of M. de Chauvelin from this country, thus taking no share in the more atrocious parts of the Revolution,)—when he returned from America, where he had been driven to such distress, as actually to put his watch into pawn—the days of Robespierre were over, and the Directory, with Barras, an ancient noble, at its head, had restored to the society of Paris something of that ancient elegance for which the decline of the monarchy had been so remarkable: true;

it was of a coarser and less refined character: the men who mixed in it were men of enterprise and action, and the calamities which every one had passed through, and the dangers still hanging over every one's head, created a reckless thirst for the enjoyments of life (the duration of which was so uncertain), as little favourable to delicacy as morality. Barras, however, surrounded by his court, of which Madame de Tallien and Madame de Beauharnois (the unfortunate Josephine) were the conspicuous ornaments—and Madame de Stael, whose brilliant conversation attracted to her *salons* all the talent and distinction of the day,—held at this period that social empire in Paris, of which we may judge the importance by Bonaparte's subsequent attempts to obtain the sanction of the Fauxbourg St. Germain. It was to his old acquaintance, Madame de Stael, that M. de Talleyrand at that time assiduously resorted: with all those graces which were then recommencing to be in vogue, and with precisely those talents, to a most eminent degree, which could gain him a high rank and reputation in the society he frequented, the ex-bishop obtained every kind of distinction but employment. In the mean time, the very slender nature of his resources caused him unceasing disquietude. "*Il faut vivre*," said the French pickpocket, in excuse of his theft; and so definitively thought M. de Talleyrand, when one day he called upon Madame de Stael, and emptying his purse upon the table, which contained about twenty francs, disclosed to her that it was all he had in the world, and that, unless she could do something for him, the Seine was his only resource.

The lady, enchanted with her friend, and glad of an opportunity to display her influence in a cause so favourable to its exercise, set immediately about her task, and succeeded in persuading the Directory —at that time anxious to consolidate their strength by names not compromised in the more terrible reign of their predecessors—that they would obtain a great acquisition in a man of remarkable talent, early identified with the cause of freedom, without having taken any share in its disgraces, and who, as a man of high rank and popular estimation, was the best Minister that could possibly be found for a Government which attempted to arrest the *movement*—and to mingle and unite the elements—of the Revolution.

Indeed Madame de Stael had much that was reasonable to urge; and the result of her efforts and her eloquence was, that her illustrious protegé (for not happening to have above twenty francs in his pocket) was made Minister for Foreign Affairs. The time, however, came when the protectress and the protected changed places; and owing to a variety of circumstances connected with this change, in which present misfortune was aggravated by past recollections, the Author of "Corinne" imbibed, and ever afterwards expressed, the most bitter hatred towards her former friend.

There is always a difficulty, after acknowledging a person to possess very eminent talent, in classing that talent and assigning its possessor his proper place among men of extraordinary ability. The different orders among such men are indeed rather to be found in the differences of their character than of their intellect. There is a singleness in the character of some men, and a suppleness in the character of

others, which form the fortunes and direct the careers of each. Those of the sterner mind arriving at particular times, suitable to the bent of their genius, start suddenly to the head of affairs, and carry every thing before them with the effect of a whirlwind, as long as circumstances inspire the people they appear amongst with the same passion which is predominant in themselves. These are the men who obtain the greatest name in history, for they not only represent, but they appear as the most forcible and majestic representation of, their particular epoch. But let it be observed, that it requires a particular conjuncture of circumstances to bring such spirits into action; and should any other circumstances, less congenial to them, afterwards arise—unable to bend their genius before the power of events, they dash and break themselves against it, borne down by the same force of character to which they owed their original elevation. Of this we have had a wonderful example in our own days. Appearing at the exact moment when his talents and his character were likely to have sway, Bonaparte's career may be divided into three epochs—the first, when the French people and the French army were one, and a passion for security at home and military success abroad prevailed throughout France. This was the period to which Napoleon properly belonged, the period which suited his overbearing disposition and military talents; and he was actually *then* what he idly believed himself to be afterwards—the real and sole representative of the nation. The next period was that, when, carried on by his genius, he left behind him that public opinion which lay in the course that he pursued. The admiration for military glory, which had carried him to the highest place in the Republic, he made the foundation for an arbitrary empire: the desire for security, which had strengthened his hands as a free magistrate, he made the basis of a servile submission. The third and last period of Napoleon's reign commences when his despotic spirit had created a re-action in the public opinion, which had formerly favoured tyranny by a desire for repose—while his warlike genius, equally extreme, had wearied even the martial ardour of his soldiers. It was then that liberty acquired a new force, by every decree destined to subdue it—and that great army was defeated which had marched almost dispiritedly to conquest. It was not that the Emperor of 1812 despised popularity; but decision and force being the elements of his genius, he always flattered himself that it was by force and decision he should obtain it. In short, the strong energies and peculiarities of his character, which had made him the type and personification of one of those eras through which society in France was so rapidly hurried, were too stubborn and indomitable to be turned or constrained towards the wants and wishes of another.

The character of our illustrious diplomatist forms an almost perfect contrast, and this arising partly from temperament, partly from circumstances, which may be called education, with that of his great master and contemporary. He, whose boyhood had been spent on the rocks of Corsica, and whose youth was passed among those anxieties and privations which give a hardness to the romance of earlier impressions, was not likely to resemble the young noble, who—making every allowance for the peculiar severities of his childhood—may still

be said to have been cradled in the lap of a luxurious court, and whose juvenile vigour, we may add (without attributing to him all the vices of a Valmont), had been too profusely wasted in its pleasures.

While the one showed an iron strength in wielding the energies of a people, as long as they lent themselves to his desires; the other, as constitutionally plastic, allowed himself to be formed into almost any shape by that people's hands. Neither the one nor the other—the Emperor, when he mounted the imperial throne, nor the Minister, as during successive changes he retained his place—acted altogether from calculation: the actions of both were natural to the bent and disposition of their minds. The passion of that man urgéd him to break down every obstruction in his path, and he only failed when the hatchet shattered in his hand:—the cool sagacity of this man made him see the futurity that was on its way, to which the pliability of his character adapted him by the time that it actually arrived. We dare say it has frequently so happened that M. de Talleyrand has been merely yielding to a conviction, for which a peculiar foresight had been gradually preparing him, when he has been accused of suddenly betraying his conscience and his friends. Yet looking at the scenes through which he has passed, and the men he must have mingled with, we should be loth to pronounce the French ambassador to be either *very open* in his dealings or *very rigid* in his principles.

The changes from the *ancien regime* to the Constitutional Monarchy, from the *Comité du Salut Public* to the Directory, from the Directory to the Consulate, from the Consulate to the Empire, (the most exceptionable of all,) from the Empire to the Restoration, and from the Restoration to the new Revolution, were either the necessary consequences of their antecedents, or productive, upon the whole, of national advantage. And thus it is that M. de Talleyrand excuses the violation of other friendships, by saying that he has always remained the friend of France: indeed, to have shared in any one of these changes would have left nothing to presume against any man;—but to have shared and succeeded *in all*, may not show any departure, we admit, from the practical rules of policy, but must, at all events, have required a certain duplicity of conduct and laxity of opinion, which always diminishes our esteem for the individual, even when no evil has been inflicted on the public.

The early life of M. de Talleyrand formed at one moment the subject of every lying memoir that prostituted itself to the bad taste of the public. At the same time that the General Bonaparte was drawn with horns upon his head, the citizen Talleyrand was depicted as a different kind of devil, a licentious, philosophic, Mephistophilian kind of devil, with a tail draggling in every species of moral turpitude and corruption. At fourteen he had plotted the destruction of Christianity, and the conversion of churches into those kind of mansions proverbially said to be found in a church's vicinity. From seventeen to twenty, he was declared—we quote from a journal which took notice of these amusing stories—"to have boasted that six husbands, from jealousy on his account, had blown out their brains; that eighteen lovers had perished in duels for ladies who were his mistresses; that ten wives deserted by him, had retired in despair to convents, while twelve unmarried ladies had broken their hearts or poisoned them-

selves in desperation from doubt of his fidelity; and this, without enumerating the hundreds and thousands of *grisets,* chambermaids, &c. who had sought, on his forsaking them, consolation in the Seine." Within these three years (from the age of seventeen to twenty) he had, so say the memoirs of 1805, made twenty-four husbands happy fathers, and forty maidens solitary and miserable mothers. Excellent, pious Louis XVI. who could confer a bishopric on a man of such exemplary conduct! We need not say, that there is some *little* exaggeration in these accounts; in fact, they abound in a complicated confusion of facts and dates, and are hardly worth the mention we have thus casually bestowed upon them. M. de Talleyrand, disliked by his father on account of the deformity in his foot, was treated, as a boy, with great severity, and forced into the church contrary to his tastes and inclinations. This treatment, which it is singular enough his friend Mirabeau also experienced (though for different reasons) from the hands of his parent, exercised, no doubt, a powerful influence over his mind, at the moment it was forming; and indeed during his studies at the Sorbonne, he was remarkable for his sullen and haughty manner, and the solitary and laborious life that he passed among his books. In 1789, placed in the eminent situation of "agent du clergé de France," he made that speech against *loteries,* which Madame de Stael, with her usual humour, passes a sort of censure upon in her work on the Revolution, but which procured him the notice and patronage of Louis XVI. In the National Assembly, he could hardly be called "an orator," wanting that power and majesty of diction, as well as that energy of delivery, which chains and subdues a popular assembly. His discourses, however, were very remarkable, not only for the elegant and epigrammatic language in which they were framed, but for the utility of their object and the science and knowledge they displayed. His observations on the further issue of assignats, in particular, to be found in the Appendix to M. Thiers' History of the Revolution, show a sound and acute judgment, as well as an acquaintance with those principles of finance, which too unhappily developed themselves, as he predicted, in the total failure of this ruinous, and yet perhaps, at the moment, almost necessary speculation. One speech there is which we must not pass over without acknowledging and praising the noble feelings it proceeded from—that in defence of the persecuted Clergy, whom their unpopularity did not induce him to abandon.

As an author, M. de Talleyrand is known to us by his work on public instruction, which we presume every one to be acquainted with, and two tracts, read in the *Institut* at Paris, and procuring for their writer very considerable reputation, as well for the depth of his views, as the playfulness and grace—sometimes rising into a higher order of eloquence—with which they were put forth. The tracts we allude to were—"An Essay on the advantages to be derived from new Colonies under existing circumstances," and "A Memoir on the Commercial relations subsisting between England and America," the result of observations M. de Talleyrand made during his stay in the latter country. The first contains the theories of colonization; the second their exemplification. The author foresees, in the system of society which requires

slavery as a part, the seeds of dissolution. He foresees the impossibility of maintaining the French West Indies, the advantages of which must be yielded (he presumes) to that force of things which makes the destiny of states. M. de Talleyrand foresees this, and at the same time looking around him, and observing also the social condition of the country he had returned to—in which the passions long agitated wanted some vent to their over-excited energies and ambitions—he proposes as a drain for that superabundant violence and activity which distracted France from all repose, some vast and untried land, which at a distance from the early theatre of the Revolution, might, in the variety of schemes and the transposition of hopes to which it opened,—absorb some portion of that spirit which had become too vast for the kingdom it was confined in. It was Egypt he was looking to as at once a refuge for the agriculture of the West Indies, and for the passions of various kinds which agitated his native country.

"And how many Frenchmen are there," he exclaims, "who ought to embrace this idea with joy! How many are there to whom, if it were only for a moment, another sky has become *a want!* And those, who now alone have lost all that gave beauty to their native land beneath the knife of the assassin—and those to whom that land is become sterile—and those to whom it is only fruitful in regret or remorse—and those who cannot resolve to found their hopes in that spot which is already occupied with the memories of their misfortunes—and that multitude of political invalids—those inflexible characters which no reverses can bend—those ardent imaginations which no reasoning can control, no event disenchant—and those who find themselves too confined in their native land—and those who thirst after speculation from avarice, and those who love it from adventure—and then, again, those who burn with the desire to give their name to discoveries, to the foundation of cities, to eras in civilization—such as under a settled government will still find France too full of agitation—such as find her (even so she is) too subdued and calm—those, in short, who, on the one hand, cannot support a system of equality—those, on the other, who spurn every idea of dependance."

There are in these essays, to which we thus cursorily allude, many thoughts and reflections which could not have suggested themselves to a man not thoroughly acquainted with the action of life; as, on the other hand, we find in the actions of their writer the frequent proof of those talents which the *mere* commerce with men could never have developed or produced. It is for what he has written and what he has done, that M. de Talleyrand will be most interesting to posterity. To us, we confess, he appears most interesting as what he is—to us he appears most interesting as a living portrait of all that was, if not the best, at least the most brilliant in the liberal Nobility of the period antecedent to the Revolution—as an emanation, as it were, of the spirit of Voltaire, who threw the mantle of his genius on the age which immediately succeeded him.

We find the wit, the levity, the knowledge, the philosophy, the railing at all principle rather than the firm attachment to any—we find all the vices and virtues, living and extant, that are to be found in the sparkling pages of the recluse of Ferney; with the same passion for looking at great things through little motives, with the same pleasure for playing on the foibles and weaknesses of mankind

rather than of stirring up their nobler and sublimer energies, which distinguished the Encyclopedists—we see the statesman, half cynic, half courtier, consolidating a revolution with a joke, and exclaiming, at the satisfactory consummation of his various achievements, "Le voilà tout fini, il ne faut maintenant que les feux d'artifice, et un bon mot—pour le peuple."

And now, not a long list of M. de Talleyrand's witticisms, but one word as to their character; for it is not so much for the mere language and turn of expression that our diplomatist's sayings are so remarkable as for their accurate and deep thought. "*M. de Metternich est un politique de semaine*," contains all that history will say of that eminent individual. We ourselves remember a remark which may serve as another illustration of the peculiar style of M. de Talleyrand's expressions. All the world were talking of Lord Anglesea's recall from Ireland, and the reasons for it. The Duke of Wellington's intentions respecting Catholic emancipation were still a mystery—"*Quand on rappelle le Lieutenant*," said the shrewd politican, "*c'est que le général veut livrer bataille.*"

If we want an example of the effect of Government, here is a relic and image of a Government that is passed, that can never come again —living amongst us. M. de Talleyrand is a liberal, but such a liberal as was likely to spring up in the precincts of an absolute court: a delicate, and in one sense of the word, a beautiful exotic, but wanting all that sturdiness and strength of growth which distinguishes the plant rising from a congenial soil.

His notions of freedom were all, perhaps, that thought and philosophy can give, when they are not developed and confirmed by action. Following liberty from *speculation*, he was more likely to be disgusted at any evils and calamities that rose up in his way, than if he had been following it *by habit*. Neither was he cheered on in his career by those ancient recollections, connecting freedom with the history of his country, which armed the hand of Brutus, and breathed a living fire into the great soul of Sydney. Most unjust would it be, if we were to judge M. de Talleyrand separate from the state of society in which he was reared, and the changes and convulsions amidst which he was afterwards thrown. It is then — with no anxiety to pronounce him either a monster of infamy, or a miracle of virtue;—but with the simple wish to do justice to his times, and the man they produced—that we venture to close our observations on M. de Talleyrand—by presuming, that when considered by an impartial posterity, he will appear a person of very extraordinary abilities, who (for the age in which he appeared,) possessed all the talents that could justify ambition — and just the virtues, which were not incompatible with its success.

TO THE PRIMROSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

SURELY that man is pure in thought and deed,
Whom spirits teach in breeze-borne melodies;
For he finds tongues in every flower and weed,
And admonition in mute harmonies;
Erect he moves, by Truth and Beauty led,
And climbs his throne, for such a monarch meet,
To gaze on valleys, that, around him spread,
Carpet the hall of heaven beneath his feet.
How like a trumpet, under all the skies,
Blown to convene all forms that love his beams,
Light speaks in splendour to the poet's eyes,
O'er dizzy rocks, and woods, and headlong streams!
How like the voice of woman, when she sings,
To her belov'd, of love and constancy,
The vernal odours, o'er the murmurings
Of distant waters, pour their melody
Into his soul, mix'd with the throstle's song
And the wren's twitter! Welcome then, again,
Love-listening Primrose! Though not parted long,
We meet, like lovers, after years of pain;
Oh, thou bring'st blissful childhood back to me!
Thou still art loveliest in the lonest place;
Still, as of old, day glows with love for thee,
And reads our heavenly Father in thy face.
Surely thy thoughts are humble and devout,
Flower of the pensive gold! for why should Heaven,
Deny to thee his noblest boon of thought
If to earth's demigods 'tis vainly given?
Answer me, sinless sister! Thou hast speech,
Though silent. Fragrance is thy eloquence,
Beauty thy language; and thy smile might teach
Ungrateful man to pardon Providence.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY AT OXFORD.

WHAT is the greatest disappointment in life? The question has often been asked. In a perfect life, that is to say, in a long course of various disappointments, when the collector has completed the entire set and series, which should he pronounce to be the greatest? What is the greatest disappointment of all? The question has often been asked, and it has received very different answers. Some have said matrimony; others, the accession of an inheritance that had long been anxiously anticipated; others, the attainment of honours; others, the deliverance from an ancient and intolerable nuisance, since a new and more grievous one speedily succeeded to the old. Many solutions have been proposed, and each has been ingeniously supported. At a very early age I had formed a splendid picture of the glories of our two Universities. My father took pleasure in describing his academical career. I listened to him with great delight, and many circumstances gave additional force to these first impressions. The clergy, and in the country they make one's principal guests, always spoke of these establishments with deep reverence, and of their academical days as the happiest of their lives. When I went to school, my prejudices were strengthened; for the master noticed all deficiencies in learning as being unfit, and every remarkable proficiency as being fit, for the University;—such expressions marked the utmost limits of blame and of praise. Whenever any of the elder boys were translated to college, and several went thither from our school every year, the transmission was accompanied with a certain awe. I had always contemplated my own removal with the like feeling; and as the period approached, I anticipated it with a reverent impatience. The appointed day at last arrived, and I set out with a schoolfellow, (about to enter the same career,) and his father. The latter was a dutiful and a most grateful son of *alma mater;* and the conversation of this estimable man, during our long journey, fanned the flame of my young ardour. Such, indeed, had been the effect of his discourse for many years; and as he possessed a complete collection of the Oxford Almanacks, and it had been a great and a frequent gratification to contemplate the engravings at the top of the annual sheets, when I visited his quiet vicarage, I was already familiar with the aspect of the noble buildings that adorn that famous city. After travelling for several days, we reached the last stage, and soon afterwards approached the point, whence, I was told, we might discern the first glimpse of the metropolis of learning. I strained my eyes to catch a view of that land of promise, for which I had so eagerly longed. The summits of towers, and spires, and domes appeared afar, and faintly; then the prospect was obstructed; by degrees it opened upon us again, and we saw the tall trees that shaded the colleges. At three o'clock on a fine autumnal afternoon we entered the streets of Oxford. Although the weather was cold, we had let down all the windows of our post-chaise, and I sat forward, devouring every object with greedy eyes. Members of the University, of different ages and ranks, were gliding through the quiet streets of the venerable city in academic costume. We devoted two or three days to the careful examination of the various objects of

interest that Oxford contains. The eye was gratified; for the external appearance of the University even surpassed the bright picture which my youthful imagination had painted. The outside was always admirable: it was far otherwise with the inside. It is essential to the greatness of a disappointment, that the previous expectation should have been great: nothing could exceed my young anticipations—nothing could be more complete than their overthrow. It would be impossible to describe my feelings without speaking harshly and irreverently of the venerable University. On this subject, then, I will only confess my disappointment, and discreetly be silent as to its causes. Whatever those causes, I grew, at least, and I own it cheerfully, soon pleased with Oxford, on the whole; pleased with the beauty of the city, and its gentle river, and the pleasantness of the surrounding country. Although no great facilities were afforded to the student, there were the same opportunities of *solitary* study as in other places. All the irksome restraints of school were removed, and those of the University are few and trifling. Our fare was good, although not so good, perhaps, as it ought to have been, in return for the enormous cost; and I liked the few companions with whom I most commonly mixed. I continued to lead a life of tranquil, studious, and somewhat melancholy contentment, until the long vacation, which I spent with my family, and, when it expired, I returned to the University. At the commencement of Michaelmas term, that is, at the end of October, in the year 1810, I happened one day to sit next to a fresh man at dinner: it was his first appearance in hall. His figure was slight, and his aspect remarkably youthful, even at our table, where all were very young. He seemed thoughtful and absent. He ate little, and seemed to have no acquaintance with any one. I know not how it was that we fell into conversation, for such familiarity was unusual, and, strange to say, much reserve prevailed in a society where there could not possibly be occasion for any. We have often endeavoured in vain to recollect in what manner our discourse began, and especially by what transition it passed to a subject sufficiently remote from all the associations we were able to trace. The stranger had expressed an enthusiastic admiration for poetical and imaginative works of the German school. I dissented from his criticisms. He upheld the originality of the German writings. I asserted their want of nature. "What modern literature," said he, "will you compare to theirs?" I named the Italian. This roused all his impetuosity; and few, as I soon discovered, were more impetuous in argumentative conversation. So eager was our dispute, that when the servants came to clear the tables, we were not aware that we had been left alone. I remarked, that it was time to quit the hall, and I invited the stranger to finish the discussion at my rooms. He eagerly assented. He lost the thread of his discourse in the transit, and the whole of his enthusiasm in the cause of Germany; for as soon as he arrived at my rooms, and whilst I was lighting the candles, he said calmly, and to my great surprise, that he was not qualified to maintain such a discussion, for he was alike ignorant of Italian and German, and had only read the works of the Germans in translations, and but little of Italian poetry, even at second hand. For my part, I confessed, with an equal ingenuousness, that I knew

nothing of German, and but little of Italian; that I had spoken only through others, and like him, had hitherto seen by the glimmering light of translations. It is upon such scanty data that young men reason; upon such slender materials do they build up their opinions. It may be urged, however, that if they did not discourse freely with each other upon insufficient information—for such alone can be acquired in the pleasant morning of life, and until they educate themselves—they would be constrained to observe a perpetual silence, and to forego the numerous advantages that flow from frequent and liberal discussion. I inquired of the vivacious stranger, as we sat over our wine and dessert, how long he had been at Oxford, how he liked it, &c.? He answered my questions with a certain impatience, and resuming the subject of our discussion, he remarked, that "Whether the literature of Germany, or of Italy, be the most original, or in the purest and most accurate taste, is of little importance! for polite letters are but vain trifling; the study of languages, not only of the modern tongues, but of Latin and Greek also, is merely the study of words and phrases; of the names of things; it matters not how they are called; it is surely far better to investigate things themselves." I inquired, a little bewildered, how this was to be effected? He answered, "through the physical sciences, and especially through chemistry;" and raising his voice, his face flushing as he spoke, he discoursed with a degree of animation, that far outshone his zeal in defence of the Germans, of chemistry and chemical analysis. Concerning that science, then so popular, I had merely a scanty and vulgar knowledge, gathered from elementary books, and the ordinary experiments of popular lecturers. I listened, therefore, in silence to his eloquent disquisition, interposing a few brief questions only, and at long intervals, as to the extent of his own studies and manipulations. As I felt, in truth, but a slight interest in the subject of his conversation, I had leisure to examine, and I may add, to admire, the appearance of my very extraordinary guest. It was a sum of many contradictions. His figure was slight and fragile, and yet his bones and joints were large and strong. He was tall, but he stooped so much, that he seemed of a low stature. His clothes were expensive, and made according to the most approved mode of the day; but they were tumbled, rumpled, unbrushed. His gestures were abrupt, and sometimes violent, occasionally even awkward, yet more frequently gentle and graceful. His complexion was delicate, and almost feminine, of the purest red and white; yet he was tanned and freckled by exposure to the sun, having passed the autumn, as he said, in shooting. His features, his whole face, and particularly his head, were, in fact, unusually small; yet the last *appeared* of a remarkable bulk, for his hair was long and bushy, and in fits of absence, and in the agonies (if I may use the word) of anxious thought, he often rubbed it fiercely with his hands, or passed his fingers quickly through his locks unconsciously, so that it was singularly wild and rough. In times when it was the mode to imitate stage-coachmen as closely as possible in costume, and when the hair was invariably cropped, like that of our soldiers, this eccentricity was very striking. His features were not symmetrical, (the mouth, perhaps, excepted,) yet was the effect of the whole extremely powerful.

They breathed an animation, a fire, an enthusiasm, a vivid and preternatural intelligence, that I never met with in any other countenance. Nor was the moral expression less beautiful than the intellectual; for there was a softness, a delicacy, a gentleness, and especially (though this will surprise many) that air of profound religious veneration, that characterizes the best works, and chiefly the frescoes, (and into these they infused their whole souls,) of the great masters of Florence and of Rome. I recognized the very peculiar expression in these wonderful productions long afterwards, and with a satisfaction mingled with much sorrow, for it was after the decease of him in whose countenance I had first observed it. I admired the enthusiasm of my new acquaintance, his ardour in the cause of science, and his thirst for knowledge. I seemed to have found in him all those intellectual qualities which I had vainly expected to meet with in an University. But there was one physical blemish that threatened to neutralize all his excellence. "This is a fine, clever fellow!" I said to myself, "but I can never bear his society; I shall never be able to endure his voice; it would kill me. What a pity it is!" I am very sensible of imperfections, and especially of painful sounds—and the voice of the stranger was excruciating: it was intolerably shrill, harsh, and discordant; of the most cruel intension—it was perpetual, and without any remission—it excoriated the ears. He continued to discourse of chemistry, sometimes sitting, sometimes standing before the fire, and sometimes pacing about the room; and when one of the innumerable clocks that speak in various notes during the day and the night at Oxford, proclaimed a quarter to seven, he said suddenly that he must go to a lecture on mineralogy, and declared enthusiastically that he expected to derive much pleasure and instruction from it. I am ashamed to own that the cruel voice made me hesitate for a moment; but it was impossible to omit so indispensable a civility—I invited him to return to tea; he gladly assented, promised that he would not be absent long, snatched his cap, hurried out of the room, and I heard his footsteps, as he ran through the silent quadrangle, and afterwards along the High-street. An hour soon elapsed, whilst the table was cleared, and the tea was made, and I again heard the footsteps of one running quickly. My guest suddenly burst into the room, threw down his cap, and as he stood shivering and chafing his hands over the fire, he declared how much he had been disappointed in the lecture. Few persons attended; it was dull and languid, and he was resolved never to go to another. "I went away, indeed," he added, with an arch look, and in a shrill whisper, coming close to me as he spoke—"I went away, indeed, before the lecture was finished. I stole away; for it was so stupid, and I was so cold, that my teeth chattered. The Professor saw me, and appeared to be displeased. I thought I could have got out without being observed; but I struck my knee against a bench, and made a noise, and he looked at me. I am determined that he shall never see me again."

"What did the man talk about?"

"About stones! about stones!" he answered, with a downcast look and in a melancholy tone, as if about to say something excessively profound. "About stones!—stones, stones, stones!—nothing but

stones!—and so drily. It was wonderfully tiresome—and stones are not interesting things in themselves!"

We took tea, and soon afterwards had supper, as was usual. He discoursed after supper with as much warmth as before of the wonders of chemistry; of the encouragement that Napoleon afforded to that most important science; of the French chemists and their glorious discoveries; and of the happiness of visiting Paris, and sharing in their fame and their experiments. The voice, however, seemed to me more cruel than ever. He spoke likewise of his own labours and of his apparatus, and starting up suddenly after supper, he proposed that I should go instantly with him to see the galvanic trough. I looked at my watch, and observed that it was too late; that the fire would be out, and the night was cold. He resumed his seat, saying that I might come on the morrow, early, to breakfast, immediately after chapel. He continued to declaim in his rapturous strain, asserting that chemistry was, in truth, the only science that deserved to be studied. I suggested doubts. I ventured to question the pre-eminence of the science, and even to hesitate in admitting its utility. He described in glowing language some discoveries that had lately been made; but the enthusiastic chemist candidly allowed that they were rather brilliant than useful, asserting, however, that they would soon be applied to purposes of solid advantage. "Is not the time of by far the larger proportion of the human species," he inquired, with his fervid manner and in his piercing tones, "wholly consumed in severe labour? and is not this devotion of our race—of the whole of our race, I may say (for those who, like ourselves, are indulged with an exemption from the hard lot are so few, in comparison with the rest, that they scarcely deserve to be taken into the account,) absolutely necessary to procure subsistence; so that men have no leisure for recreation or the high improvement of the mind? Yet this incessant toil is still inadequate to procure an abundant supply of the common necessaries of life: some are doomed actually to want them, and many are compelled to be content with an insufficient provision. We know little of the peculiar nature of those substances which are proper for the nourishment of animals; we are ignorant of the qualities that make them fit for this end. Analysis has advanced so rapidly of late that we may confidently anticipate that we shall soon discover wherein their aptitude really consists; having ascertained the cause, we shall next be able to command it, and to produce at our pleasure the desired effects. It is easy, even in our present state of ignorance, to reduce our ordinary food to carbon, or to lime; a moderate advancement in chemical science will speedily enable us, we may hope, to create, with equal facility, food from substances that appear at present to be as ill adapted to sustain us. What is the cause of the remarkable fertility of some lands, and of the hopeless sterility of others? a spadeful of the most productive soil, does not to the eye differ much from the same quantity taken from the most barren. The real difference is probably very slight; by chemical agency the philosopher may work a total change, and may transmute an unfruitful region into a land of exuberant plenty. Water, like the atmospheric air, is compounded of certain gases: in the progress of scientific discovery a simple and sure method of manufacturing the useful fluid,

in every situation and in any quantity, may be detected; the arid deserts of Africa may then be refreshed by a copious supply, and may be transformed at once into rich meadows, and vast fields of maize and rice. The generation of heat is a mystery, but enough of the theory of caloric has already been developed to induce us to acquiesce in the notion that it will hereafter, and perhaps at no very distant period, be possible to produce heat at will, and to warm the most ungenial climates as readily as we now raise the temperature of our apartments to whatever degree we may deem agreeable or salutary. If, however, it be too much to anticipate that we shall ever become sufficiently skilful to command such a prodigious supply of heat, we may expect, without the fear of disappointment, soon to understand its nature and the causes of combustion, so far at least as to provide ourselves cheaply with a fund of heat that will supersede our costly and inconvenient fuel, and will suffice to warm our habitations for culinary purposes and for the various demands of the mechanical arts. We could not determine, without actual experiment, whether an unknown substance were combustible; when we shall have thoroughly investigated the properties of fire, it may be that we shall be qualified to communicate to clay, to stones, and to water itself, a chemical recomposition that will render them as inflammable as wood, coals, and oil; for the difference of structure is minute and invisible, and the power of feeding flame may perhaps be easily added to any substance, or taken away from it. What a comfort would it be to the poor at all times, and especially at this season, if we were capable of solving this problem alone, if we could furnish them with a competent supply of heat! These speculations may appear wild, and it may seem improbable that they will ever be realized, to persons who have not extended their views of what is practicable by closely watching science in its course onward; but there are many mysterious powers, many irresistible agents, with the existence and with some of the phenomena of which all are acquainted. What a mighty instrument would electricity be in the hands of him who knew how to wield it, in what manner to direct its omnipotent energies; and we may command an indefinite quantity of the fluid: by means of electrical kites we may draw down the lightning from heaven! What a terrible organ would the supernal shock prove, if we were able to guide it; how many of the secrets of nature would such a stupendous force unlock! The galvanic battery is a new engine; it has been used hitherto to an insignificant extent, yet has it wrought wonders already; what will not an extraordinary combination of troughs, of colossal magnitude, a well-arranged system of hundreds of metallic plates, effect? The balloon has not yet received the perfection of which it is surely capable; the art of navigating the air is in its first and most helpless infancy; the aerial mariner still swims on bladders, and has not mounted even the rude raft: if we weigh this invention, curious as it is, with some of the subjects I have mentioned, it will seem trifling, no doubt—a mere toy, a feather, in comparison with the splendid anticipations of the philosophical chemist; yet it ought not altogether to be contemned. It promises prodigious facilities for locomotion, and will enable us to traverse vast tracts with ease and rapidity, and to explore unknown countries without difficulty. Why are we still so

ignorant of the interior of Africa?—why do we not despatch intrepid aeronauts to cross it in every direction, and to survey the whole peninsula in a few weeks? The shadow of the first balloon, which a vertical sun would project precisely underneath it, as it glided silently over that hitherto unhappy country, would virtually emancipate every slave, and would annihilate slavery for ever"

With such fervor did the slender, beardless stranger speculate concerning the march of physical science: his speculations were as wild as the experience of twenty-one years has shown them to be; but the zealous earnestness for the augmentation of knowledge, and the glowing philanthropy and boundless benevolence that marked them, and beamed forth in the whole deportment of that extraordinary boy, are not less astonishing than they would have been if the whole of his glorious anticipations had been prophetic; for these high qualities, at least, I have never found a parallel. When he had ceased to predict the coming honours of chemistry, and to promise the rich harvest of benefits it was soon to yield, I suggested that, although its results were splendid, yet for those who could not hope to make discoveries themselves, it did not afford so valuable a course of mental discipline as the moral sciences; moreover, that if chemists asserted that their science alone deserved to be cultivated, the mathematicians made the same assertion, and with equal confidence, respecting their studies; but that I was not sufficiently advanced myself in mathematics to be able to judge how far it was well founded. He declared that he knew nothing of mathematics, but treated the notion of their paramount importance with contempt. "What do you say of metaphysics?" I continued; "is that science, too, the study of words only?"

"Ay, metaphysics," he said, in a solemn tone, and with a mysterious air, "that is a noble study indeed! If it were possible to make any discoveries there, they would be more valuable than any thing the chemists have done, or could do; they would disclose the analysis of mind, and not of mere matter!" Then rising from his chair, he paced slowly about the room, with prodigious strides, and discoursed of souls with still greater animation and vehemence than he had displayed in treating of gases—of a future state—and especially of a former state—of pre-existence, obscured for a time through the suspension of consciousness—of personal identity, and also of ethical philosophy, in a deep and earnest tone of elevated morality, until he suddenly remarked that the fire was nearly out, and the candles were glimmering in their sockets, when he hastily apologised for remaining so long. I promised to visit the chemist in his laboratory, the alchemist in his study, the wizard in his cave, not at breakfast on that day, for it was already one, but in twelve hours—one hour after noon—and to hear some of the secrets of nature; and for that purpose, he told me his name and described the situation of his rooms. I lighted him down-stairs as well as I could with the stump of a candle which had dissolved itself into a lamp, and I soon heard him running through the quiet quadrangle in the still night. That sound became afterwards so familiar to my ear, that I still seem to hear Shelley's hasty steps.

(To be continued.)

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Hulton of Hulton—Swing at College—New Musical Instrument—High Price of Beggars—The Barricade of Liberty—A truly Great Man—The true Guardian of the Laws—The Benefit of Clergy—Free and Easy Monarchs—Measure of Colonial Relief—What 's in a Name?

Hulton of Hulton.—The correspondence of Lord Althorp and Hulton of Hulton, the commander at the glorious action of Peterloo, is a curious specimen of a system which the Ministers must soon give up in despair. We mean the grand conciliation plan, according to the rules of which it is safe to despise friends, but enemies must be treated with respectful attention. The letters of Lord Althorp and this pompous magistrate form together such a caricature of this poor-spirited principle of action, that it will be now fairly laughed out of the cabinet.

Mr. Hulton, indignant at some expression which fell from Lord Althorp in speaking of the Manchester massacre on a late occasion, announced his intention of retiring from the Commission of the Peace—an announcement which appears to have filled his brother magistrates with despair. Whereupon one of them, a Mr. Phillips, writes a most angry letter to his Lordship, and tells him to pause in his headlong career. " You know not what you are doing," he cries, " with your Reform crotchets; you have offended Hulton of Hulton Park; he is going to retire entirely, owing to something you said; and the Editor of 'The Times' knew better than to print any thing against Hulton of Hulton; therefore, for God's sake, turn from the error of your ways, and perhaps Hulton of Hulton may, after all, consent to stay on the bench."

What step might be expected from a Minister acquainted with the art of governing? Mr. Phillips is a Deputy Lieutenant; and the first conclusion a man of ordinary judgment would come to is, that one so intemperate, and so silly, as to address such a letter to a Minister, respecting what fell from him in his place in Parliament, is utterly unfit to retain his situation.

But what does Lord Althorp do? He straightway sits down to appease the wrath of Hulton of Hulton! " I did not say this; I could not say that; only eloquent men say these things, not speakers like me;—I offend the feelings of no one, much less a man of the rank of Hulton of Hulton," &c. &c.

The consequence is just what might be expected from the Peterloo general. "Oh, ho!" cries the magistrate, with the air of the bull-frog in the fable, " here is this fellow of a Minister humbling himself before me. He puts his neck under my foot, and shall not I, Hulton of Hulton, trample upon it with all the weight of a Tory Deputy Lieutenant?" He writes. Oh! poor Lord Althorp, how he must have blushed at his own folly as he read this bombastic epistle!

But patience: the Chancellor of the Exchequer had put himself in the wrong, and must make the best of it. He tries a second step along the slimy path of conciliation. Nothing will do: the magisterial bantam now crows louder and louder: the Chancellor of the Exchequer is entangled in his own cobweb of excuses, and the magistrate next informs him that he has called in his friends to read his letters, and that they are all chuckling over his abasement in a grand chorus of—

Brekekekex, coax—coax,
Hulton of Hulton's a lad of wax.

This is too much even for the patient and all-suffering Lord Althorp, and he finishes the correspondence with a short epistle as black as milk can make it.

" Sir—I have had the honour of receiving your letter. I may have been wrong in volunteering a letter to you. My reason for doing it was, that I never wish, if I can avoid it, to give offence to any one. I was informed I had given offence to you. I had not intended to do so, and I wrote to you with the intention of removing any such impression from your mind, if it existed there. In this I have failed, and, therefore, I do not feel myself called upon to say anything more.

" I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

" Downing-street, Nov. 26, 1831." " Althorp."

There is a rejoinder of the Great Unpaid, taunting his Lordship with his resolution not to "say any more," and putting him in a dilemma about his correspondence with the Birmingham Union, and the subsequent proclamation against it. The Tories, in the favourite slang of Manchester, will call this putting his Lordship's head into chancery, and keeping it there. There are Reformers who will venture to cry out in the same tongue—serve him right.

How different is Lord Melbourne's treatment of poor Mr. Iles, a Reformer, the founder of a Union, who, when the society was oppressed by a magistrate gnorant enough to quote the King's speech as law, applied to him for advice and assistance.

"Whitehall, Dec. 13, 1831.

"Sir—I am directed by Viscount Melbourne to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday's date, inclosing a copy of the rules and regulations, and statement of the objects of a Society proposed to be established at Fairford, designated as 'The Political Union for Fairford and its vicinity,' and desiring to be informed whether such Institution be at variance with existing laws, or objectionable in the view of the Ministers of the Crown. And I am to acquaint you that Lord Melbourne declines giving any opinion on the subject.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"To Mr. Richard Iles, Fairford, Gloucestershire." "S. M. Phillipps."

Poor Iles! Are we to believe that if you had been an over-bearing Tory, and had dated from Iles Park, and been "a man of my rank," you would have had a letter which would have spared your feelings and conciliated your esteem? —or, no! let us hope for a less ungenerous distinction, though not a wiser one. The friend of Reform was already gained—the enemy was to be softened. One would have hoped, after Lord Ebrington's spirited though friendly rebuke on the night that the Reformers of the House of Commons preserved by one vote the Ministry and the country, that this fatal system of overtures to the Implacable would have been abandoned. We firmly believe that had Mr. Hulton been a Reformer, Lord Althorp would *not* have written to him. Once more: respectfully, earnestly, we entreat the Government to beware of that old Whig policy which no Whig Ministry have pursued but to their ruin.

University Intelligence—Swing at College.—Two attempts have been lately made to blow up the Cambridge Post-office. At length Mr. Brane, student of Trinity College, has been caught in the fact. He was found inserting in the box a parcel of gunpowder, with a piece of lighted touch-paper attached. We are afraid the state of morals among the students of the Universities is pretty nearly as low as it can be. Mr. Brane's object has doubtless been glory: wearied with cat-killing, lamp-breaking, bargee-mauling, and all the series of gown and town squabbles, he has determined to immortalize himself by a "lark," which should reach the very heavens. Mr. Brane stands a good chance of removing from Trinity to Sydney: at the latter college he will take his degree in arts—at present he is passing a Bachelor of Laws. His friends will be disappointed to hear that his attempt at taking "honour" has failed, and that he has been obliged "to gulph."

New Musical Instrument.—Mr. Murray, the chemist, in his book on Pulmonary Consumption, tells us that Dr. David Badham has *set to music* the palpitation and irregular beating of the diseased heart of a female patient in the Royal Infirmary of Glasgow. It forms a kind of pathological waltz. Dr. Johnson observes, that the bars, crotchets, quavers, and demi-quavers are tunefully arranged, and form one of the greatest curiosities in morbid anatomy that was ever witnessed. This is certainly turning a bad heart to good account. The poor lady little thought what kind of Overture the Doctor was making when she gave him her hand—to feel, and permitted him to lay his head on her bosom—to listen.

High Price of Beggars.—Juvenal tells us, that the beggar passes the robber singing, thereby showing, that as he has nothing to lose, he is fearless—the robber cannot make him less a beggar. But invention has been carried to a wonderful pitch in these times of civilization. The beggar no longer sings before the robber; he skulks out of his way. He is rich in a property, to know

the value of which has been reserved for modern times—he may be *robbed of himself*. His muscles, bones, and nerves are wealth. He has nothing in his purse, but he has flesh on his back. The thief wants the very legs on which the fugitive endeavours to escape. We remember laughing at an expression in some book of natural history, in which, under the head of "man," it is said, "The only human production which is an article of commerce is *hair*." But there is another; the man himself has become a subject of barter. He stands an object of trade, not for his labour while he lives, but his corpse when dead. He is cut down like corn before he is used, and is not threshed, nor ground into flour, but cut up into shreds, in short, *Burked*. If he were pursued for his teeth, or his hair, he would have wherewithal to purchase his ransom, as the beaver is said to do; but the insatiable Burker must have *all*. He seizes his prey; life is a superfluity: he extinguishes it for the convenience of carriage. Organization is all he requires; it is his game; he bags it; the anatomist is the consumer. There is an old rhyme about the curlew; a kind of price is set upon his head:—

Be he white, be he black,
There 's tenpence on his back.

So it is now of the beggar:—

Be he alive, or be he dead,
Guineas, twelve, upon his head.

He is a walking treasure. He cannot buy a dinner, but he himself is a feast for a whole theatre of philosophers. He has not money in his pocket, his wealth is universally diffused: it is neither here nor there, but spread over his whole frame—it is in every pore, and yet available in none. He is like a mortgaged estate, productive to all but the proprietor.

The Barricade of Liberty.—When the Revolution took place last year in Brussels, *La Jeunesse de la France* issued an address to the Belgians, proclaiming, among other things, that the *les barricades feront le tour du monde.* They did not, probably, reflect on the barricades penetrating quite to the extent they have done in England, as in the case of the boy mentioned in the following paragraph, who was detected in raising a formidable barrier between himself and the tyranny of a gaol:—

"A lad, named William Crockson, has been committed on suspicion of robbing the shop of Mr. Frankam. On Crockson's committal to the Borough Bridewell, he was locked up in one of the yards, which was paved with bricks. Not liking his lodgings, he meditated an escape, and in the short space of three quarters of an hour had unpaved the yard, and constructed a sort of stairs with them, by which he was ascending the wall. The wife of the gaoler had received strict orders to watch him, and at this juncture entered the yard, when, seeing him half way up the wall, she courageously seized him by the legs, and pulled him down. Crockson had tied his bed-clothes together to let himself down when he had reached the top of the wall. It was found that he had moved the extraordinary number of 216 bricks."—*Berkshire Chronicle.*

A Truly Great Man.—Moral phenomena occur every day. They spring up like mushrooms in a state of extreme civilization. A few centuries ago, if a husband had, instead of burying the corpse of his wife, sold her to the surgeons, he would have been handed down to posterity as a monster. It is now an event of every-day occurrence, and the circumstance may be considered vulgar if there is no charge of Burking connected with the disposal of a man's more valuable half. But what shall we say of the march of civilization when the sale is the least remarkable part of the transaction, and that the scheme of raising money on the dead is carried far beyond the grave or the anatomical theatre? Aware of the appetite for vulgar honours, a person rich in a dead wife has not only sold her, but taking advantage of the general appetite for such details, has himself reaped the wages of publicity, by writing, printing, and crying in the streets the news of his own delinquency. Great men are said to get the start of their age: surely then this is one—after Jonathan Wild's fashion at least.

"The dissolute and depraved miscreant who, it was last week stated, for the purpose of getting rid of the expense and trouble of a funeral, not only disposed of the body of

his wife, but actually offered for sale the coffin in which it had for a few hours been inclosed, had the hardihood to appear in the streets with a printed account of the ignoble speculation; and, as he was out of all sight, when compared with the rest of his 'speech-crying' compeers, best acquainted with the outs and ins of the case, and, therefore, more able to give a 'full and particular' detail of the circumstance, it is said he sold two for their one, and, at all hazards, 'put money in *his* purse.' Altogether the transaction, he says, turned out beyond his most sanguine expectations; and so soon as his receipts are exhausted he intends to sell himself for the 'interests of science' to the identical dissector who had the goodness to purchase the mortal remains of his dearly-beloved spouse."—*Glasgow Courier.*

Assuredly this is a person quite free from prejudice: there are philosophers who tell us that a regard for the mere vehicle of life is a weakness: what a triumph over all such foibles is here! How economical the consideration that by the sale of his *chère moitié* he not only pocketed money but avoided an expense! Then what a masterly idea to turn the prejudices of others to his own advantage: if the public is weak enough to consider this judicious transaction a horror, who has a better right to turn the horror into money than he has who is the originator of it? Then be it observed, he is as free of his own person as another; only he will doubtless stipulate to be paid in advance. It would be a weakness unworthy of so unprejudiced a character to leave anything behind him.

THE TRUE GUARDIAN OF THE LAWS.—The office of an informer, when strictly considered, is purely honourable. The law is evaded by dishonest persons: the informer is one who stands out from society, and denounces to the magistrate such and such persons as having cheated the legislature and defied its statutes. Does not such a man deserve a civic crown? His fate is different: he is scorned, scoffed at; and would be ducked and pumped upon, if such acts were not a breach of the King's peace. So that the informer goes sneaking about to do "good by stealth, and blushes to find it fame." True, he shares the penalty inflicted upon the offender, who had ventured to hope that justice was not only blind but asleep—and who so fairly entitled? What vigilance is his! on the road by day and night, in the public-houses at all hours, prowling from shop to shop, in various disguises, risking even life and limb in case of discovery; he is the self-constituted guardian of the laws, who watches while magistrates sleep—Is he to go Unpaid? without honour, credit, or name? What consolation has he but that noble one of doing his duty? But he must live. Members of Parliament make laws, but who sees them executed? the Informer; and yet the silly public, in whose defence he is fighting, run him down, calumniate, and would gladly stone him. The Informer is a martyr, as the Reformer used to be. For the first time a public prosecutor (heroic sacrifice!) has openly confessed his profession and gloried in the name. To be sure he is in a sad position, and can do no great honour to any cause, for he is an insolvent debtor: but let him still have the praise he is entitled to: he has not only braved obloquy in being an informer, but he has boldly faced opinion in declaring himself one. Such is the heroism of George Martin!

"INSOLVENT DEBTORS' COURT (WARWICK.)—George Martin, the well-known common informer, came up on Wednesday, on his petition, to seek relief under the Act. He described himself as "an informant to enforce the stage-coach laws." The Commissioner observed, that it was the first time he had ever seen the profession of an informer designated in an insolvent's schedule. The debts of Martin were of a trifling amount, and, with the exception of about 15*l.* incurred at Birmingham, were chiefly contracted while in business as a tobacconist, in Barbican, London. The Court held that he was entitled to relief, and he was accordingly discharged forthwith. All coach proprietors and coachmen should now be on their guard. It is hardly necessary to say, that just liberated from a gaol, money will be acceptable, and that he will spare no trouble in his vocation to obtain it."—*Birmingham Journal.*

What does this warning mean? nothing more nor less than that it is such men as Martin who save the law from being a dead letter. It seems, after all, a poor trade—it is an ungrateful world we live in!

THE BENEFIT OF CLERGY.—A French writer calculates that the English pay sixteen shillings per annum each individual for the benefit of clergy! In France the same service is done for eight-pence per man: the latter is decid-

edly the cheapest, if the duty is as well performed. The influence of the clergy in France is undoubtedly very small: it is, however, quite equal to the spiritual influence of the English church at home. In respect of assiduity there is no comparison. When it is taken into the calculation that the dissenters also pay a large share for that which they do not require, it is probable that the amount would be raised from 16*s*. to 20*s*. per individual in this country.

Free-and-easy Monarchs.—The French, a short time ago, were exceedingly proud of their King because he used to walk about Paris with an umbrella under his arm: this same king is now said to be barricading the very Tuileries. It happens, however, that the most despotic monarchs are often most at ease among their subjects, and oftenest assume the manners of equality. Most certainly if William IV. were to attempt walking up and down Regent-street, he would be mobbed. Yet the late King of Bavaria used to promenade alone every evening, in every quarter of Munich: he would, moreover, enter into conversation with strangers, and it made little difference whether he was known or not. He was a sort of Haroun al Raschid, except that he only learned by aid of his incognito to reward, and not to punish. Ferdinand of Spain walks about his capital, and lives in perfect security, while we imagine him a prey to superstition and afraid of every wind that blows. A late traveller compares him to Liston in the street. Don Pedro, the late Emperor of the Brazils, was still more open in his habits—he used to bathe in public. Another traveller describes him as he saw him buffetting the waves of the sea. Denmark, it seems, is happy in a monarch of popular habits:—

"The present King of Denmark, by letters lately received from Copenhagen, has such perfect confidence in the love of his subjects, that he is never attended by a guard, and even sleeps with his chamber-door unfastened. A short time ago, his Majesty was suddenly roused, about two o'clock in the morning, by a youth employed in the gardens, who, having got by stealth into the palace, entered the King's room, and tapping him on the shoulder, presented a petition, saying, in the most familiar terms, "Father, I was determined to find an opportunity of speaking to you in private, and therefore chose this time to ask you a favour." The King, though thus taken by surprise, was neither alarmed nor angry, but, with his usual good-nature, recommended the lad to have patience, and he would do all in his power to comply with his request, at the same time begged, that when he again wished to speak to him, he would choose a more seasonable hour. His Majesty was much amused by this nocturnal adventure."

Measure of Colonial Relief.—Our present Government is, no doubt, the most considerate we have ever possessed; there are few wants which the public have expressed that they do not immediately set about providing for. The gentlemen of Sydney have long been crying out for women in return for their wool; they have, in various ways, made it known that no bill at sight would be accepted more cordially than a wife by consignment. The direst consequences have followed upon the demand so far exceeding the supply in this rising colony. These evils are not, however, to be long-enduring under a Whig Administration. A shipment of females is to proceed immediately to the Antipodes, who are at this moment at the other side of the globe stretching out their arms in expectation of the proffered boon. As yet, it is true, the ladies are nearer their legs than their hearts, for they have not yet started; but the following paragraph will show that the families of Sydney are prepared to receive them into their bosoms:—

"The accounts received on Friday from New South Wales mention that, in consequence of the great disproportion of the sexes in the colony, his Majesty's Government had intimated an intention of sending out from a public institution in Ireland several girls, averaging fifteen years of age. The circular is dated Sydney, July 1831, and after noticing the fact that his Majesty's Government was about to send out from the public institutions in Ireland some young girls who had been brought up with attention to their moral and religious duties, states that, with a view of disposing of those girls in a proper manner, they were to be bound apprentices to families for three years, and at the end of that period they were to be allowed to marry, but not without the special consent of the Governor, as well as the master; that during the three years the master must pay into the hands of the Collector of the Internal Revenue two pounds annually, which is to be lodged in the Savings' Bank, to be paid to her with interest at the end of

her apprenticeship. The master is also to engage to attend to the comfort and moral character of his apprentice, &c. The notification had given much satisfaction in the colony, as females for domestic purposes were very much required."

What's in a Name?—The swindlers seem perfectly to understand the force of names. Every fellow who proposes to cheat through the influence of deception, immediately assumes an appellation of undoubted quality; and he is not content generally with the noble blood flowing in one noble line, he clubs two or three branches of antiquity together. There has been a scoundrel swindling every tradesman he came near on the sole strength of the good odour in which he found the following name—the Hon. Augustus Frederick Montmorency Ponsonby: of course he was laden with rings and broaches, and dangled a wilderness of seals at his watch-chain. Thrice is the swindler armed who gives three names, and wears triple rings on his fingers. The tradesmen, who see that this is just their own notion of gentility, chuckle at the thoughts of so illustrious a customer. Were a swindler of genteel appearance, and attired in that plain and unassuming dress which gentlemen wear, to commence practice, he would quickly find, that though a great deal nearer the truth in his representation, the truth was not the tradesman's apprehension of it; he would be looked upon with suspicion, while his ring-fingered, broached, and sealed and diamond-pinned vagabond of a brother speculator was received with the utmost obsequiousness, and had the richest articles of the place absolutely forced upon him. Here is a fellow who has extended his depredations from the shop-counter to the fireside. The whole is a lesson in taste:—

"A person styling himself the Hon. Augustus Frederick Montmorency Ponsonby is now in the Calton gaol on various charges of swindling. He claims connexion with the noble family of Montmorency; boasts of being the author of all the late anonymous novels which have proved successful; lays claim to several 'crack articles' in 'The Edinburgh;' and, by his own account, there is not any part of Europe or Asia which he has not personally visited. He is of gentlemanly demeanour, and speaks various modern languages, from which it is inferred, he has travelled on the Continent. He gives out, that he was imprisoned in France some years ago, for a political offence; and in regard to the late French Revolution, preserves a most mysterious silence, occasionally hinting, that he knew too much of the causes in which that event originated. There is one family in Edinburgh whom he has ruined. By his arts he imposed himself on them as a man of good birth and property, paid his addresses to one of the daughters, who married him and in a few days was subjected to the disgrace and degradation which result from an alliance with such a character. It is said he has frequently played off his tricks."

The Lion's Mouth.

"Aliena centum negotia."—*Horat.*

[Under this title we propose, in future, to arrange the answers to our corresponding friends, hitherto given on the wrapper. Short letters, or remarks on any existing custom, abuse, law, or fashion, which may deserve a notice, though scarcely an article, will also in this place receive comment, insertion, or reply. This portion of the Magazine will, therefore, be made longer or shorter, as circumstances may require. Our readers may recognize the title as the one adopted for a somewhat similar purpose by the London Magazine—a work some time since incorporated with the New Monthly.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

"Temple, Dec. 8, 1831.

"Sir—I see in 'The Times' of to-day, that you are censured, though very civilly, in your editorial capacity, for suffering to pass unnoticed in the article upon 'Windham' the assertion that a Cambridge Senior Optime knows more than Newton, &c. As the 'Times' is too important a critic to leave unanswered, I hope I am not intrusive in calling your attention to the following passage. — 'Dans le siecle dernier, il suffisoit de quelques années d'étude pour savoir tout ce qu'Archimède et Hipparque avoient peu connoître, et aujourd'hui *deux années* de l'enseignement d'un professeur vaut au delà de ce que savoient Leibnitz ou Newton.'—('*Sur l'Instruction Publique,*' by Condorcet,

quoted with approbation by *Stewart* in the first Dissertation prefixed to 'The Encyclopædia:' vol. i. first edition, p. 117, note.) Possibly the passage has already suggested itself; but 'what is obvious is not always known, and what is known is not always with us:' so pray excuse me for troubling you. "I am, Sir, &c."

We thank our Correspondent.—The observation is certainly startling; but we remember it as an old boast of a Silver Spoon at Cambridge—"Well, thank Heaven, I know almost as much as Newton, though I am Spoon."—The reader will recollect Hume's pathetic remarks on the progress of philosophy diminishing the fame of philosophers.

A contributor to the "Tatler" (who writes under the somewhat formidable title of JUNIUS REDIVIVUS, the author, we suppose, of the clever "Tale of Tucuman") has blamed us in so complimentary a manner that we hope he will blame us again, for the insertion of the tale called "The Victim" in our last Number. He thinks the object of the tale is to foster prejudice against the surgeons. No, he must pardon us; that system which condemns the surgeon to renounce the scalpel, or expose himself to the chance of becoming the accessary to murder—that system *alone* it is the object and moral of the tale to condemn. We have much pleasure, by the way, in recommending "The Tatler" itself to the notice of our readers: it is published daily, at the price of one penny—is edited by a very accomplished man of letters, and a cordial friend to free principles—and, besides being the best playbill extant, frequently contains as fine, graceful, and truly English specimens of composition as modern literature can produce. We will allow the Editor to be a judge of every thing but poetry, though we allow him to be (if that will content him) a very charming poet himself.

S. K. who politely remarks, that he has put no stops to his lines, in order that we may have the honourable privilege of "stopping them as we please," is regretfully informed that we came to a full stop at the end of the first line.

"The Unmentionables" are very good, but don't fit us.

"Rhyming Reminiscences for 1831,"—The poem of "The Victim,"—"Aristides,"—a fragment of a story about "Sir Godfredo,"—"The Incendiary," and "The Exile," a sonnet,—the verses of Halbert H.—"Lines written under Moore's tree in Bermuda,"—we are sorry to be obliged to decline. We are equally sorry to refuse "The Sisters."—"The Maiden's Death," we fear, must occur in another place; but Caterina to Camoens, by the same author, we accept with many thanks.

"Corobberie,"—"Spain and her Factions,"—"The Lust Garten,"—"Saddick Ben Saad,"—"Schiller on the Stage," and "Dislike to America," are reserved for further consideration.

Communications are left in Burlington-street for the Author of the "Death of Botzarias;" for Wallace Hampden; for E. B.; for the Authors of "Reminiscences of a Volunteer,"—"Recollections of a Student,"—"Salome Corri," and "France in 1830."

Mr. Joseph Green of St. Paul's Church-yard, informs us that Mr. James Green, who our readers may remember was examined before the police on a charge of having robbed Miss Rebecca Hodgson of a watch, and who was stated to be the son or nephew of a wealthy merchant in St. Paul's Churchyard, has no father or uncle living. Another Correspondent on the same subject has a little mistaken our remarks: we did not, it is true, blame the magistrates, who acted rightly, but we blamed the law, which was conceived wrongly. We are glad to hear that the Grand Jury of the county have thrown out the bill of indictment against Mr. Green.

We have to thank a Correspondent for three sonnets, one of which "adopts the Polish pronunciation," and ends thus—(rhymes the reader will remember!)

> "Rise! to thy glories add another speech,
> Thou living, dead, immortal Niemcewicz!"

A Correspondent from Truro sends us a new version of God save the King, sung among the Cornish Reformers. We insert one verse, and say amen to it.

> "No swords around his throne,
> Fond hearts his guard alone,
> God save the King!

Scorning the tyrant's wiles,
Rich in his people's smiles,
Lord of the ocean-isles,
'God save the King!"

The author of "Display," a poem, seems to have studied Cowley to some purpose. Ex. gr.

"I met young Zoe, &c.
The wily *meshes* of her hair were set,
And all were fish that came into her *net!*
Gratis for any one to see and sigh,
Was given the *Exhibition* of her *Eye*.

In another poem, the author's turns are much more natural, and possess considerable grace. We quote a stanza to * * * * (a lady of course.)

"Pity at least the ill thou'st done,
From ill intent however free;
Nor proudly turn away from one
Who turns from all the world to thee."

P. Q. R.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

"Sir,—I must call your attention to the long bonnets the ladies wear; they are nuisances, Sir, great nuisances; I 've no notion of abuses growing to such a pitch; a public inconvenience springing out from a lady's head! I can't go to the play without being bonneted into the dark; and when I speak to my wife, I fancy I am looking down the Thames tunnel. One word, Sir, from you—so zealous a guardian of the rights of the people, will, I make no doubt, reform these feminine encroachments. And I shall hope to see, next month, the bonnetocracy shorn half of their beams, and semi-extant in schedule B.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
"AN OPPRESSED PLAYGOER."

We have read several works on "Burking;" but are not thoroughly pleased with any. Most of them re-echo the old plan of granting all unclaimed bodies to the surgeons, but encumber it also with the yet older prejudices, and by giving also the bodies of felons, would make what Bentham considers a duty, (and he as a duty has done,) continue a disgrace. Mr. Wakefield has annexed to a new edition of his valuable work on the Punishment of Death, a few remarks on the present fearful system. He thinks very properly that "a law should supply a motive to persons for bequeathing their remains to the use of the living; and would excuse from the payment of legacy duty the representatives of those persons who bequeathed their bodies for dissection, and whose bodies were actually dissected." There are various other plans for removing prejudice by making such examples honourable. But the prejudices of a nation are very slowly removed. And this system, which now falls so mercilessly on the poor, requires an *immediate* remedy. The example of Bishop, the knowledge that twelve guineas are to be gained easily, and that a man may commit twenty murders before detection, so far from deterring, has by this time armed the hands of, fifty other miscreants for similar atrocities. Where human life is concerned, law ought not to creep on in that miserable pace which it does in all other matters.

*** We find it impossible to undertake the return, if rejected, of short papers, either in prose or poetry, that may be submitted for publication in the New Monthly Magazine. It is therefore expected that writers of such articles will preserve copies.

Answers will be returned upon all subjects connected with "The New Monthly Magazine," upon the *first* day of each month, *but not till then*; it is, therefore, hoped that no correspondent will look for an earlier reply. The great increase of the correspondence of the N. M. M. and the maintenance of the requisite regularity, render this indispensable. All communications received on or before the 25th of the month, will be answered on the first of the month succeeding. All articles sent for the N. M. M. must be forwarded to the Publishers', 8, New Burlington Street, and *there alone*, directed "*To the Editors of the New Monthly Magazine.*"

It is requested that the postage of letters and the carriage of MSS. may be paid.

THE

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1, 1832.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

REMARKS IN REPLY TO THE ARTICLE THEREIN, ENTITLED "THE PROGRESS OF MISGOVERNMENT."

This article of the Quarterly Reviewer's is certainly incomparable. We know not whether the most to admire the grace of the style, the sharpness of the irony, or the cogency of the argument. It is altogether a masterpiece—Swift never wrote any thing equal to it. It begins with that show of candour recommended by cunning rhetoricians to the commencement of all controversial writing. "In avowing our conviction," quoth the writer, "that the state of anarchy into which society appeared a few weeks ago to be rapidly falling to be the fruit of misgovernment—the direct, natural, and necessary result of the acts and omissions of Ministers—it can scarcely, we suppose, be requisite that we should disclaim any intention of holding up

those dignified persons to the world as the deliberate instigators or abettors of burning and massacre." What generosity in this admission!—it is a pleasure to deal with so noble an adversary!

But our Reviewer hastens to atone for this unlooked-for moderation—he begins to open a fearful battery on the Premier—and alluding to the interview between Mr. Place and Lord Grey, entitles the latter with a scalding bitterness of irony, wholly Archilochian—"This first of *place*-men!" Assuredly a pun upon names is the most biting species of sarcasm. This witty assailant then becomes serious; he falls upon the Political Unions and the Bristol riots, which (wits being rarely logicians) he couples together somewhat confusedly; and after reprobating the former for excesses they did not commit—for we are, as yet, ignorant of any they did,—he declares that the latter "must be classed, by every man who is capable of forming an unbiassed analysis of the many symptoms simultaneously apparent of a general disorganization of the social frame—symptoms all distinctly traceable to one common cause, and that cause assuredly no other than the agitation of this question of Reform," among the sins of the Ministers; and we are told of the "temerity with which Ministers gave the *original* impulse to this agitation." It is the property of all great geniuses to throw a new light on a subject. We thank this admirable writer for his present discovery; an historian, at once so deep and so ingenious, must, we should think, be the author of a new edition of Boswell—*aut Crokerus, aut Diabolus*. We did believe, with the rest of the simple world, that the "original impulse" to this agitation had been sufficiently apparent *before* the Ministers came into office. We feared that it *had* occasioned some little trouble to a Tory Government; nay, we had fancied, that it was from opposing this "impulse," that the Duke of Wellington lost, in one fell swoop, power, place, and growing popularity. But such impressions are obviously erroneous; the lucubrator before us is far too bold in assertion not to be in the right. This ardour for truth (however novel) is a distinguishing trait of this accomplished sage, for it leads him even into cutting the throat of his own most favoured argument. We beg the reader to mark. He goes on to state that there ought to be no popular concession—that "confederacies ought to be put down with a strong arm"—"that assemblages of 150,000 men ought not to be tolerated;" and, in reply to Lord Grey's observation, that "the best mode of dealing with sedition in the first instance, is to take away the cause,—and if he sees any *real* grievances, to show a disposition to redress them *before* he employ force;" the Reviewer asserts, with a meekness and regard for humanity worthy of a Christian statesman, "that you ought *first* to employ the force, and *then* to redress the grievance!" Mark—this policy our Author repeats and reiterates, over and over again—to insist upon it is, indeed, the chief purport of this excellent article. Yet so perfect is his candour, so entirely is it a part of his nature, that, wholly unconscious of the importance of the admission, he says, in another place, "We are quite confident we do not at all exceed the bounds of truth when we affirm, that in the recent temper of the times there would have been no life in England for the man, who falling into the opposite error to that of the Authorities of Bristol, should, *in the least jot*, have gone beyond the range

of his commission on such an occasion—who, for instance, should by any indiscretion, or in a moment of perturbation, have ordered the troops to fire on the people one instant before—we shall not say the act might be justifiable by law—but before it had become obviously indispensable in the eyes of all men for the salvation of the city and its inhabitants. Such an unfortunate individual would have been hunted down like a wild beast!" Noble, disinterested admission! Here, in order to speak "within the bounds of truth," the Author sacrifices all for which he has been contending; for if such was indeed "the temper of the times," that even in the disgraceful riots of Bristol, no officer could with safety to his life have exerted force against the rioters, save at the last extremity, how much less safely could such force have been employed against National Unions, committing *no* outrages, and those assemblages of 150,000 men, which our excellent legislator declares ought so decisively to have been put down!" The reader will confess that it is rare to find a political controversialist so ingenuous in his self-contradictions.

We shall not follow this philosophical lucubrator through all the lamentations he pours forth on the stagnation of business—the commercial distress—the unwholesome nature of the present excitement, for all this we know already; we thought it, however, another proof of his ingenuousness that he should so dilate upon those evils, for which we plain men have thought we had to thank his party, in *delaying* the accomplishment of Reform. "But not at all," cries he; "*you* brought on the measure—*you* are answerable for this measure." A few words will settle this question at once. The Duke of Wellington lost office in not granting Reform; and if he, great man as he was, could not stem opinion, no minister could hope to do so. A Cabinet indeed could not be formed, but on the understanding that it was to introduce Reform. No Tory denies this.—Ay, but a moderate Reform.—Moderate! why, in a part of this very article, you say that moderate Reform is "moderate mischief." But look back—before Ministers introduced the Bill, did ye not all, organs of the Tories! did ye not all say that the Ministers would be *lost*, if, in the *then* state of the public mind, any lukewarm measure was proposed: nay, so loud was the cry for the Ballot, that without Ballot it was doubtful whether any plan would be accepted by the people? Reform was, by the abdication of the Duke of Wellington, proved to be necessary. Inefficient Reform, by your own reiterated avowal, confessed to be out of the question, unless Ministers wished to be out of their places. A Bill introduced, excitement naturally attends it. But the Bill was necessary, and the consequent excitement *unavoidable*. *You* refuse to pass the Bill, *you* therefore maintain the excitement—on *your* heads the *continuance* of the excitement, and its consequent evils, rest! But you, O, admirable Reviewer! say that that excitement has been so prolonged, that even if the Bill were finally rejected, it would be now vain to expect a speedy restoration of the tranquillity which its promulgation disturbed! Who prolonged that excitement?—was it the Reformers? Note, Reader, the blessed assurance of these reasoners. Most men, when they want to persuade people to something against their will, tell them of the benefits that will follow such persuasion; but these gentlemen tell us, with a

charming *sang froid*, that we ought at once to reject the Bill, though, certainly, we shall be as badly off as ever after that rejection. This avowal places the question thus—Reject the Bill, and you *may* have disturbance—disunion—civil war; and you certainly will *not* have restored tranquillity and improved trade. They are certainly seductive reasoners, these Tories!

Our Reviewer now proceeds to another charge, "resulting out of this tremendous agitation." "For the space of fifteen months the agitation, and its consequences, have been keeping our rulers in a state of utter inefficiency and incapacity for conducting most of the ordinary and much of the most important business of the Government." Certainly the Tories are not to blame here. *They* have wasted no precious hours in the House. How sparing they have constantly been of occupying too much attention in the Committee! How brief Mr. Croker! How laconic Sir Charles Wetherell! There is a modesty in this accusation which is perfectly bewitching. And now our assailant bears down his irrefragable force on the present Bill. "Before," cries this merciful sparer of public time, "before we can venture to admit with confidence this (viz. any) degree of amendment, we must wait till the Bill shall have passed through that searching investigation which it will receive in the Committee." Typical, then, of that "searching investigation," the Reviewer wastes much breath on the said Bill, and asserts it to be equally frightful as, and more *democratic*, than the last. True! it *is more democratic*. The story of the Sibyl applies—reject this, and we will make a bold push for the Ballot!

But now we have cleared our way to the grand dilemma, on the horns of which our logician thinks triumphantly to toss us. It is certainly very new. "It is this!"—quoth the Reviewer solemnly, (how wise he must have looked when he wrote it down! we can fancy the saturnine sagacity of his countenance,)—"Either the new House of Commons, to be produced by the operation of this Bill, will be a more democratic assembly than the present—that is, an assembly in which the voice of the population, considered numerically, will be more potent than it is in the existing Parliament, or it will not. If it will not," says the Reviewer, "then is the whole device an imposture and a lie;—and as soon as its real nature shall be manifested, the disappointment and rage of those who have been made its dupes, will, in all probability, be vented in some signal retribution on the heads of its contrivers. If, on the other hand, the constituency to be created by the measure will return a House of Commons, of which, not only will the deliberations be more liable to take their character from the prevailing feelings, prejudices, and passions of the population at large than those of any Parliament that ever before sat in England, but of which a great portion of the individual Members will be pledged, and in pursuance of such pledges, required to give to those feelings, prejudices, and passions an uncompromising practical effect in every case, and will be supported in so doing by the whole physical array of the populace;—then comes to be considered the great question whether, with such a legislature, it will be practicable, on any principles of which we have the least experience, or on any that are known as intelligible, to conduct this *monarchical Government!*"

Well, having arrived, *Deo volente*, at the end of this long sentence, let us take breath, and consider this "great question." On any principles of which Tories have the least experience, or on any that are known to them as intelligible, we certainly think—and thank Heaven for it!—it may *not* be possible to govern this monarchical government; viz. upon the principles of borough jobbing, court favour, and Dukeries—doing as they will with their own. But what does the Bill do? It opens a free vent to opinion; it creates a numerous constituency, and it shuts up boroughs without electors; it gives great force to the agricultural interests, great force to the commercial. Are not these two interests capable of judging for themselves? But these 10*l.* householders, you say, are against the monarchical government! Pray, in what popular election do you hear a word against the monarchy? In order for the majority of the country, or, as you call it, the numerical force, to insist against a monarchy, they must first feel fully convinced that that form of government is counter to their interests. Do you mean to tell us, that they *will* feel so convinced? If so, grant Reform, or refuse it, that conviction must be obeyed. On the conviction of the many, all forms of government depend. But have rotten boroughs never been found hostile to a monarchical government? We will tell the Reviewer an historical fact:—in the time of Charles the First, when Thomas Mauleverer, the regicide, was Member for that very borough of Boroughbridge, so notably tenanted by his successor, Sir Charles Wetherell—it was not the Members for counties; it was not the Members for large towns, (*they* had been purged from the House); no, it was the Members for *the close boroughs*, whom you now think so essential a support to the aristocracy and the Sovereign, who voted the abolition of the House of Lords, and the destruction of the monarchy! In fact, if there be any political truth, it is this—there is no moral dependence upon men whom you absolve from political responsibility. They may stem the tide of opinion to-day, but they may accelerate it to-morrow; for, bound by no duty to their constituents, they are, in times of excitement, unavoidably, though, perhaps, unconsciously, the creatures of self-interest,—vary with its changes, and shift with its caprices.

But we have before had occasion to compliment our philosopher of the Quarterly on that spirit of candour which makes him refute, in one part of his article, the arguments advanced in another: in the same breath with which he is contending for the difficulty with which monarchical government will hereafter be carried on, he admits that "It must surely be impossible for any candid person to shut his eyes to the great difficulty which the King's Government has experienced for some years past in carrying on the current affairs of their Administration in any thing like regular harmony with the House of Commons." This is kind in the Reviewer. If, as he justly observes, it has been so difficult, by the present system, to carry on the Government with any degree of harmony with the Commons, doubly necessary is it to devise a new system; for surely this ingenious gentleman would not contend, that because it was very difficult to carry on government according to the present system—a difficulty rapidly augmenting—*therefore* we ought to retain the difficulty, and reject an alteration. "I am," said the sophist, "therefore I must be;"—the Go-

vernment is embarrassed, therefore it must be embarrassed. Admirable logician! In truth, there are three ways of governing a country; by force, by corruption, by opinion. The time for the first passed away with James the Second. The country, for a short time, vibrated between the two latter spirits of rule. Walpole, the whig, who practised what Swift, the tory, taught—the wisdom that is based on a knowledge of the vilest parts of humanity—Walpole fixed the machinery of government upon the art of Corruption. This art became a science, and under succeeding Ministers flourished with prodigious effect. By degrees our debt began to press upon us; taxation grew heavy; the eyes of politicians became fixed on our financial incumbrances; the smallest economy seemed desirable; the pettiest expense was regarded with jealousy; sinecures were lopped away; jobbing became difficult; corruption was weakened; and with corruption, the power of Government. This is the simple state of the case. Government must be strengthened. Will the nation bear to see it strengthened by force? Will it vote the Administration a standing army; or, denying this, will it recur to Corruption, and recruit the spectre to its former plumpness? Will it submit new places, new sinecures, new pensions, new grants to the disposal of Government, in order to influence, *ad libitum*, the Members of the Lower House? Does any man expect this? No man! We must try, then, a new experiment. We must try to strengthen the Government by the force of Opinion! The reason why Governments of late have been so weakly and so short-lived is, that while, on the one hand, the power of influencing supporters by corruption was daily decreasing, they made, on the other, no appeal to the support of Opinion. Upon that great and virtuous source of power—after seeing their predecessors recede from it to the last hour—an English Administration is *irresistibly* thrown. We can readily believe, with the Reviewer, that the principles of government it affords are not those of which former Administrations have the least experience, or any that are known to them as intelligible!

Our Reviewer is an all-accomplished gentleman, wit, punster, legislator, and prophet. He now proceeds to foretell the component parts of the Reformed House of Commons. So modest a gentleman feels the greatest pain to think "that the new Members (wholly unlike any of the old ones) are to be men of *a confident and plausible* address, a noisy and turbulent generation of glib talkers and shallow thinkers!"—"Nor let any man," cries the Reviewer, "flatter himself that this is a dream! It is a fearful reality!"—*a fearful* reality indeed it must be!—for then we shall have all the Tories back again! —or, No—if it requires "a confident address" to be Member of a Reformed Parliament, Mr. Croker will certainly have no chance—if "a plausible" address, Sir Robert Peel is lost to us for ever—if on the benches of the House of Commons we are to see a noisy and turbulent generation of glib talkers and shallow thinkers, what! oh, what! will become of the present, quiet, retiring, silent, ruminating, Minority?—"But," proceeds our Reviewer, "it is a fearful reality! We have only to look around us, and we may see the *stage* already prepared and *each performer* rehearsing his part!"—it is true; it is indeed a fearful reality! While we write, in all probability, the Re-

corder of Bristol is on that stage, or Mr. Croker, rehearsing those graces of action, which would have rendered him the darling of Sadler's Wells.

Our Reviewer then, turning from the prophetic, avails himself of the poetical character, and wafts us from Thebes to Athens—from England—to Rome, to France, and to America—in order to show that the numerical force are averse to—property?—No! to the present distribution of property!—What man is not?—all financial reform, all political economy, all sound philosophies concur in telling us that our present distresses arise from our imperfect knowledge of the distribution of property—to the place of the sore must be ultimately applied the remedy. Returning then to the Reform Bill, and criticising Lord Brougham's speech, which our Reviewer, who, as we have seen, is a great hand at irony, facetiously tells us Mr. Escott has entirely destroyed, "in his masterly pamphlet," (the most arrogant piece of coxcombical ignorance, by the way, that ever was penned), this guardian of the Constitution, this supporter of morality, this oracle of the high-churchmen, this Tartuffe of Toryism, proceeds to tell us, that jobbing and corruption are necessary to the prosperity of the kingdom, in the following lofty style: "In a country where there is so much inequality of wealth, so much enterprise, information, and capacity for public business, so many ardent, restless, and ambitious spirits, as in Great Britain, there appears the strongest reason to apprehend that the fabric of the Constitution would be exposed to continual shocks, and the peace of society incessantly brought into peril, by the turbulence and daring intrigues of individuals, unless the executive government were in some degree *charged with the means of bringing those spirits into harmony, and fencing itself round with a strong barrier, cemented by the mutual interests, the hopes, and pride of its retainers. These may be stigmatized, perhaps, as unworthy motives of action, and unfit to be adopted as the basis of a system of free institutions;* but they are the motives by which nine-tenths of both the good and evil which befall mankind are determined, whether they be in direct alliance with their System of Government or not."

Now, if this farrago of words signify any thing, it signifies that a Government ought to have the means that wealth and power afford to bring ambitious "spirits into harmony, &c.;" viz. in plain English, the power of bribing adherents and buying off foes. This is exactly begging the question; and this experiment—satisfied with a higher view of the principles of human conduct, of the true majesty of laws, and the modes by which the Divine Ruler of all intended his creatures to be governed—this grand experiment it is that the people of England propose to try. We have done with this Reviewer!

ASMODEUS AT LARGE, NO. II.

The warning of Asmodeus against love—The fate of Authors below—The principles of Criticism and Morality the same—The Excursion renewed—Foudras—Casimir Perier—The art of hatching plots—A view of les amis du peuple*—General Dubourg, &c.—A* comité doctrinaire*—The Duke de Broglie—M. Guizot — M. Thiers, &c.—The Tuileries—The Royal Family—Louis Philippe and his dispositions—Return Londonwards—The Devil's remarks on the Lord Chancellor—Apostrophe to Novelty—Asmodeus re-appears—Chit-chat upon Literature—Morals, &c.—Walk out—The Devil's admiration of Buckingham Palace—The Duke of Wellington—considerations on his probable estimate of mankind—The Devil and myself resolve to go to a Public Dinner—And elsewhere!*

After all, there are few pleasanter modes of spending your time than over a bottle of good Chambertin, enjoyed with an agreeable Devil. As we leave the age of five-and-twenty behind us, we begin to like wine and talk. Women and moonlight are still charming,—but they have passed from the drama of life to the interlude. "And what," said I to Asmodeus,—"what do you propose for the rest of the night? shall we visit Berenger, and make him sing us one of his own songs, or shall we hire a guitar between us and go a-serenading with Messieurs les *Chats*? perhaps your present Don Cleofas may discover a new Seraphina." "As to that,"—replied Asmodeus, as he quaffed the first glass of a new bottle, for those devils are judges of good wine, and their constitutional thirst is a great advantage to them in a place like the Rocher;—"as to that, whenever you wish to turn lover, I am at your service—'tis my vocation—I am the imp of valets and billets-doux, and an intrigue is the breath of my nostrils—but I warn you, I have a little of the Mephistopheles in my nature when it comes to love-making, and my assistance may not turn out so happily as it seems. You see how frank wine makes one."

The Devil said this with great gravity—but I who was bent upon falling in love at the first favourable opportunity, and who, the more I see of life, am the more convinced that falling in love is far better than business, ambition, law, or even fighting—for disrobing oneself of ennui—filled my glass gaily—and drinking to the memory of *Le Sage*, cried to the Devil—"A truce with your warnings, Asmodeus—I renounce human friends, because they are always advising and foretelling—plunge me into embarrassments—I will not blame—I will love you for it—I like a difficulty above all things—it is such a pleasure to get out of it. I never knew either despair or regret, and I defy the devil himself to subdue my hearty confidence in my own resources. But drink, Asmodeus—drink to the memory of that incomparable wit, who has left us in the Boy of Santillane, the epic of daily life: how I envy you the honour of having made his acquaintance! By-the-by—hem!—pray what become of novel-writers in the next world? *You* see nothing of them, I hope."

"They are punished according to their literary demerits," replied

the Devil, "for a bad novel is a serious injury to mankind. Of good writers know we nought—for it is held that a man can do more good by a book than harm by a life, and it is not even asked in the next world whether or not Shakspeare loved *le beau sexe et le bon vin.*"

"*Monsieur le Diable, à votre santé.* Your sentiments do the highest honour to your head and heart; and in future I will study the canons of criticism, instead of the laws of morality."

"They are one and the same, properly understood," said the Devil, coolly;—and tossing off his last glass, for no sooner had he begun to moralize, than he made double haste towards the end of the bottle—he rose up, and proposed an Haroun-al-Raschid sort of excursion.

"With all my heart," said I, seizing my hat. So we paid the bill, and sauntered into the street. The Devil began to whistle. "I have summoned," said he, after he had finished an air from *Der Freischutz*,—"I have summoned a couple of notions of travelling from the mind of a German Prince—here they are—and will serve us for horses in our ride about the city. His Highness lately visited you; entered people's houses under a feigned name, and where he was received as the Prince, he lived as the spy. His notions of travelling are particularly useful to us in our excursion, for they are excessively rapid, so much so, that they distance recollection, and play the deuce with exactness. But that 's nothing to us, we are not writing travels. *Allons!*" We sprang on our steeds, and I felt myself instantly seized with the furor of describing. Nay, the more I saw of a house, the more I felt inclined to abuse its inhabitants. But my horse shied so that I was all but over—when it came unawares on a house, called, from the English original, 'The Traveller's Club.'"

"Look," said Asmodeus, pointing to me the house of the Home Department; "do you see in that room those two gentlemen, who are very busily reading a despatch. That long-faced, bald man is M. Foudras, the secretary-general of Perier—the very man who was the bosom friend of Decazes and Corbiere: he is the best inventor and discoverer of mock conspiracies that Paris possesses—they are going to give him a patent for it. The other, he on the right-hand, is Mr. Gisquet, the Prefet of Police—an *ex-porteur* of the house of Perier, and *homme de paille* of the present President of the Council. The paper they are reading is a denunciation against *les amis du peuple*, who are divided in several sections, and who assemble secretly in private houses to plot and to discuss political matters. According to the Arguses of Mr. Gisquet, they are everywhere, but are never found when the police makes a descent on the suspected rendezvous."

While Asmodeus was giving me this information, the door opened; a thin, pale man entered. Foudras and Gisquet rose respectfully. "And who is he?" said I.—"That is no less a person than Casimir Perier," replied Asmodeus. "You see how attentively he is perusing that paper. It is the evening journal, '*The Mouvement.*' Observe what contortions, and what grimaces, he makes: see how he trembles with rage. General Dubourg attacks him personally every evening. Look, now, how fiercely he falls upon the Prefet de Police. Satan! his Prefetship has no sinecure! He has ordered that two new spies should be directed to watch and follow every step

of General Dubourg. See, now, they have taken again to the denunciation! The Minister is furious, and has threatened to disgrace M. Foudras if he does not find out the chief rendezvous of the *amis du peuple*. Our gentlemen seem abashed. Perier has exposed to them his painful situation; strong suspicions are entertained that the conspiracy of Notre Dame has been one of his political stratagems; it is also to be apprehended, that before the Justice the persons arrested will prove it to be so. Perier will throw all the blame on M. Foudras and Gisquet, if he cannot by other means prevent certain disclosures of his conduct. This they will submit to. Hear them—they promise to take upon themselves all the blame in the transaction, should it come to light; but they have demanded a new supply of money to arrange the matter: it is granted. Money is the last thing a good Minister cares about, especially if it's the Nation's."

After this, the Prime Minister sat down to write. I begged Asmodeus to inform me upon what subject; the Devil replied that he was inditing a letter to Metternich, and that it related to the affairs of Italy. "Perier will not interfere, should the Austrians go again into the Roman States."—"Is it possible?" replied I.—"Nay, it is necessary!" retorted Asmodeus; "France has lost the opportunity of commanding respect, and she must now act with forbearance."

"But," continued my guide, "turn yourself this way, and I will show you a meeting of the *amis du peuple*." I obeyed, and saw a great number of young men, assembled in a large room: they were all standing, and a little man, with black hair, and very dark complexion, was haranguing them. "Who is he?" asked I. "That is M. Marrast, the most violent of the *amis du peuple*, and the most constant personal enemy of Louis Philippe and Casimir Perier. That tall man that stands by him is Mr. Fazy, the Editor of '*La Revolution;*' and the dark and tall fine-looking man, whom you see next to Fazy, is General Dubourg." While Asmodeus was speaking to me, the assembly gradually warmed into great agitation. They seemed exasperated, and gesticulated vehemently:—those foreigners cannot get coolly into a passion, as we do! "And why all that agitation?" said I to Asmodeus. "Why? Because Marrast has ended his speech by advising his comrades not to lose time—to prepare for attacking openly the Government as soon as possible; for if they delay, there is little hope for them."

"And who is that young man now speaking so violently?"

"That is Gallois, the same who was tried for having threatened to murder Louis Philippe, and who was acquitted. That other next to him is Guinard, a true Republican, who has more respect for a *chiffonnier* than for Louis Philippe and all his Ministers. That little fellow with a bald head is Cauchois le Maire, a very liberal writer, and the only independent *redacteur* of 'The Constitutionnel.'"

"Now I will show you a *Comité Doctrinaire*. In that drawing-room, you see those stern-looking gentlemen sitting around that sofa which is occupied by three persons? Well, that in the middle is the Duke de Broglie; the one on the right hand is M. Guizot, and that on the left is the President of the Chamber of Deputies. That very little man, now talking, is M. Thiers,—the great champion of the *juste milieu*.

Next to him observe that crafty-looking man, that is M. Dupin, the elder, the bosom friend of Louis Philippe, and the best turn-coat of Europe. He who stands by M. Guizot is Montalivet, late Minister of the Home Department, present Minister of Instruction, and who would not object to be *Ministre du Pot de Chambre*, provided he was only a Minister."—"But what are they chatting about?" said I, somewhat irreverently.—"They are consulting," answered Asmodeus, "the best means of preventing Odilon Barrot, Mauguin, and Lamarque from overthrowing the present Administration. The Duke has proposed to make them Peers of France, in order to take them from the Chamber of Deputies, and therefore Thiers has put himself into the rage proper to a man who admires *le juste milieu*, and has declared this project dangerous: first, because the proposed Peers would, probably, not accept the honour; and secondly, because, if they did accept it, it would be an admission on the part of the present Administration that the Opposition had almost conquered the *juste milieu*. The little orator, you perceive, has succeeded, and all the assembly are of his opinion." At this moment entered Casimir Perier. He was received with great eagerness. Asmodeus told me that he had brought the original of the letter he had just written to Metternich. It was read *en comité*, and all present approved the political principles it contained. I next saw coming in a gentleman, tall and of a yellowish complexion; with a cast in his eye. I inquired who he was, and Asmodeus told me that he was M. Barthe, the Minister of Justice. As soon as he was seated, I remarked that all the members collected around him, and were listening with great attention to what he was saying. "And what is *he* speaking of?" said I. "Why, he is repeating the examination of the principal persons arrested for the conspiracy of Notre Dame. Have you seen how markedly Guizot and Perier are struck by his narration? Well, the proceedure does not promise a favourable result for the present Administration.

We now spurred on our horses, and entered the garden of the Tuileries—dear-remembered garden of assignations and hopes—of meetings, of quarrels, of reconciliations! Never, till youth itself be forgotten, shall I forget thee!

I turned, with a sigh, to contemplate the interior of the Tuileries. I saw that beautiful apartment which had been inhabited by Marie Antoinette, Josephine, Marie Louise, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, and of which the Queen of the French is *now* the possessor. Here, in the drawing-room which opens on the gardens, the Queen was with her girls, and her two younger sons. She was reading a pious Italian book, "La Manna dell' anima;" Princess Marie, who is destined to be the wife of all the *neo-created kings*, was writing a letter, and Asmodeus told me that it was addressed to General Beilliard, and turned on the projected marriage with King Leopold; Princess Clementine was embroidering, and Princess Louise was making up linen for the poor. The Dukes de Monpensier and D'Aumale were playing at draughts, and both dressed as Gardes Nationales. After this, Asmodeus showed me the former habitation of Madame de Barry, now the residence of the sister of Louis Philippe. She was very busy in

casting up accounts, and in making notes for the curtailing the emoluments of those who are employed about the Court. She had in her hands the *bill of M. Paër*, of the last musical concert, and had reduced it almost to half the sum usually given. *Mon Dieu!* if I could but get her for my housekeeper!

"Now," said Asmodeus to me, "you will see Louis Philippe." I turned, and beheld a man, with a respectable father-of-a-family look, sitting by a table with a bald-headed gentleman, and poring very attentively over an architectural design.

"The bald-headed gentleman is M. Fontaine, the architect: they are concerting a plan for a Royal Bazaar. His Majesty has a great turn for such projects: in fact, between you and me, his character has been mistaken—he only looks on the Crown as a great commercial speculation. He has at once the soul and the civility of a tax-gatherer; and if he loses the Throne, give him a patent for building shops on a new plan, with a certain gain, and he will be at once the happiest and most popular man in the kingdom."

By these remarks it was easy to perceive that Asmodeus was no lover of the Citizen King; but who knows whether the satire of the Devil was not the best compliment the Monarch could receive? I settle not these points. I wish to keep well with a Government that could banish one from the *Rocher de Cancale*. And I would fain not share with Lady Morgan the honours of an interdict.

The Devil proceeded to descant on the royal *ménage*, when turning round he perceived me very unequivocally yawning. He had lived too long with the aristocracy not to be well bred, and he immediately proposed to me a change of scene: the wine, however, had made me drowsy, and I proposed a return to London in order to let the newspapers know what was really going on at the Metropolis of Europe. The Devil consented, and telling our steeds to be steady for once in a way, we set off in an easy canter. The Devil fell into a profound silence—it lasted so long that I was surprised at it, despite of my own drowsiness. "What are you thinking of, my friend?" said I.—"I was thinking," quoth Asmodeus, "of the Lord Chancellor."—"Better now than later," said I; "he would be delighted if he knew who was so honouring him."—"I was thinking," resumed the Devil, disregarding my remark, "how desirable it would be for France to possess such a man! the misfortune of France is that her men of reflection are not men of action—her men of action are not men of reflection. Had she possessed one who was both, and who, as great a man as Harry Brougham, was also as *profound an actor*, and had he been thrown uppermost as he undoubtedly would, France now would have sprung up from her revolution on the wings of her proper eagle. He would apparently have spurned the *juste milieu*—he would have marched at the head of the *mouvement*. But he would have restrained while he appeared to have encouraged, and won confidence for principles while he was guiding those principles into legitimate channels."

"Doubtless," said I, "but Harry Brougham has pretty nearly the same part to play at home!"

"Not at all," rejoined Asmodeus quickly; "do you not perceive that in England he is chained by the fetters of his vocation? With

all his versatility, Lord Brougham cannot be Prime Minister and Lord Chancellor both. His law reforms, and his law hearings, and his woolsack, and his replies to Lord Dudley give him enough to do. Pity that he was ever a lawyer—he ought to be your Prime Minister at this moment. He, at least, would not have been wavering between six Peers and thirty. The Reform would have been gained ere this, and England—" Here, having had enough of Reform from human lips, I fell fast asleep, and when I woke it was broad noon on the next day, and I was in my own bed-room in —— Street.

O Novelty! Mother of all our delights—the bright-eyed—the fresh-breathing—the seraph-winged!—Morning of the soul—wishes are the birds that hymn thee—hopes are the dews that sparkle beneath thy tread—where thou walkest, all things are eloquent with gladness, and life's air is quaffed as an elixir. What is love without thee?—what ambition?—what social conviviality?—what even solitary aspirings?—the first of anything how delightful—the repetition how palling! Thee do I hunt with an eager heart through an existence that I feel is not fated to endure long. Come when it will, the last day shall find me prepared, and I will walk with a bold step across that bridge which conducts me at least to a world hitherto untried! in truth, a man must indeed be an adorer of novelty when he rides out in the nights of January with the Devil for a companion!

While I was thus musing and sipping my coffee, Asmodeus entered the room. I greeted him with joy. "And what news?" cried I, throwing down the papers which I had just taken up in despair.

"Why, I find," said Asmodeus—("have you any cigars here? ah! thank you, they're all the fashion not only in Regent Street above, but in Pandemonium below, ever since James the First flattered our national pride by attributing the invention of tobacco to us")—why, I find some one—not you of course, you have been too busy—has been putting our adventures into a Magazine, and I have been asking the world what they think of us."

"Ah! that must be interesting," said I, drawing my chair nearer my visitor's, for I dare say the reader has lived long enough to know that anything about oneself is interesting:—and that is the charm of notoriety.

"Why, they say that my re-appearance is not new."

"A discovery, few re-appearances are! But what does that signify? —you appear after a new fashion—surely that is novelty enough in the world. We will make the adventures new before we part, and, by-the-by, you shall introduce me *au plutôt* to the Fairies, since you insinuate they still exist. It will be pleasant to spend one of these frosty nights among the green knolls of the pigmy gentles. The Magazine—what sort of a thing is that?"

"Oh, an old friend with a new face. It proposes to fill up a certain vacuum in English literature, and aims at the design of the Encyclopedists of France, leaving out their infidelity and so forth—to keep up philosophically with the *mouvement*, and to fight the old opinions with the new. It takes a modest name, but has more aims and more intentions than it puts forth."

"May it prosper!" said I, disinterestedly; "doubtless it deserves

it: and what else is there stirring in the great Republic of Literature?"

"Marry!" returned the Devil, "you are growing so good that there are very few books now published that a Devil can read. I remember the time when every Novel smacked of the stews—when a Play was villainy made pleasant—and every doctrinal controversy was brimfull of envy, malice, and the inhumanities of hatred. Now all is smooth, civil, and oily. Your Novelists moralize, and your Plays fast on a meagre *double entendre*. As to controversy there's an end of it—except in politics. This growing decency is not peculiar to England—it extends all over Europe. Manners wear petticoats, and are ladylike exceedingly. Yet, you are not a bit better for it—we have just as large a proportion of you below. Why is this? I don't understand it. Nor does your conversation in this respect reflect the modest colours of your literature. Men talk just as naughtily after dinner—Divines and ladies abuse each other just as vehemently as ever. In jesting, the most popular jokes are still the least delicate, and yet the moment you see in a book anything the least resembling what you are all talking, laughing, chuckling, and hugging yourselves about every day in the week, you set up your backs at it, and call the author all the names you can think of. In fact all men have two suits of character—the every-day suit and the Sunday suit. And the best of you are much deeper hypocrites than the world is aware of."

The morning looked fine, and so I proposed a stroll. Asmodeus, who seemed not himself to be always free from ennui, agreed to the proposition with considerable avidity. We had scarce got into the street before we met the Bishop of London. I had some slight acquaintance with his Lordship—he joined us, and the Devil, with great politeness, offered him his arm. I pass over our conversation, lest the good Bishop should regret his familiarity with my companion. But what can a Bishop expect from a Reformer? "I know not," said the Devil, as we now *tête-à-tête* entered the Green Park, "what I should more observe in you English, than your half-and-halfness. You are so bold and so timid—so lavish and so economical. You order a New Palace slap dash—and just when it's finished, you think it would be better to let it go to ruin. But really you have no grounds for such niggardly conduct in the case of this splendid edifice," and the Devil, putting on his spectacles, peered at the pile of Pimlico which stood majestically before us. "How grand!" ejaculated Asmodeus; "what a noble simplicity!—here are no crowded ornaments, no paltry figures, no overladen imagery—all is simple and striking—then the building is so lofty and so commanding—you may see it all over London. Ah, your architects study the sublime! And what a beautiful idea that round thing at the top—the crown or rather nightcap of the whole; it looks just as if you had first put up the house, and were now going to *put it out!* Doubtless a moral is ingeniously meant—something about Time destroying the noblest edifices. And indeed that would be very emblematic—for I hear the palace was not intended to last.

'All that's bright must fade.'

'Tis a pretty idea making ephemera in brick and mortar—poetical!"

"Pooh!" said I, patriotically, for Buckingham Palace, as the reader well knows, is a sore point with us:—"Pooh! the Palace is a very fine Palace, and Mr. Nash says it will be quite another thing when it comes to have its gold gates (mosaic gold) put on. But indeed we shall probably let it stay as it is. The nation can't spend any more money upon objects of show."

"That is exactly it," returned the Devil, in his d—d sententious way; "you make a sacrifice to Extravagance, that you may leave it unfinished—a monument of Folly!"

While we were thus conversing, the Duke of Wellington drove by in his carriage.

"Now," quoth the Devil, "I am curious to know what that man thinks of human nature. Between you and me, I suspect that he heartily despises it. One thing he must despise, and that is Popular Opinion. No man ever saw it through so many varieties. Adored to-day, hissed to-morrow—now worshipped with huzzas, now pelted with brickbats—now receiving a magnificent house from the public bounty, and now seeing its windows smashed by the public indignation. Can that man respect those who are all idolaters at one hour, all execrators the next? Impossible! for he must know himself to have been always the same!—the same when hissed, the same when huzzaed! And he has only, therefore, the choice, whether he shall despise in his fellow-subjects the want of consistency, or the want of penetration."

"Signor Don Asmodeus, you talk very well for a Spanish Devil, but you are not profound enough for an Englishman. The people are all very right—when the man served their cause (or they fancied he did), they were grateful—when he impeded it, they were indignant. *Voilà*, a very simple way of viewing the case."

"It is not saying much for mankind, when your best apology for them is insisting on the naturalness of being selfish," said the Devil.

"Nonsense!" said I. "Tell me one thing—will the Duke of Wellington ever be Prime Minister again?"

"Possibly; in a reformed Parliament."

"Ha! ha!"

"I 'm very serious. Re-action *may* follow Reform—the absurdity is, to suppose that it can precede it."

"That 's true enough," said I, and I fell into a reverie; "for my friends are Whigs—God bless and God help them!"

"Observe that old gentleman in his green carriage," quoth the Devil; "he is J——, the wit of a former age. He has become deaf, in order not to hear the dull things of his successors. Poor J——! It is a curious sight, and full of interest, the spectacle of a superannuated jester!—it is like the skeleton of a butterfly! There is one thing that seems strange to me in the nature of wit—it fluctuates. A man, very witty in one age, is thought either very vulgar or very dull in the next: it is because wit depends upon the tone of the times, and thus becomes, in the vein of its *persiflage*, in fashion or out. Poor J——! I remember being behind his elbow some hundred or two years ago, when a tax was laid on hair-powder and tea. J——

scratched off the following impromptu—it was thought wonderful then:—

'You tax your powder, and you tax our tea—
We 'll soon have no *beaux* left—not ev'n *bo*-hea!'"

"The wit," said I, "is certainly not of the most elevated order; and thereupon the Devil and I fell into a long dispute about the nature of wit, in which, *selon la regle*, nothing was omitted—but wit itself.

"What is this?" said I, some little while afterwards, as we were looking over the newspapers at the Athenæum—"'A Public Dinner,' to celebrate the memory of Burns and the arrival of the Ettrick Shepherd!—let us go." The Devil sneered, and we went.

Oh! what a failure! Dinner presumptive at six o'clock, and apparent at a quarter past seven! Then the literary gentlemen present!—the flower of England—warmed from ill-humour to noise; and the row became stunning. It was evidently a Tory trap—none of the Liberals advertised as stewards, Campbell, &c. were present—doubtless they heard the meeting was to be political, and discreetly kept away. Such is the mania of Politics, that even the peaceful ground of Literature is not to be left unpolluted!—the high name of Burns, the noblest of Scotland's reformers, is to be prostituted to the purposes of Anti-reform!—and Hogg (whose bold and native genius required more generous treatment) is to be considered, not as the Poet of "Kilmene," but the incarnation of Blackwood's Magazine. These devices of party despair make a freeman sick—they make a Tory traveller exceedingly drunk—*verbum sat!* Great Burns! brave and unhappy spirit! couldst thou have looked down and beheld thy haughty name bowed to such purposes?—Out on it!

The Devil saw me in a passion—"Come home," said he, "for to-morrow night I have better sport in store for you. Talking of Burns, puts me in mind of Witches and Tam O'Shanter. I know some most agreeable Witches—to-morrow night is a gala—I will introduce you to them."

"Are you in earnest?—are Witches still extant?"

"In plenty."

"Give me your hand. O Diamond of Devils, you restore me to life!—is it possible that at this day I still have one novelty left me, and that of the feminine sex! Oh! Asmodeus, an *amour* with a Witch will be heaven itself!"

"Are not ordinary women possessed of sufficient witchcraft?" said the Devil.

I was about to reply, when suddenly * *
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(To be continued.)

JOHN HAMPDEN.*

It was a noble saying of Machiavel, that it is hopeless to attempt to reduce to slavery a nation imbued with the spirit of freedom. Never, in any age or time, did that spirit arise, without the power, and the knowledge of power, to carry forward its great dictates. It must always be seconded and followed out by the active and energetic love of humanity, to which it owes its birth, and which is a better security against tyranny or oppression than any which human wisdom has devised. Nothing can repress the general WILL in a nation to be free,—it can perish by nothing, save its own hand.

Hence arose the new power which was developed in this nation during the early part of the seventeenth century, and against which the kingly, and aristocratic power, dashed themselves to pieces. It was this that knit the nation together in that day by a common bond of interest and sympathy, which carried the hearts of men along with the honourable struggles they were obliged to sustain, and converted them into an ennobling enjoyment. Out of this issued forth those Great Men who cast off the trammels of old opinion, and proclaimed the rights of human intelligence against stationary and particular interests. And never sprang there up so formidable an association in behalf of the doctrines of civil liberty, with so many lasting claims to the gratitude of freemen now. For to what did their exertions tend? To the correction of abuses; to the adaptation of the Government to the progress and wants of the age; to the establishment of an independent party in the House of Commons to obey the wishes, and guard the interests, of the people. Thus alone could the peaceful developement of the new power abroad throughout the nation be peacefully provided for, and to these great ends they devoted their wonderful faculties. They proposed changes in political government with caution, and in a humane and conscientious temper. They were met by the mockery of all public right, by the breach of common good faith, and by the outrage of all the principles that hold men together in subordination to a government. They strived in vain to fight the battle out on the floor of the House of Commons: they were driven from that constitutional arena by a monstrous deed of perfidy and violence, —and not till then did they betake themselves to a field of more agitating and dreadful warfare. They must have felt secure of the issue of the conflict, and they preferred it, attended as it might be with danger and death to themselves, to a victory gained over constitutional principle, and the great rights before which individual interests sink into nothing.

And, now that two hundred years have elapsed since their immortal exertions, do not they stand proudly vindicated to us, their posterity, in their claims to practical wisdom and disinterested patriotism? We are engaged (it is useless to deny it) in a struggle which concerns the same principle for the defence of which they lived and died. Reflection and experience, it is true, have established with us wider maxims of political wisdom, but the people have also increased in consequence and political inportance. It has become necessary that we

* Some Memorials of John Hampden, his Party, and his Times. By Lord Nugent.

should provide for the timely and peaceful operation of a great power newly arisen to feel its strength among us. Our task is the same as theirs, though our position is altered. Still we also are to contend against overgrown power, and the battle must be fought out on the same great principle. Thanks to them, for that they have placed us on the vantage-ground of historical example, and handed down to us the moral of the great drama of which they were the actors. Nothing that opens out to us the consideration of its tempestuous scenes can be without advantage now, and we gladly welcome the appearance of a book on the times of one of its greatest conductors, written by a man in whose habits of thought we have as much faith as in his love of justice. In the character and actions of Hampden, detailed by a friend of freedom, we may see much that will administer to our own interests, and the objects of our present concern. Nor to others ought the book to be without its use, if it induces them to look at history for a while in the spirit recommended by Raleigh, that they "may gather a policy no less wise than eternal, by the comparison of other men's fore-passed miseries with their own like errors and ill deservings."

Lord Nugent has called his book "Some Memorials of John Hampden, his Party, and his Times." This title, however, does not convey, we think, the true character of the work, which partakes more of the nature of general history, than of private or particular details. And in this we were disappointed. It may be true, that of Hampden himself less of correspondence and private conversation has been preserved than of any other so remarkable person living in times so near our own: but why, when some of his correspondence, and that, too, of the most delightful character, *has* come down to us, should Lord Nugent think it necessary to apologise for its introduction, and speak of it as "having nothing of historical importance to recommend it?" And why has he not given us some private memorials of Hampden's party? Sufficient exist to have afforded a very lively conception of their individual character and demeanour, and they would not have been without their use even in illustrating the habitudes and distinguishing particulars of the character of Hampden. As to the "having nothing of historical importance to recommend" them, we believe, on the contrary, that such details, delightful as they always must be, carry light and life into history itself; and for ourselves, we are almost inclined to go the length of the writer, who tells us he was grateful for being told that Milton wore shoe-buckles. In these respects the book before us is certainly scanty and unsatisfactory, though nothing can be better in its general spirit, or in the judgment and care with which its details have been digested. Perhaps we have reason to quarrel with Lord Nugent for his reluctance to enter into large speculations, or to trust himself to the guidance of principles more binding than the letter of any positive statute can ever be. Hence his anxiety to rescue Hampden from certain imputations of having exceeded the precise letter of precedent, scrupling not to separate him, for a time, from the great men with whom it was his pride to labour, and whose actions need no justification with those who know the true bearings of the struggle in which they had engaged—of the characters with whom they had to deal—of the rash and violent

experiments on the nature and power of government they had bound themselves to overthrow—and of the original rights of man, which they had sworn to maintain.

We are the more sorry for this, because Lord Nugent is a right and manly thinker, and ought not to have been afraid of great questions, like that of Strafford's attainder. Setting these aside, he has done ample justice to the acts and motives of Hampden and his Party, and has borne ample testimony to the truth and sincerity of their objects. He seems to have come to his task under the sense of a high responsibility, and has examined questions with considerable diligence and care. We are glad, therefore, to avail ourselves of his assistance, with that of the original records, and of those older authors who illustrate best the sentiments of their own age, and are, perhaps, the most imbued with its real spirit and feeling, in giving a brief, but we trust faithful, account of Hampden's great character and immortal exertions.

John Hampden, descended from an "ancient and genteel family," was born in London in 1594. Clarendon tells us that he had a "fair fortune," to which, it seems, he succeeded in his infancy. At the age of fifteen he entered Magdalen College, Oxford, as a commoner,—and though he left it without a degree, his attainments there seem to have gained him some repute, as we learn from Lord Nugent that he was chosen, with a few others, to write the Oxford gratulations on the marriage of the Elector Palatine with the Princess Elizabeth. Strange to connect this slight circumstance with the events of his after-life, and to learn that, from this marriage,—which he was called on to celebrate, and the issue from which he spoke of, in his school-boy ode, as

> " ———— proles
> Cui nulla terra, nulla
> Gens sit parem datura,"

—should spring Prince Rupert, who led the King's troops in the fatal field of Chalgrove!

After the custom of the time, which pointed out a knowledge of the common law as an essential of good education, and necessary to one who aspired to the duties of a Member of the House of Commons, Hampden entered his name on the books of the Inner Temple. Whether, at this youthful period, he had been induced, from his cheerful habits and fascinating manners, to enter into the dissipations of the age, and had begun the life of "great pleasure and licence," which Clarendon, not, as it seems, unjustly, has charged upon his earlier years, we have no means of knowing; but it is certain that he never at any period of his life abandoned intellectual exertion, or neglected the literary labours to which his taste always inclined him. Accordingly, at the Inner Temple he did not fail to make considerable progress in his new study; and we find the courtier Sir Philip Warwick bearing testimony to his "great knowledge, both of scholarship and law." Nor does the next circumstance of his life to which our attention is directed, indicate any taste on his part for "licence" of the more abandoned sort. He married, in 1619, a lady to whom, we are told, he was throughout life tenderly attached. Here we could wish

that Lord Nugent had favoured us with those "several parts of his correspondence" in which, it seems, he pays tribute to her talents, virtues, and affection. We could have spared some of the more stately passages of the book in return for them.

From his retreat in his native county, Hampden was soon called on to bear his part in public affairs. A year after his marriage he took his seat for the borough of Grampound, in that celebrated Parliament of 1620, which struck the first heavy blow against corruption, by furthering independent representation. The venerable Coke, Pym, Selden, Phillips, and St. John, had met the solemn and precise claims of the pedantic James with flat contradiction and denial, and the great fight for Parliamentary privilege and extended representation was already begun, to the amazement of all the continental nations. Hampden chose his part at once, and took his seat beside them. In vain had his mother, fondly desiring (what she imagined to be) dignity for her son, entreated him to seek a Peerage. On the high ground of public principle he saw a nobler dignity, and resolvedly refused to stir from it. We owe this fact to the researches of Lord Nugent, and are grateful for its discovery, because it throws a steady light on his early character, and is a comfort and guide to our understanding in looking to his after-exertions. Here was no personal vanity, or private interest, or boundless ambition, no restless or unsatisfied desires.

In considering the character of Hampden, it will not appear strange that for many years he made no considerable figure in Parliament. In disposition he was unobtrusive; of "rare temper and modesty," to use the words of Clarendon; whilst his wonderful energy of mind was under exact discipline. He saw that the leading members of the Opposition were as yet sufficient to their task, and he cared not to thrust himself unnecessarily forward. Recording his votes for freedom always, he waited a fitting opportunity for more personal exertion. But as he was resolved wisely not to anticipate the call of the occasion, so he prepared himself not to disobey it. In the retirement of his yet private life, he earnestly investigated the great political questions of the time; and a manuscript volume of his notes attests the anxious assiduity with which he pored over the doctrines and precedents of parliamentary privilege. We may imagine the effect produced on his mind by such studies; nor do we wonder to hear from Clarendon, that at this period "he retired to a more reserved and melancholy society;" whilst we feel to love him the more for it, when the historian adds, that "he yet preserved his own natural cheerfulness and vivacity, and, above all, a flowing courtesy to all men."

The country was now under the sway of Charles the First, and that misguided prince had realized the most melancholy forebodings. In the painful and humiliating denial of all public right and public law, which the young King and his pampered Minister had openly proclaimed, how grateful a thing it is to contemplate the patriotism and gallant resistance it immediately provoked! Hampden was not wanting when a personal sacrifice was required. The "loan" was demanded from him; he saw the consequences of compliance, and that it must endanger the general right. From that moment his constitutional diffidence vanished;—and he stood forward, for the first time, pro-

minently to his fellow-citizens, as the speaker of the bold and remarkable reply which Rushworth has preserved for us—"That he could be content to lend as well as others, but feared to draw upon himself that curse in Magna Charta, which should be read twice a-year against those who infringe it." Then followed rigorous imprisonment,—the exactions of loans and benevolences without pretence of law,—the taking of tonnage and poundage without consent of Parliament,—the unparalleled severity of the Star Chamber and High Commission,—the billeting of soldiers on the houses of private persons hostile to the Court,—the execution of martial-law with provoking outrage,—and the reckless and cruel administration of ecclesiastical affairs! All these monstrous invasions, however, were stopped for the time by the Parliament, which the King, to his fear and horror, was again compelled to summon. In this, the great Third Parliament, Hampden became better known; for the sufferings he had borne in the popular cause had procured him the entire confidence of the popular party. He took his share in the famous Petition of Right, which has immortalized its framers. The eventful history of that Parliament is but too well known,—its wonderful "temper and decorum,"—the flagrant breach of its wise provisions—and, in the end, its violent dissolution, which caused Sir Symonds d'Ewes to mark the day whereon it occurred (the 2nd of March 1629) as the most gloomy, sad, and dismal day for England, that had happened for five hundred years.

In the stormy and tempestuous scene of that day, Hampden was not an actor. He avoided therefore the vengeance of the Court, which fell so heavily, and with such deadly and deliberate aim, on the head of his friend Sir John Eliot, the first great martyr to the cause of Freedom. In reading of the horrible persecution undergone by this illustrious man, we are reconciled to our hopes of things by recollecting that it served the cause that was dearest to him, and that, throughout the struggle, the remembrance of his harsh and cruel murder never died. We have another cause, too, for thinking thus, in the delightful view it has handed down to us of the character of Hampden, of his generous and gentle feeling. We find in him, at this trying period, nothing wanting of the qualities that command respect and love for their amiable and exalted nature. He appears to us the guardian of the two young Eliots, turning his great mind anxiously to their improvement—leaving nothing undone for their welfare; and disclosing throughout his correspondence with their father, a fine fancy, a heart of honour full, as of gentleness—of true wisdom and scholarship, of kindness and intrepidity. Here are the fine points of Hampden's character, here are the qualities that made him a patriot—his love for all men and for all good and graceful things. In looking at his life, these letters are of the last importance; the feelings they disclose enable us to judge his latter years by a true test, and to discover the secret of his bold endeavours then—the end to which he looked in all his patriotic toils and enjoyments—in unbounded love and gentleness to mankind. Why, then, did Lord Nugent apologise for introducing these letters?—what does he mean by "hoping to stand excused for making so copious extracts of letters on matters which throw so little light on general history"? Does he think that general history, in its largest view, does not embrace the minutest particulars of such a

character as Hampden? Nothing can be more mistaken. The greatest interests are made up even of the least, and the high-sounding words, "general history," melt at last into individual concerns. We know nothing more unphilosophical in the philosophic historian Hume, than where he speaks of the delightful anecdote of Alfred and the cakes, as "containing nothing memorable in itself."

Before we pass hastily, as we must force ourselves to do, to the latter events of Hampden's life—having endeavoured to illustrate his earlier years, and the feelings which actuated him then—we may be excused for dwelling for a moment on a subject which occupies several pages of Lord Nugent's book,—we mean the refutation of certain misrepresentations of Sir John Eliot's character, attributed to Mr. D'Israeli's "Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First." We think the Noble Author of the "Memorials" has made out his case, and with great diligence and impartiality; but he has overlooked one or two points of justice to the author of the "Commentaries." Lord Nugent, for instance, ought not to have challenged that gentleman's *authority* (however false, as we believe it to be,) for saying that Sir John stabbed Mr. Moyle "in the hour of reconciliation, with wine before them," when Echard must have been on one of the shelves of his Lordship's library, where, with little trouble, he would have found the passage which describes Eliot as having had a difference with Mr. Moyle, then "going to his house under the show of a friendly visit," and "treacherously stabbing Mr. Moyle while he was turning on one side to take a glass of wine to drink to him." In justice to Mr. D'Israeli, we must also remark, that a little labour on the part of Lord Nugent would have discovered the letters, on the authority of which the Author of the "Commentaries" infers that means had either been resorted to to screen Eliot's property, or that he was a man of ruined fortunes. We remember, indeed, being puzzled a little with the erroneous reference which Mr. D'Israeli has certainly given, but afterwards discovered that letter in the second volume of Doctor Birch's manuscript letters relating to those times, which are deposited in the British Museum, and with which laborious collection, as with the "Cabala" (the source of the other letter), every historian of the period ought to be familiar. We are more anxious to bear testimony to Mr. D'Israeli's correctness in these matters, because we think his book to be, on the whole, very valuable, lively, and ingenious, though undertaken for an object which, unfortunately, makes one look on it with suspicion. Its author's fault, indeed, lies in his being too ingenious, and not in some points sufficiently ingenuous. He seems to take a pride in trying to disturb the heirs of fame in the enjoyment of their tranquil inheritance, that we may be induced to look with more favourable eye on his aristocratic favourites. Still his book is amusing, sometimes out of its very errors: for instance, we may point attention to the passage (which, by the way, Lord Nugent, as he was engaged on the task, ought not to have left to us to correct) where he accuses Eliot of having, out of his ungovernable passions, run away with the daughter of Sir Daniel Norton; which he implies from the fact of the Parliament having remitted the sum of 2000*l.* part of four, in which he had been fined by the Court of Wards. Now, it was not Sir John Eliot who was fined by the Court of Wards, but his eldest son, whose wild habits and irregularities of conduct are alluded to in

the "Memorials," as having proved a source of some pain to Hampden. This will be found, on reference to the second entry in the Earl of Leicester's Journal. But we must hasten from this subject to the further great and remarkable features which present themselves in the character and conduct of Hampden.

In retirement he had been anxiously watching the progress of the King's mad projects, and fitting himself for the crisis to which he felt they must lead. Davila's History of the Civil Wars of France was become his manual, (his *vade mecum*, as Sir Philip Warwick calls it,) as if in the study of that sad history of strife and bloodshed he already saw the parallel his unhappy country was shortly to afford. The bitterness of spirit with which he thought of these things, must have been greatly increased by the death of his wife, which happened at this time. Henceforward we begin to perceive the change gradually taking place in his public bearing, and the causes of that change. He saw that men of standing in the country should hold back no longer; that, in the absence of parliaments, the nation wanted leaders, and he resolved to put himself forward to lead them on to resistance. "From this moment," to use the words of an illustrious writer* of our own time, whose great work on the Commonwealth is written in the true spirit of philosophic inquiry, "Hampden dismissed the thought of a solitary and retired existence, and became a citizen after the purest model." Then came the assessment of ship-money, a word, as Clarendon says, "of lasting sound in the memory of this kingdom;" and then the gallant refusal of many to pay it, among whom were Hampden, and Lord Say and Sele. Lord Nugent states that "no sooner was the name of Hampden seen among the defaulters, than, as if by common desire that the conflict should be decided in the person of a single champion, the eyes of the Court and people were alike turned on him." We believe this view to be incorrect, and would rather trust the testimony of Clarendon and the contemporary historians. They tell us that "he was rather of reputation in his own country, than of public discourse and fame in the kingdom before the business of ship-money," and therefore it is not likely that the eyes of the nation would be at once directed to a man as yet but partially known. We rather suppose that he obtained the trial in preference to the others, through the faith the Court entertained in his moderate demeanour, in his "affability and temper,"—aided at the same time by that "great address and insinuation to bring anything to pass which he desired," which he possessed to a degree far beyond any other man of that time. Our opinion is strengthened by the noble passage in Clarendon describing the effect of the great stand Hampden was now enabled to make, for himself, his country, and us, his posterity, against arbitrary taxation. "Then he grew the argument of all tongues, every man enquiring *who, and what he was*, that durst at his own charge support the liberty and property of the kingdom, and rescue his country (as he thought) from being made a prey to the Court."

The history of that immortal trial, in which, for many days, though in the midst of public danger and disquiet, the fundamental laws of the country were battled without reproach or passion, is too well known to be dwelt on here. Nor need we do more than allude to the

* Mr. Godwin.

oppressions which followed on the unjust sentence then awarded, and which the people bore with so much submission, that Hampden, stung with the thought that his country was doomed and *resigned* to loss of liberty, resolved with other patriots to seek a land where they might perfect their schemes of civil freedom, out of the reach of a tyranny their fellow-citizens would not assist them to overthrow. The hand of fate must have been indeed on Charles when he arrested their departure. From the hour that saw him leap again upon his native shore from the vessel in which he had embarked, Hampden was animated by a resolution which yielded to no further obstacle in his struggle with oppression.

Here then we come to the latter exertions of his life, with a knowledge of causes which makes us better able to appreciate their object and tendency. He who was formerly yielding and gentle, was now stern and resolute; he who had kept within the letter of precedents while yet serving the cause in his private capacity, now found "the eyes of all men fixed upon him as their *Patriæ Pater*, and the pilot that must steer the vessel through the tempests and rocks which threatened it." What wonder then that, with such responsibility, his views became larger and more extended? What wonder if, from a meek bearing, as Lord Clarendon tells us, "his nature and carriage seemed much fiercer than before"? Thrust from the legitimate ground of warfare on which he would willingly have taken the issue, he arose, from his resources of mind and heart, and shifting from the narrower grounds of precedent and privilege, fell back on the great rights of mankind, out of which, and for which, all laws arise. It is useless to deny that Hampden had then become (as Clarendon terms him) a "root and branch man." All his subsequent acts prove it: he had taken higher ground; his intellect had become more excited; his spirit more elevated; and every action and feeling showed that he would no longer be contented with lopping off the branches, but was resolved to lay the axe to the root, of the tree of corruption. Why does Lord Nugent shrink from contemplating his character in this view? It would have helped him to conclusions more just, and to reflections more beneficial, than those which disfigure the latter portion of the first volume of his "Memorials," where he speaks of "the memory of Hampden not being stained by any appearance of his having been concerned in Strafford's attainder." If his name does not appear in the proceedings, neither does that of Oliver Cromwell: but what will the noble author of the "Memorials" infer from that? That he opposed the attainder? No: we are told by Lord Nugent that, "being only doubtful as a matter of precedent, but clear to him in respect of the guilt of the accused person," and knowing that, if it did not pass, "all law but that of the sceptre and the sword was at an end," he—did what?—he stood by with all his lofty thoughts of the thousands of families whose quarrel he had embraced, and left the burden of the deed necessary for their happiness, to his great fellow-labourer Pym, that he might himself escape the odium of having departed from a strict letter of precedent, and might appear graceful to an aristocratic posterity, and a future race of Quarterly Reviewers. How monstrous all this appears! and yet Lord Nugent, who is a man of strong natural understanding, is led [illegible] this species of reasoning by induced feelings of habit and edu-

cation;—thinks that he is adorning, while inflicting himself a stain on the memory of Hampden, and talks of the injustice which has been done to the great patriot on this point by Clarendon and others. Why if it be indeed true that he retired from the division on the attainder before the question was put, no doubt he had admirable reasons for doing so, and rested meanwhile on the surety of its passing, for even Lord Nugent does not pretend to say that he had not its success much at heart. Why then blame Clarendon? For it seems to us that what Clarendon says of Hampden's character so far bears out Lord Nugent, and that they both conspire in this instance to reflect no additional honour on the patriot. "He begot many opinions and motions," says that historian, "the education whereof he committed to other men; so far disguising his own designs, that he seemed seldom to wish more than was concluded; and in many gross conclusions, which would hereafter contribute to designs not yet set on foot, when he found them sufficiently backed by majority of voices, *he would withdraw himself before the question, that he might seem not to consent to so much visible unreasonableness.*"

But it is useless to pursue this question farther. No impartial student of history can say that John Hampden ever shrank from the responsibility which his great duties imposed on him, or from the great men with whom he acted in that immortal Parliament of 1640, which vindicated so nobly the rights of Englishmen and of mankind. Indeed we have every right to infer that no one of that age looked at the great question of resistance to tyranny on larger or more extended grounds, or in a more philosophic spirit. It was he who first dared to anticipate a broader field of warfare than the floor of the House of Commons, and to prepare himself for a more real struggle. Constantly in communion with his friend Oliver Cromwell, he it was who advised with him great projects of freedom, and whose penetrating spirit first pointed to that remarkable person, as likely to become, "in case of a breach with the King, the greatest man in England." And what exertions were his, immediately preceding the civil war, on the great questions of the time! The Episcopacy Bill, the Grand Remonstrance, and the Militia,—with what earnestness he supported and promoted all, and with what perfect success he employed that striking tact of eloquence which Clarendon describes so well, in the passage where he speaks of him as a "very weighty speaker, who, after he had heard a full debate, and observed how the House was like to be inclined, took up the argument, and shortly, and clearly, and craftily, so stated it, that he commonly conducted it to the conclusion he desired." Nor should we omit to mention, in corroboration of the resolute and determined spirit with which he was at this time actuated, the remarkable words he uttered regarding the information conveyed by the Countess of Carlisle to the five members, of the monstrous invasion of privilege Charles intended in the seizure of their persons in the House.* That information, said Hampden, "saved bloodshed in the House,"—words of strange and mingled meaning which are not recorded in the "Memorials," but which are a testimony to the "fierce" earnestness with which he now dwelt on the oppressor's wrongs, and the determination to avenge them. Indeed he saw no resource after that terrible step on the

part of the infatuated King, but the appeal to the sword. We soon find him, therefore, in the field of battle, periling life for freedom, and girded, to use the words of Algernon Sydney, with the "athletic habit of liberty for the contest."

In the "Memorials" before us, the history of the year of civil warfare which ensued is given with great spirit, and Lord Nugent has not scrupled throughout to indulge in emotions, of a very pleasing and affecting kind. But we must not venture into these details. It is sufficient to say that Hampden in vain endeavoured to push the vacillating Essex into some great enterprise which might lead to a decisive issue, and that even his own superhuman courage and wonderful skill were insufficient to compensate for the weaknesses of that commander. We are not without a very picturesque, if not very ornate description of his appearance on the field of battle, which we find in a poem, published a few weeks after his death by "Capt. J. S." his friend and fellow-soldier. The lines ought to have been preserved by Lord Nugent, for they give us at least an animated notion of Hampden's valiant bearing. "I have seene," says his friend in the course of them—

"I have seene
Him i' th' front of his regiment in greene,
When death about him did in ambush lie,
And whizzing shot like shewres of arrowes flye,
Waving his conq'ring steele, as if that he
From Mars had got the sole monopolie
Of never-fayling courage;—and so cheare
His fighting men—"

—but all this availed not; and in the fatal skirmish of Chalgrove, John Hampden (who had hurried to the fight because there was danger there, and hope of service to the cause, and of retrieving the errors of Essex,) received his death-wound from two carabine balls that lodged in his shoulder: "closing," to use the words of these Memorials, "the great work of his toilsome life with a brilliant reputation and an honourable death; crowned, not, as some happier men, with the renown of victory, but with a testimony not less glorious, of fidelity to the sinking fortunes of a conflict which his genius might have more prosperously guided, and to a better issue."

We need not dwell on the affecting moments of his death, on his courage, and patience, and love of country, which survived to the last; on the message which, with his "ruling passion strong in death," he sent to the terror-stricken army, or on the prayers for his distracted country, which were issuing from his lips, as he fell back and expired. We have already exceeded our limits in illustrating the great points of his character;—not in vain, if it has helped to suggest any new considerations of human motives and conduct, nor without present advantage to a contest now impending, if, in drawing the line of distinction between the early and later years of John Hampden, we have given one more illustrious example to the great truth, that rights withheld and justice deferred will ever enhance the price, at which safety and peace *must*, in the end, be purchased.*

* Since these pages went to press, we have perused Mr. D'Israeli's Pamphlet entitled "Eliot, Hampden, and Pym." We regret that we cannot in the present number find space to reply to several assertions advanced by that ingenious Author; we shall deem it a duty to the illustrious dead, to take an early opportunity of doing so.

THE STATE OF THE DRAMA.

In a literary age, acknowledged to abound with writers endowed with a true poetical spirit, the decline, or rather the extinction of the English Drama seems a paradox as curious as it is lamentable, and deserves, at least, some investigation. Like most other mundane affairs, however, it is capable of being explained by very natural and efficient causes, the chief of which will be found ultimately to be resolved by the unparalleled injustice of the law relative to dramatic copyright. A few observations, not propounded with the exactest regard to method, and mixed up with a portion of theatrical gossip, may elucidate the subject as clearly as a more formal and elaborate argument.

The public at large are yet unapprised, that should an author commit to the press a drama, of any description whatever, from that moment, and by the mere act of ascertaining, by the only criterion in his power, whether his work possesses any value, he loses all control over its representation on the stage. It may be performed, like the Marino Faliero of Lord Byron, against the most urgent remonstrances of the author; and should it happen to acquire unbounded popularity, —should it be acted in every theatre in the three kingdoms—should it make the fortune of particular actors, and put thousands of pounds into the pockets of the various managers—still its author would not be entitled, by law, to the smallest compensation; nor, in fact, would he receive a shilling for his labours, unless perchance from the unexpected liberality of the metropolitan theatre which first adopted his performance.

Nor is the case of the proprietors of the metropolitan theatres themselves a much less degree of hardship. It was their custom, at least in former days, to remunerate an author with a sum really worth his acceptance. Mr. Colman, it is said, received a thousand pounds for "John Bull;" Mr. Cherry's "Soldier's Daughter" netted somewhat more. After such deductions from the profits even of the most successful play, besides having incurred the risk of failure—involving a certain loss, surely nothing can be more vexatious than for these persons being compelled to witness the deterioration of their property from the competition of other managers, who have incurred neither the risk of failure nor the expense of purchase. To what extent such plunder has been carried, may be inferred from a somewhat recent investigation. The proprietor of the Lyceum having purchased the copyright of the "Bottle Imp," became desirous of putting an end to the practice, though it is needless to add, in vain. But an inquiry being set on foot, it was discovered that this piece, which possesses no extravagant claims to popularity, was performed on the same evening in no fewer than twenty-three of the provincial theatres.

From the progressive operation of this state of things the London managers have ceased to reward authors with the same munificence as their predecessors, and consequently men of genius have ceased to write for the stage. The enormous size, too, of the patent theatres, by which half the dialogue is lost to the audience, having rendered the classic drama less efficient and attractive, spectacle and show, with translations of short pieces of mere bustle, from the French, sup-

plied at a trifling expense, have usurped the stage. Poor Comedy, thus neglected and discouraged, has literally expired; and though Tragedy, by dint of rant and mouthing in the actors, has made somewhat a better stand, yet what would be the remuneration of the most successful play, compared with the sums lavished on the "Lions of Mysore," upon whose arrival Government, it is said, by way of encouraging the drama, thought it not unworthy their attention to remit the usual Custom-house dues on imported animals? Well might Lord Brougham inquire, in the recent discussion of Mr. Arnold's claim to an extension of his licence, whether the patent theatres, during the last twenty years, had produced a single play worthy the attention, and fit for the rational amusement of men and women? The lawyers, struck dumb by the appeal, could certainly recollect no case in point: and thus the English drama, once the pride of the nation, has dwindled down so as to have ceased even to form a province of its literature. So much has the fashion of reading the last new play passed away, that scarcely any modern drama, however successful on the stage, will pay the expense of publication —another drawback to the unfortunate race of dramatists, who are deprived of a subsidiary recompense, which, in other days, was far from contemptible.

In France a law was passed, in the year 1791, prohibiting the work of any living writer to be represented, except by the author's consent, expressed in writing, under the penalty of the whole receipts of the theatre: and in 1793 an additional fine was imposed of 500 francs, both penalties becoming the property of the author. In Paris, it seems, that in most of the theatres the author shares a per centage on the receipts of the house, whenever his piece is performed. In the provinces the manager usually makes an agreement for each representation. These claims continue during the life of the author, with a remainder of ten years to his assigns, the whole business being conducted by respectable agents residing in Paris, having their correspondents throughout the country. The beneficial effect of these regulations is apparent in the acknowledged superiority of the modern French stage, and the striking contrast exhibited in the situation of the dramatist in each country; the very handsome emoluments derived from successful pieces in France, placing their authors in a state of ease and respectability, whilst in England the usual poverty of the writer for the stage is almost become proverbial; and well it may, when the dramatist, after having encountered the various difficulties of getting his piece represented, and having secured the favour of a capricious public, instead of having his property protected by the law, is left by the plenitude of its injustice to the mercy of every spoiler, and the principal sources, from whence he ought to derive his profits, are completely turned against him. A new invention in bobbin-net, or an improved lock, would be amply secured to its proprietor, but to the fabrications of the brain, British legislation has never been propitious; all that has been gained seems to have been wrung from a tardy and reluctant sense of shame, rather than of justice, the Senate ever beholding literature with a jealous, if not a vindictive eye, more ready to crush than to foster, to deride the sorrows of its professors, rather than to protect their interests.

It is now about two years since, that Mr. Lamb brought forward in the House of Commons a Bill "to alter and extend the provisions of the Act of 54 Geo. III. to take from managers of theatres the right of acting plays without obtaining the consent of the authors." The subject met with the support of several distinguished members of both parties; however, after various delays and adjournments, it was dropped, on an understanding, it is said, that it was to be renewed in the next Session. The word of promise has not been kept, and the dramatist must still sow the seed for other men to reap the harvest.

That the provisions of a Bill, assimilating the rights of authors to those secured by the laws of France, would be as practicable as they are beneficial, we have the forty years' experience of our neighbours. Nor let it be said that Parliament is too much occupied to attend to what some persons may choose to denominate trifles; to relieve injustice, to remove oppression, ought at no time to be considered as a trifle. It was during the busiest period of the Revolution, that the French Legislature could find leisure to protect the interests of a favourite branch of their national literature.

And, after all, is the Drama a trifle?—has it not exercised a mighty influence on the thoughts, the feelings, and the morals of the nation?—perhaps not the less powerful because somewhat unsuspected. It has been alleged, that in the provinces theatrical representations have ceased to attract: the national intellect, forsooth! having been so far advanced by the schoolmaster, as to be beyond the reach of improvement from the stage. But if such indifference really prevails, it must rather be attributed to a want in the supply of deserving novelties, which are absolutely necessary to the support of a theatre, the equivoque of the French stage, however smart and clever, not being sufficiently national, or affording suitable aliment to the taste of John Bull. When was Mr. Kean, while his faculties were unimpaired, heard to complain of the inaptitude of the population of any town, large or small, to listen to the language of Shakspeare from his lips? The present age, instead of disregarding works of imagination, seems rather too much disposed to reject instruction, unless presented through their medium; for however laudable may be the institutions of modern times for the promotion of science, mathematics or mechanics can interest but few persons in the busy walks of life, and those only whose understandings are decidedly bent on their pursuit; but just exhibitions of life and manners come home to the business and bosoms of all men, inculcating on both sexes examples of real and universal wisdom. Hear the severe Milton—

> "Thence what the lofty, grave Tragedians taught
> In Chorus or Iambic, teachers best
> Of moral prudence, with delight received,
> In brief, sententious precepts, while they treat
> Of Fate, and chance, and change in human life,
> High actions and high passions best describing."
>
> *Par. Regained,* book iv.

This description, it must be owned, is more suited to the ancient than the modern state of the Drama, but by the proposed legislative provisions its equality might be somewhat restored. An author would feel secure in publishing a small edition of his work, by way of tentamen,

which might be adopted by any theatre which chose to make the experiment; at present, no man of literary attainments permits his play to be sent to the minor theatres, because of the beggarly emoluments which it would produce; but under a different system, an effective tragedy or comedy might be submitted to the usually indulgent audiences of these theatres, as a preliminary to its acceptance by the larger houses; and by the opportunity of correction and improvement thus afforded, it would be rendered secure against a sometimes unjust and precipitate condemnation. Indeed, under the present system, the patent houses, whenever a popular afterpiece has appeared on the boards of the minor theatres, have been far from unwilling to transplant it to their own more luxuriant soil; but, as it is understood, without the least advantage to the author. Opportunity, also, would thus be given to an actor of celebrity to try the effect of what he deemed an appropriate character at "a provincial theatre, without the danger of staking his judgment before the stormy and turbulent ordeal of a London audience:" by such a judicious experiment Mr. Macready secured the success of Lord Byron's "Werner" at Drury-Lane, which, a few years before, had been all but condemned at Covent-Garden; and thus, to works of real merit now slumbering in the scrutoires of their writers, managers would be compelled to pay that attention, which, by the present system, their authors, unless belonging to a certain *clique*, have not the slightest chance of commanding.

The fate of the tragedy of "Fazio, or the Italian Wife," by the Professor of Poetry at Oxford, is a striking confirmation of the correctness of these opinions. The play having been published, was neglected by the London managers, but the proprietors of the Bath theatre having sufficient tact to discover its dramatic power, brought it forward in that city, where it met with distinguished success. Its merit being thus ascertained, the principal character, Bianca, was soon after played by Miss O'Neil, at Covent Garden, and by Miss Taylor, at the Surrey theatre, to very large and frequent audiences; and lastly, Miss F. Kemble repeated it, in the last season, no fewer than seventeen times. What emolument the author may have derived from this well-deserved popularity, the world has not been informed; but whatever may have been its amount, whether much or little, or more probably nothing at all, it could only be claimed as a matter of favour, not of right, which makes a wonderful difference.

The successful comedy of "Paul Pry" stands in somewhat a different predicament. This play having been produced in the regular way at the Haymarket, the author, it may be concluded, received from that theatre the usual, or perhaps more than the usual remuneration; but had such a hit been made at Paris, he would have realized a moderate competence. Two hundred times has this favourite play been repeated in the metropolis, and it has penetrated to every nook and corner of the kingdom,—a proof, by the way, that audiences can still be drawn together in the country by the reputation of merit. Wherever Liston appeared, crowds were sure to follow, and will follow, as long as he repeats this popular character; and though no one can grudge to this incomparable performer his professional gains, yet, in this case, he may fairly be said to have traded on the borrowed capital of the author, who, by every rule of equity, commercial

or literary, ought to have been allowed interest, by a participation of the profits. In this instance, as well as in "Fazio," the emoluments which their respective authors may have received, are so strikingly disproportioned to the sums which they ought to have received, that the very brilliancy of their success itself must have been converted into a source of bitterness and mortification.

The pleasing little drama of "Black-eyed Susan," acted its hundred nights at the Surrey, and thence transferred to most, if not every other theatre, is another forcible example; and though it may be said that this piece is merely a trifle, still it is, at least, an English trifle, unborrowed from the French, and quite suited to the national taste. Other trifles have made the fortune of their inventors; a favourite sprig, for instance, in a printed cotton. By what conceivable rule of justice should the dramatist alone be deprived of the advantages of a lucky hit, and be denied that protection to his undoubted property, which is extended to every other class in the kingdom?

But a ray of promise has broken in from an unexpected quarter. The late prosecutions of the minor theatres having rendered an appeal to Parliament indispensable, the claim of authors must necessarily enter into the discussion. That the law must afford these establishments protection is evident; and from the convenient dimensions of these theatres, in which audiences can both see and hear a play with distinctness, it is probable that a revival of the genuine English drama will take place: by the equity of the legislature may the hope of the dramatist at length be realized. Let not the English public again witness such a spectacle as that of a writer, who had indeed excited the "gaiety of nations," the late Mr. O'Keeffe, being literally obliged to beg his bread at the very period when every manager in the kingdom was being enriched by the performance of his numerous and money-drawing pieces. The degrading exhibition was calculated to excite so powerful an emotion of compassion and indignation, that the liveliest of comedians* in vain endeavoured to suppress his tears when he presented his friend, blind, and infirm, and old, and destitute, to the gaze of the audience, with a silent appeal of "*date obolum Belisario!*"

We cannot conclude without expressing our hope that the time is nearly arrived when the pernicious monopoly of the great theatres will be broken down. For that monopoly, ruinous even to the monopolizers, what argument can be adduced? Has it preserved the dignity of the drama?—it has degraded the drama to a spectacle. Has it generously fostered the genius of the poet?—it has driven the poet from the stage. Has it exalted the talents of the actor?—it has forced the actor (from the vast size of the theatres which enjoy the monopoly) to substitute trick for passion and exaggeration for Nature. Has it preserved alive amongst a great people a genuine and high love for the noblest order of fiction?—it has at once vitiated the taste of the public and engendered an indifference to the stage. Its fruits are to be seen in an impoverished manager, a scanty audience, an unnatural actor, a wretched play, and—(an adequate set-off to all these)—an admirably painted scene!

* The late Mr. Lewis, at the benefit of Mr. O'Keeffe, at Covent-Garden Theatre.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY AT OXFORD.*

I TRUST, or I should perhaps rather say, I hope, that I was as much struck by the conversation, the aspect, and the deportment of my new acquaintance, as entirely convinced of the value of the acquisition I had just made, and as deeply impressed with surprise and admiration, as became a young student not insensible of excellence, to whom a character so extraordinary, and indeed almost preternatural, had been suddenly unfolded. During his animated and eloquent discourses I felt a due reverence for his zeal and talent, but the human mind is capable of a certain amount of attention only. I had listened and discussed for seven or eight hours, and my spirits were totally exhausted; I went to bed as soon as Shelley had quitted my rooms, and fell instantly into a profound sleep; and I shook off with a painful effort at the accustomed signal the complete oblivion which then appeared to have been but momentary. Many of the wholesome usages of antiquity had ceased at Oxford; that of early rising, however, still lingered. As soon as I got up, I applied myself sedulously to my academical duties and my accustomed studies. The power of habitual occupation is great and engrossing, and it is possible that my mind had not yet fully recovered from the agreeable fatigue of the preceding evening, for I had entirely forgotten my engagement, nor did the thought of my young guest once cross my fancy. It was strange that a person so remarkable and attractive should have thus disappeared for several hours from my memory; but such in truth was the fact, although I am unable to account for it in a satisfactory manner. At one o'clock I put away my books and papers, and prepared myself for my daily walk; the weather was frosty, with fog, and whilst I lingered over the fire with that reluctance to venture forth into the cold air, common to those who have chilled themselves by protracted sedentary pursuits, the recollection of the scenes of yesterday flashed suddenly and vividly across my mind, and I quickly repaired to a spot that I may perhaps venture to predict many of our posterity will hereafter reverently visit, to the rooms in the corner next the hall of the principal quadrangle of University College; they are on the first floor and on the right of the entrance, but by reason of the turn in the stairs, when you reach them, they will be upon your left hand. I remembered the direction given at parting, and I soon found the door: it stood ajar. I tapped gently, and the discordant voice cried shrilly "Come in!" It was now nearly two. I began to apologize for my delay, but I was interrupted by a loud exclamation of surprise—"What! is it one? I had no notion it was so late; I thought it was about ten or eleven." "It is on the stroke of two, Sir," said the scout, who was engaged in the vain attempt of setting the apartment in order. "Of two!" Shelley cried with increased wonder, and presently the clock struck, and the servant noticed it, retired, and shut the door. I perceived at once that the young chemist took no note of time. He measured duration, not by minutes and hours, like watchmakers and their customers, but by the successive trains of ideas and sensations; consequently if there was a

* Continued from page 96.

virtue, of which he was utterly incapable, it was that homely, but pleasing and useful one, punctuality. He could not tear himself from his incessant abstractions to observe at intervals the growth and decline of the day; nor was he ever able to set apart even a small portion of his mental powers for a duty so simple as that of watching the course of the pointers on the dial. I found him cowering over the fire, his chair planted in the middle of the rug, and his feet resting upon the fender; his whole appearance was dejected. His astonishment at the unexpected lapse of time roused him: as soon as the hour of the day was ascertained, he welcomed me, and seizing one of my arms with both his hands, he shook it with some force, and very cordially expressed his satisfaction at my visit. Then resuming his seat and his former posture, he gazed fixedly at the fire, and his limbs trembled and his teeth chattered with cold. I cleared the fire-place with the poker and stirred the fire, and when it blazed up, he drew back, and looking askance towards the door, he exclaimed with a deep sigh—"Thank God, that fellow is gone at last!" The assiduity of the scout had annoyed him, and he presently added, "If you had not come, he would have stayed until he had put everything in my rooms into some place where I should never have found it again!" He then complained of his health, and said that he was very unwell; but he did not appear to be affected by any disorder more serious than a slight aguish cold. I remarked the same contradiction in his rooms which I had already observed in his person and dress; they had just been papered and painted; the carpet, curtains, and furniture were quite new, and had not passed through several academical generations after the established custom of transferring the whole of the moveables to the successor on payment of thirds, that is, of two-thirds of the price last given. The general air of freshness was greatly obscured however by the indescribable confusion in which the various objects were mixed; notwithstanding the unwelcome exertions of the officious scout, scarcely a single article was in its proper position. Books, boots, papers, shoes, philosophical instruments, clothes, pistols, linen, crockery, ammunition, and phials innumerable, with money, stockings, prints, crucibles, bags, and boxes, were scattered on the floor and in every place; as if the young chemist, in order to analyze the mystery of creation, had endeavoured first to re-construct the primeval chaos. The tables, and especially the carpet, were already stained with large spots of various hues, which frequently proclaimed the agency of fire. An electrical machine, an air-pump, the galvanic trough, a solar microscope, and large glass jars and receivers, were conspicuous amidst the mass of matter. Upon the table by his side were some books lying open, several letters, a bundle of new pens, and a bottle of japan ink, that served as an inkstand; a piece of deal, lately part of the lid of a box, with many chips, and a handsome razor, that had been used as a knife. There were bottles of soda water, sugar, pieces of lemon, and the traces of an effervescent beverage. Two piles of books supported the tongs, and these upheld a small glass retort above an argand lamp. I had not been seated many minutes before the liquor in the vessel boiled over, adding fresh stains to the table, and rising in fumes with a most disagreeable odour. Shelley snatched the glass

quickly, and dashing it in pieces among the ashes under the grate, increased the unpleasant and penetrating effluvium. He then proceeded, with much eagerness and enthusiasm, to show me the various instruments, especially the electrical apparatus; turning round the handle very rapidly, so that the fierce, crackling sparks flew forth; and presently standing upon the stool with glass feet, he begged of me to work the machine until he was filled with the fluid, so that his long, wild locks bristled and stood on end. Afterwards he charged a powerful battery of several large jars; labouring with vast energy, and discoursing with increasing vehemence of the marvellous powers of electricity, of thunder, and lightning; describing an electrical kite that he had made at home, and projecting another and an enormous one, or rather a combination of many kites, that would draw down from the sky an immense volume of electricity, the whole ammunition of a mighty thunderstorm; and this being directed to some point would there produce the most stupendous results.

In these exhibitions and in such conversation the time passed away rapidly, and the hour of dinner approached. Having pricked *ægro* that day, or in other words, having caused his name to be entered as an invalid, he was not required, or permitted, to dine in hall, or to appear in public within the college, or without the walls, until a night's rest should have restored the sick man to health.

He requested me to spend the evening at his rooms; I consented, nor did I fail to attend immediately after dinner. We conversed until a late hour on miscellaneous topics; I remember that he spoke frequently of poetry, and that there was the same animation, the same glowing zeal, which had characterised his former discourses, and was so opposite to the listless languor, the monstrous indifference if not the absolute antipathy to learning, that so strangely darkened the collegiate atmosphere. It would seem indeed to one who rightly considered the final cause of the institution of an University, that all the rewards, all the honours, the most opulent foundation could accumulate, would be inadequate to remunerate an individual, whose thirst for knowledge was so intense, and his activity in the pursuit of it so wonderful and so unwearied. I participated in his enthusiasm, and soon forgot the shrill and unmusical voice that had at first seemed intolerable to my ear. He was indeed a whole University in himself to me in respect of the stimulus and incitement which his example afforded to my love of study, and he amply atoned for the disappointment I had felt on my arrival at Oxford. In one respect alone could I pretend to resemble him, in an ardent desire to gain knowledge; but as our tastes were the same in many particulars, we immediately became through sympathy most intimate and altogether inseparable companions. We almost invariably passed the afternoon and evening together; at first alternately at our respective rooms, through a certain punctiliousness, but afterwards, when we became more familiar, most frequently by far at his; sometimes one or two good and harmless men of our acquaintance were present, but we were usually alone. His rooms were preferred to mine, because there his philosophical apparatus was at hand; and at that period he was not perfectly satisfied with the condition and circumstances of his existence, unless he was able to start from his seat at any moment, and seizing

the air-pump, some magnets, the electrical machine, or the bottles containing those noxious and nauseous fluids, wherewith he incessantly besmeared and disfigured himself and his goods, to ascertain by actual experiment the value of some new idea that rushed into his brain. He spent much time in working by fits and starts and in an irregular manner with his instruments, and especially consumed his hours and his money in the assiduous cultivation of chemistry.

We have heard that one of the most distinguished of modern discoverers was abrupt, hasty, and to appearance disorderly in the conduct of his manipulations: the variety of the habits of great men is indeed infinite; it is impossible, therefore, to decide peremptorily as to the capabilities of individuals from their course of proceeding, yet it certainly seemed highly improbable that Shelley was qualified to succeed in a science wherein a scrupulous minuteness and a mechanical accuracy are indispensable. His chemical operations seemed to an unskilful observer to promise nothing but disasters. His hands, his clothes, his books, and his furniture were stained and corroded by mineral acids. More than one hole in the carpet could elucidate the ultimate phenomenon of combustion; especially a formidable aperture in the middle of the room, where the floor also had been burnt by the spontaneous ignition caused by mixing ether with some other fluid in a crucible; and the honourable wound was speedily enlarged by rents, for the philosopher, as he hastily crossed the room in pursuit of truth, was frequently caught in it by the foot. Many times a day, but always in vain, would the sedulous scout say, pointing to the scorched boards with a significant look, "Would it not be better, Sir, for us to get this place mended?"

It seemed but too probable that in the rash ardour of experiment he would some day set the college on fire, or that he would blind, maim, or kill himself by the explosion of combustibles. It was still more likely indeed that he would poison himself, for plates and glasses, and every part of his tea equipage were used indiscriminately with crucibles, retorts, and recipients, to contain the most deleterious ingredients. To his infinite diversion I used always to examine every drinking-vessel narrowly, and often to rinse it carefully, after that evening when we were taking tea by firelight, and my attention being attracted by the sound of something in the cup into which I was about to pour tea, I was induced to look into it. I found a seven-shillings piece partly dissolved by the *aqua regia* in which it was immersed. Although he laughed at my caution, he used to speak with horror of the consequences of having inadvertently swallowed, through a similar accident, some mineral poison, I think arsenic, at Eton, which he declared had not only seriously injured his health, but that he feared he should never entirely recover from the shock it had inflicted on his constitution. It seemed probable, notwithstanding his positive assertions, that his lively fancy exaggerated the recollection of the unpleasant and permanent taste, or the sickness and disorder of the stomach, which might arise from taking a minute portion of some poisonous substance by the like chance, for there was no vestige of a more serious and lasting injury in his youthful and healthy, although somewhat delicate aspect.

I knew little of the physical sciences, and I felt therefore but a slight degree of interest in them; I looked upon his philosophical apparatus merely as toys and playthings, like a chess-board or a billiard-table. Through lack of sympathy, his zeal, which was at first so ardent, gradually cooled; and he applied himself to these pursuits, after a short time, less frequently and with less earnestness. The true value of them was often the subject of animated discussion; and I remember one evening at my own rooms, when we had sought refuge against the intense cold in the little inner apartment, or study, I referred, in the course of our debate, to a passage in Xenophon's "Memorabilia," where Socrates speaks in disparagement of Physics. He read it several times very attentively, and more than once aloud, slowly and with emphasis, and it appeared to make a strong impression on him.

Notwithstanding our difference of opinion as to the importance of chemistry, and on some other questions, our intimacy rapidly increased, and we soon formed the habit of passing the greater part of our time together; nor did this constant intercourse interfere with my usual studies. I never visited his rooms until one o'clock, by which hour, as I rose very early, I had not only attended the college lectures, but had read in private for several hours. I was enabled, moreover, to continue my studies afterwards in the evening, in consequence of a very remarkable peculiarity. My young and energetic friend was then overcome by extreme drowsiness, which speedily and completely vanquished him; he would sleep from two to four hours, often so soundly that his slumbers resembled a deep lethargy; he lay occasionally upon the sofa, but more commonly stretched upon the rug before a large fire, like a cat; and his little round head was exposed to such a fierce heat, that I used to wonder how he was able to bear it. Sometimes I have interposed some shelter, but rarely with any permanent effect; for the sleeper usually contrived to turn himself, and to roll again into the spot where the fire glowed the brightest. His torpor was generally profound, but he would sometimes discourse incoherently for a long while in his sleep. At six he would suddenly compose himself, even in the midst of a most animated narrative or of earnest discussion; and he would lie buried in entire forgetfulness, in a sweet and mighty oblivion, until ten, when he would suddenly start up, and rubbing his eyes with great violence, and passing his fingers swiftly through his long hair, would enter at once into a vehement argument, or begin to recite verses, either of his own composition or from the works of others, with a rapidity and an energy that were often quite painful. During the period of his occultation I took tea, and read or wrote without interruption. He would sometimes sleep for a shorter time, for about two hours; postponing for the like period the commencement of his retreat to the rug, and rising with tolerable punctuality at ten; and sometimes, although rarely, he was able entirely to forego the accustomed refreshment.

We did not consume the whole of our time, when he was awake, in conversation; we often read apart, and more frequently together: our joint studies were occasionally interrupted by long discussions—nevertheless I could enumerate many works, and several of them are extensive and important, which we perused completely and very care-

fully in this manner. At ten, when he awoke, he was always ready for his supper, which he took with a peculiar relish: after that social meal his mind was clear and penetrating, and his discourse eminently brilliant. He was unwilling to separate; but when the college clock struck two, I used to rise and retire to my room. Our conversations were sometimes considerably prolonged, but they seldom terminated before that chilly hour of the early morning; nor did I feel any inconvenience from thus reducing the period of rest to scarcely five hours.

A disquisition on some difficult question in the open air was not less agreeable to him than by the fire-side; if the weather was fine, or rather not altogether intolerable, we used to sally forth, when we met at one. I have already pointed out several contradictions in his appearance and character; his ordinary preparation for a rural walk formed a very remarkable contrast with his mild aspect and pacific habits. He furnished himself with a pair of duelling pistols, and a good store of powder and ball; and when he came to a solitary spot, he pinned a card, or fixed some other mark upon a tree or a bank, and amused himself by firing at it: he was a pretty good shot, and was much delighted at his success. He often urged me to try my hand and eye, assuring me that I was not aware of the pleasure of a good hit. One day, when he was peculiarly pressing, I took up a pistol and asked him what I should aim at? and observing a slab of wood, about as big as a hearth-rug, standing against a wall, I named it as being a proper object. He said that it was much too far off, it was better to wait until we came nearer; but I answered—"I may as well fire here as anywhere," and instantly discharged my pistol. To my infinite surprise, the ball struck the elm target most accurately in the very centre. Shelley was delighted; he ran to the board, placed his chin close to it—gazed at the hole where the bullet was lodged—examined it attentively on all sides many times, and more than once measured the distance to the spot where I had stood.

I never knew any one so prone to admire as he was, in whom the principle of veneration was so strong: he extolled my skill, urged me repeatedly to display it again, and begged that I would give him instructions in an art in which I so much excelled. I suffered him to enjoy his wonder for a few days, and then I told him, and with difficulty persuaded him, that my success was purely accidental; for I had seldom fired a pistol before, and never with ball, but with shot only, as a schoolboy, in clandestine and bloodless expeditions against blackbirds and yellowhammers.

The duelling pistols were a most discordant interruption of the repose of a quiet country walk; besides he handled them with such inconceivable carelessness, that I had perpetually reason to apprehend that, as a trifling episode in the grand and heroic work of drilling a hole through the back of a card, or the front of one of his father's franks, he would shoot himself, or me, or both of us. How often have I lamented that Nature, which so rarely bestows upon the world a creature endowed with such marvellous talents, ungraciously rendered the gift less precious by implanting a fatal taste for perilous recreations, and a thoughtlessness in the pursuit of them, that often caused his existence from one day to another to seem in itself miraculous! I

opposed the practice of walking armed, and I at last succeeded in inducing him to leave the pistols at home, and to forbear the use of them. I prevailed, I believe, not so much by argument or persuasion, as by secretly abstracting, when he equipped himself for the field (and it was not difficult with him) the powder-flask, the flints, or some other indispensable article. One day, I remember, he was grievously discomposed, and seriously offended, to find, on producing his pistols, after descending rapidly into a quarry, where he proposed to take a few shots, that not only had the flints been removed, but the screws and the bits of steel at the tops of the cocks, which hold the flints, were also wanting. He determined to return to College for them—I accompanied him. I tempted him, however, by the way, to try to define anger, and to discuss the nature of that affection of the mind, to which, as the discussion waxed warm, he grew exceedingly hostile in theory, and could not be brought to admit that it could possibly be excusable in any case. In the course of conversation, moreover, he suffered himself to be insensibly turned away from his original path and purpose. I have heard, that some years after he left Oxford he resumed the practice of pistol-shooting, and attained to a very unusual degree of skill in an accomplishment so entirely incongruous with his nature.

Of rural excursions he was at all times fond; he loved to walk in the woods, to stroll on the banks of the Thames, but especially to wander about Shotover Hill. There was a pond at the foot of the hill, before ascending it, and on the left of the road; it was formed by the water which had filled an old quarry: whenever he was permitted to shape his course as he would, he proceeded to the edge of this pool, although the scene had no other attractions than a certain wildness and barrenness. Here he would linger until dusk, gazing in silence on the water, repeating verses aloud, or earnestly discussing themes that had no connexion with surrounding objects. Sometimes he would raise a stone as large as he could lift, deliberately throw it into the water as far as his strength enabled him; then he would loudly exult at the splash, and would quietly watch the decreasing agitation until the last faint ring and almost imperceptible ripple disappeared on the still surface. "Such are the effects of an impulse on the air," he would say; and he complained of our ignorance of the theory of sound—that the subject was obscure and mysterious, and many of the phenomena were contradictory and inexplicable. He asserted that the science of acoustics ought to be cultivated, and that by well-devised experiments valuable discoveries would undoubtedly be made; and he related many remarkable stories connected with the subject that he had heard or read. Sometimes he would busy himself in splitting the slaty stones, in selecting thin and flat pieces, and in giving them a round form; and when he had collected a sufficient number, he would gravely make ducks and drakes with them, counting, with the utmost glee, the number of bounds, as they flew along skimming the surface of the pond. He was a devoted worshipper of the water-nymphs; for whenever he found a pool, or even a small puddle, he would loiter near it, and it was no easy task to get him to quit it. He had not yet learned that art from which he afterwards derived so much pleasure—the construction of paper boats.

He twisted a morsel of paper into a form that a lively fancy might consider a likeness of a boat, and committing it to the water, he anxiously watched the fortunes of the frail bark, which, if it was not soon swamped by the faint winds and miniature waves, gradually imbibed water through its porous sides, and sank. Sometimes, however, the fairy vessel performed its little voyage, and reached the opposite shore of the puny ocean in safety. It is astonishing with what keen delight he engaged in this singular pursuit. It was not easy for an uninitiated spectator to bear with tolerable patience the vast delay, on the brink of a wretched pond upon a bleak common, and in the face of a cutting north-east wind, on returning to dinner from a long walk at sunset on a cold winter's day; nor was it easy to be so harsh as to interfere with a harmless gratification, that was evidently exquisite. It was not easy, at least, to induce the ship-builder to desist from launching his tiny fleets, so long as any timber remained in the dockyard. I prevailed once, and once only; it was one of those bitter Sundays that commonly receive the new year; the sun had set, and it had almost begun to snow; I had exhorted him long in vain, with the eloquence of a frozen and famished man, to proceed; at last, I said in despair—alluding to his never-ending creations, for a paper navy that was to be set afloat simultaneously lay at his feet, and he was busily constructing more, with blue and swollen hands—"Shelley, there is no use in talking to you; you are the Demiurgus of Plato!" He instantly caught up the whole flotilla, and bounding homeward with mighty strides, laughed aloud—laughed like a giant, as he used to say. So long as his paper lasted, he remained riveted to the spot, fascinated by this peculiar amusement; all waste paper was rapidly consumed, then the covers of letters, next letters of little value: the most precious contributions of the most esteemed correspondent, although eyed wistfully many times, and often returned to the pocket, were sure to be sent at last in pursuit of the former squadrons. Of the portable volumes which were the companions of his rambles, and he seldom went out without a book, the fly-leaves were commonly wanting—he had applied them as our ancestor Noah applied Gopher wood; but learning was so sacred in his eyes, that he never trespassed further upon the integrity of the copy, the work itself was always respected. It has been said that he once found himself on the north bank of the Serpentine river without the materials for indulging those inclinations which the sight of water invariably inspired, for he had exhausted his supplies on the round pond in Kensington Gardens. Not a single scrap of paper could be found, save only a bank-post bill for fifty pounds; he hesitated long, but yielded at last; he twisted it into a boat with the extreme refinement of his skill, and committed it with the utmost dexterity to fortune—watching its progress, if possible, with a still more intense anxiety than usual. Fortune often favours those who frankly and fully trust her; the north-east wind gently wafted the costly skiff to the south bank, where, during the latter part of the voyage, the venturous owner had waited its arrival with patient solicitude. The story, of course, is a Mythic fable, but it aptly pourtrays the dominion of a singular and most unaccountable passion over the mind of an enthusiast.

But to return to Oxford. Shelley disliked exceedingly all college-

meetings, and especially one which was the most popular with others—the public dinner in the hall; he used often to absent himself, and he was greatly delighted whenever I agreed to partake with him in a slight luncheon at one, to take a long walk into the country, and to return after dark to tea and supper in his rooms. On one of these expeditions we wandered further than usual, without regarding the distance or the lapse of time; but we had no difficulty in finding our way home, for the night was clear and frosty and the moon at the full; and most glorious was the spectacle as we approached the City of Colleges, and passed through the silent streets. It was near ten when we entered our college; not only was it too late for tea, but supper was ready, the cloth laid, and the table spread. A large dish of scalloped oysters had been set within the fender, to be kept hot for the famished wanderers.

Among the innumerable contradictions in the character and deportment of the youthful poet was a strange mixture of a singular grace, which manifested itself in his actions and gestures with an occasional awkwardness almost as remarkable. As soon as we entered the room, he placed his chair as usual directly in front of the fire, and eagerly pressed forward to warm himself, for the frost was severe, and he was very sensible of cold. Whilst cowering over the fire and rubbing his hands, he abruptly set both his feet at once upon the edge of the fender; it immediately flew up, threw under the grate the dish, which was broken into two pieces, and the whole of the delicious mess was mingled with the cinders and ashes, that had accumulated for several hours. It was impossible that a hungry and frozen pedestrian should restrain a strong expression of indignation, or that he should forbear, notwithstanding the exasperation of cold and hunger, from smiling and forgiving the accident at seeing the whimsical air and aspect of the offender, as he held up with the shovel the long anticipated food, deformed by ashes, coals, and cinders, with a ludicrous expression of exaggerated surprise, disappointment, and contrition. It would be easy to fill many volumes with reminiscences characteristic of my young friend, and of these the most trifling would perhaps best illustrate his innumerable peculiarities. With the discerning, trifles, although they are accounted such, have their value. A familiarity with the daily habits of Shelley and the knowledge of his demeanour in private will greatly facilitate, and they are perhaps even essential to, the full comprehension of his views and opinions. Traits that unfold an infantine simplicity, the genuine simplicity of true genius, will be slighted by those only who are ignorant of the qualities that constitute greatness of soul: the philosophical observer knows well that to have shown a mind to be original and perfectly natural, is no inconsiderable step in demonstrating that it is also great. * * *

(To be continued.)

THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.*

An opinion, by no means favourable, has been oftentimes expressed respecting the manner and spirit in which the proceedings of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge have hitherto been conducted. The ground of complaint has usually been twofold; the *matter* of which their treatises were composed, it was said, was not well calculated for the instruction of the people; neither was it considered that the *manner* in which that matter was propounded was adapted to win the affection and interest of the parties addressed.

The Society appear partially to have acquiesced in the truth of the opinion thus hazarded respecting the subject matter of the instruction they offer. They have at length addressed themselves to the working classes: they endeavour earnestly to solicit their attention, and have attempted to instruct them on some of the most important questions connected with the well-being of the industrious sections of the community. "The Results of Machinery," and "The Rights of Industry," as far as they go, redeem the pledge given by the Society at its outset. It is useful knowledge they discuss—knowledge useful to the large masses of the people; it is such as the people desire to obtain; it is that which must be first imparted, if we sincerely wish to see them generally instructed.

The spirit and intention of the following observations we hope will not be misunderstood—will not be misconstrued. The attempt to instruct the majority of the people, to address solely their understandings, through the medium of books, is an unexampled event in the history of mankind. The first essays are, must be, imperfect. It is the duty, then, of every one who believes that he has any thing to suggest on the subject of this novel experiment, openly to state his opinions—to solicit attention to his views. It behoves him to throw his quota of information into the general stock, as a fellow-labourer in the great cause of human improvement. In this spirit are the present observations offered. They are brought with no feelings of cavilling or captious criticism. The ideas they contain are suggested, not positively insisted on: they are deemed of much importance, and are, therefore, unreservedly expressed.

It unfortunately happens (and however lamentable the fact, it ought not to be disguised,) that the community of which we are members is divided against itself. Broad lines of distinction run through society, and the various classes whom those lines describe fancy they have separate, nay hostile interests. The feelings of the one are opposed to the feelings of another. There are contempt and dread on the one side, hatred and jealous suspicion on the other. The most numerous, and therefore the most important of these classes, is that composed of what are commonly denominated the people, or, somewhat more definitely speaking, the working classes—by these being

* Under the superintendance of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. "The Working Man's Companion." "The Rights of Industry." Addressed to the working men of the United Kingdom. By the author of "The Results of Machinery." § 1. Capital and Labour.

intended such as live by the wages of labour.* This class believes itself an injured class. Its members view with jealousy and suspicion every other portion of society, and, in return, they are themselves regarded with no favourable eyes. Whence arose this painful state of things, it is, at present, needless to inquire. No one who knows the interior workings of society in England can possibly deny the truth of the above statement. It behoves all who attempt to instruct either the one class or the other, in their relative duties, to be aware of, constantly to keep in view, and constantly to acknowledge the fact. They must be aware of it in order to determine the sort of knowledge they ought to impart: they must keep it constantly in view, so that they may assume the right manner of imparting it; and they must acknowledge it, that they may not create overwhelming jealousy and suspicion in the minds of those whom they address. This latter circumstance can only be learned by experience. None is more important, none so constantly neglected. But we appeal confidently to the working classes themselves, and we entreat such as endeavour to become their instructors, to ask whether they, the working classes, do not require, as an indispensable condition on the part of every one who discusses their situation, the acknowledgement that by the present organization of society they are a distinct and isolated class in the community. It is certain that they are not necessarily thus separated from their fellows—that the opinions which led to this separation are false and mischievous—that as knowledge increases in the one class and the other, the distinctions will fade away, and be lost for ever. But nevertheless, in honesty, it ought to be acknowledged, that the working classes are now by themselves considered a separate body; that they have been driven to this opinion, not by their own wills, but by the constant ill-treatment they have received at the hands of all other portions of the community; that by the wealthier classes the same distinction has been pertinaciously maintained so long as benefit to themselves was supposed to result from it; and that now it is sought to be effaced by these same, only because terror reigns respecting the course which the working classes are supposed likely to pursue in consequence of the wrongs heaped on them. Unless these points be openly avowed, the working classes will not listen to, will be deservedly suspicious of those who assume the character of instructors.

The manner and matter of the instruction now propounded by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge to this class, thus jealous of every other portion of the community, well deserve remark: so also does the time at which, and circumstances under which that instruction is attempted.

The subject matter of this instruction consists of elaborate attempts to inculcate on the minds of the people the necessity of maintaining

* These expressions are exceedingly inaccurate. The inaccuracy arises from the confusion of ideas which suggested them: however, the indefinite distinctions they mark, are sufficient for the present purpose. It, nevertheless, is desirable, that the name of working classes should not be retained. There are large numbers who fall not within the meaning of the term as generally intended, who yet labour and labour honestly and usefully for their subsistence. The physician is as much a *working* man as a weaver—and quite as useful. Locke was a labourer, a *mental* labourer, and more beneficial to mankind than any ten thousand mechanics.

property inviolate. The manner assumed is that of condescending superiors; the time at which this attempt is made, is when the wealthier classes *are afraid of the poorer.* What is the conclusion likely to be drawn by the working classes from all these circumstances? Is it not probable that they will say that the instruction offered is not the result of benevolent feelings on the part of those offering it, but solely the offspring of selfish fears?—that when the rich fear the poor, and cannot put them down by force, then, but not till then, do they attempt to govern them by the mild voice of reason and persuasion?* The working class have come to this conclusion. They complain, too, and justly complain, that they are invidiously singled out to have fastened on them opinions which are held in bad repute; that their reasonings and objections are misrepresented, and the world generally led to believe that they the working classes feel, and are disposed to act like powerful robbers. They are spoken to as if they had the intellects of children, with all the bad passions and violent uncurbed habits of a band of plundering savages.† How, under these circumstances, can it be supposed that their confidence can be obtained? How can they be expected to listen, no matter how wise the instruction offered them—no matter how much good feeling may prompt the individual who has constituted himself their instructor?

But, it may be asked, "now that the people are thus suspicious, how is their confidence to be gained, and how are they to be taught that very important, that absolutely vital knowledge, which this very volume of the Society professes to teach?" The task is difficult, but not impossible. It is difficult because of the prejudices, not so much of the scholars as of them who are to teach—not so much of the poor as the rich.

The only way now left open is by a thorough, unreserved, and searching exposition of the whole frame-work of society. No portion of political knowledge can be allowed to remain a mystery. All institutions, no matter of what description, must be openly and freely canvassed; whether ecclesiastical or temporal, whether intended to maintain monarchy, aristocracy, or democracy. The people must be admitted into the sanctuary, and the meanest hands be permitted to lift the veil which surrounds it.

Time was, when such need not have been the case. Time was, when the people could easily have been induced to believe that the rich had benevolent intentions in teaching them. They would have listened as docile children, and have loved and revered their instructors. They have suffered too much, and of themselves learned too much, now to behave thus. They must be admitted as equals, or they will not come in at all. He who addresses them must not speak *ex*

* We feel anxious to have it understood that *we* do not bring this accusation against the Society, and particularly not against the writer of the work now under consideration. He, we are well convinced, has none but the most philanthropic motives, guided by great intelligence. He has made some mistakes, but considering the novelty of his task this is not surprising.

† This opinion is formed of the whole working class, because some few are dissolute and depraved. As well might we call the whole aristocracy swindlers and blacklegs, because some are so; or declare all the women of the aristocratic class prostitutes, because some are notoriously unchaste.

cathedra; must assume no consequence from his position; but, if he wish their respect or confidence, must prove by his acts that he deserves it.

Any one who candidly inquires into the feelings and general frame of mind of the various classes of the community, will learn that the opinions of all are extremely incorrect respecting their relative social and political duties, and that of these erroneous opinions the larger number are held by the wealthier portions. These assertions are certainly not generally assented to, and consequently the people are not generally properly instructed. If the separate items of our social and political duties be investigated, however, the truth of the above statement will be evident, and the right course to be pursued will of itself become manifest.

The two most striking classes of questions which now agitate the minds of men, are, first, those which relate to the existing institutions respecting property; and second, to those which apportion the powers of government. Throughout England, and even throughout Europe, the institution of property is, at the present moment, being discussed in a way that must necessarily startle all who have been educated in a blind reverence for what is termed the sacredness of property. The very existence of the institution is now being canvassed by some of the most enlightened minds of the present day; and the defenders of the old system are severely tasked to defend their opinions against the attacks by which they are assailed. As men advance in knowledge, they necessarily are led to call in question many old opinions, however just, however necessary to the well-being of society. A restless spirit of inquiry, a habit of questioning, a hatred of patient acquiescence, is the first great symptom of improvement. This spirit, as regards social institutions, is now abroad among the labouring population of this country, and the philosophers of the rest of Europe. The miserable situation of large masses of the people naturally led benevolent investigators to search for the cause of that situation; and they, as well as the labouring classes here, have been led to believe that much of this misery is owing to the present faulty laws respecting property. In this there is nothing criminal; and although there is much error in many of the opinions newly broached, there is also much truth in them. It has been seen by many, that accumulation of large masses of wealth in the hands of a few, is necessarily injurious, not merely to the physical comfort of the people, but also to the morality of every class. Seeing this, they have next gone on to inquire how this evil might be avoided, and many wild, some useful schemes have been proposed.* This is precisely the question that now agitates the minds of the labouring population of England. The question is one well deserving of attention; and whatever may be the horror entertained by the dull sticklers for the laws of yesterday, it must be thoroughly sifted before peace will exist among us. The labouring population on the one hand, the supporters of the old institution on the other, are necessarily placed in an arena. The public at large are the spectators, and must eventually be the judges.

* Abolishing the rights of primogeniture is one, and a highly beneficial means proposed to this end. The proposal to establish a minimum of wages, is a mischievous scheme for the same purpose.

Now it happens that of these disputants, by far the most acute, inquiring, and sagacious, are the working classes. Most of the knavery, too, is on the opposite side, and yet do these latter assume exclusive virtue, and supereminent knowledge and sagacity. They abuse their opponents as robbers and plunderers, but promise protection and patronage to such portions of the labouring classes as will listen to instruction. In the work before us, there is a thorough misunderstanding of the point at issue. There is, consequently, great labouring to prove what is not disputed, to teach what is known, to explain what is clear. If the work were merely intended to be a simple exposition of truth, this circumstance could not be brought forward as a charge against the author. But the work unfortunately assumes a polemical character; it attempts to combat error, as well as to expound the truth, and the Author, while doing so, unintentionally falls into the great error of becoming a partizan. If he thought it wise to combat error, he should have appeared as passionless and impartial as a judge; he should have distinctly marked that he was of no party, and this not merely in words, but in act. Before he could make this appear, however, it was requisite for him to state the question fairly; to place neither the one side nor the other in unnecessary difficulty; to entertain no part of the subject not relevant to the matter in issue. Now the chief part of "The Rights of Industry" is occupied in demonstrating the utility of *capital*. But the utility of capital is not disputed. Machinery has been broken, it is true, and some of the working classes declare that certain sorts of machinery do mischief to the labourer. This, however, does not arise in consequence of any hatred to capital, or an undervaluing of its worth. The question does not turn on this point. The reasoning of the labouring men on all the various parts of the question is exceedingly acute, and is not met by the present work, or by the general position respecting the inviolability of property. The following is a consecutive, though very abridged statement of some of their leading arguments.

Property, they say, is the creature of the law; is instituted for the benefit of all. Therefore, when discussing questions concerning the various rights included under the term property, we must go to a higher principle than that which determines that property should be what is termed inviolate. When endeavouring to determine whether all the rights which are now included under the term property have been wisely created, it assuredly is nothing to the purpose to build an argument on the general and unmeaning proposition that all property ought to be inviolate. We are not endeavouring to learn whether all property ought to be inviolate, but striving to ascertain what ought to be property.

Capital, when profitably employed, yields a produce sufficient to replace itself and yet leave something beyond. For example: a hundred bushels of corn expended in agriculture will return, if profitably employed, one hundred bushels, and some more, say twenty. Now all persons allow that the capital ought to be replaced, must be returned to the capitalist; but a question arises as to what is to be done with the remaining twenty. Shall means be taken by the legislature to insure to the labourer a certain portion of this which in

the politico-economical sense is called profit? The working class believe that some such attempt should be made. Whether it should be so, is a very legitimate matter of inquiry; and the question it involves is one now agitated between the labourer and the capitalist. It is not touched, however, by the discussions in the "Rights of Industry."*

Again, every improvement in machinery is attended, say the working classes, by a certain portion of evil—evil, in the first place, to such persons as have machines of the old construction; and, secondly, to the workmen previously employed to perform the work to be done by the new machine. The skill of the workman which formerly was a means of subsistence to him, they say, becomes useless, and the possessor of that skill, as well as the possessor of an old-fashioned machine, suffers by the improvement. It may, and usually does happen, that the whole community is benefited by the change, and that eventually the labourer is placed in a condition better than the one he previously enjoyed. Still it may happen that misery may be immediately inflicted on certain portions of the labourers; and "we," again say the working classes, "are desirous of learning whether the evil like the good may not be shared amongst the whole community." This is again a very legitimate matter of inquiry, and in discussing the question of machinery ought to have been entertained.

On the whole of this latter subject, there seems to be little doubt but that hitherto the working men have thoroughly mistaken the facts. Their inference is correct supposing the facts to be as they state them, and then the matter would be reduced to an inquiry whether any and what means could be devised of apportioning the evil created by machinery; in other words, of legally relieving the persons distressed by the improvement. But if the facts be honestly investigated, it will be found that, although much misery has existed, does exist, this misery is not, has never been, the result of machinery. And we should be willing to take any specific case that may be suggested, and thoroughly sift it, utterly careless of what might be the result, (truth being the object sought, and through it the welfare of the working classes,) though now we are strongly of opinion that the result would be that at no time was the evil felt the result of improvements in, or the existence of machinery. Still this does not touch the question respecting the apportionment of the mischief, supposing any to have arisen, neither does it show that evil may not arise: but the question between the working class and the rest of society on this point cannot be fairly discussed, unless both the one and the other of these matters be entertained. Nor will any one be likely to gain the confidence of the people who disregards or forgets them.

* It is clear that if the number of the labourers be limited, they will obtain a portion of the surplus return in exact proportion to the smallness of that number as compared with the capital used to employ them: and the decisive answer to the statements of the working classes is, that no scheme to the end they desire, but the one now existing, viz. *competition*, can be proposed, which will not entail greater evil than that which it is intended to remedy. If the people limit their numbers, the competition among the capitalists will give the working classes the portion of the surplus they wish—any legislative enactment to the same end would do nothing but create confusion, idleness, and discord.

If the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge and its writers will thus fairly place themselves between all parties; if they will endeavour to explode the mischievous prejudices of one set, as well as the other; if they will show themselves the unflinching friends not merely of the truth, but the whole truth; if they will instruct all classes, they may win the confidence of, and do immeasurable good to the labouring population. They must place themselves far above all distinctions, and all fears, reckless as well of the petty jealousies of the wealthy, as those of the poor; let them be impassible as regards each, and they will gain the respect of both.

But have they done so? Will the Society permit its writers to do so? Are they not themselves jealous of their own privileges and prejudices? Do they not throw a chain upon all who would assail them? Do not the benevolent of them do good by stratagem, and win the rest to liberality by flattery? If this be so, then must we pity as well as deeply respect the benevolent writers, who, under the baneful auspices of such an influence, still strive to impart useful instruction to the people. Let us, however, not suppose any such evil influence existing; let us put faith in their benevolent professions, and take this series of works as a small earnest of their future endeavours.

From the form of the work we suppose that the present volume is only one of a series, which will include the whole field of political economy, and that consequently as this first part has related chiefly to PRODUCTION, the next will treat of DISTRIBUTION. If such be the case, we would earnestly recommend the writer to inquire thoroughly into all the ideas involved in the notion of property, and to give, at the commencement of his next volume, a complete exposition of that very important subject. Let him expound what are the *obligations*, as well as rights, which property entails—obligations as well on the possessor of the property as the rest of society. We often hear of the duties of the poor to the rich, but seldom of those of the rich to the poor. If the writer will honestly and thoroughly expound this matter, he will at once gain, as well as richly deserve, the confidence and admiration of the people. The task is a difficult one—difficult as well by the intricacy of the matter itself, as by the host of prejudices by which it is surrounded. If he attempt what is here recommended, he must have acuteness, perseverance, and courage—acuteness and perseverance to attain the truth, and courage to declare it.

Such portions of the subject as he has hitherto touched, he has correctly expounded, and the *manner* of his explanation, with a slight alteration in the style, would be exceedingly happy. The various points are illustrated with great felicity, and many an important truth is rendered accessible to minds that never would have acquired it, from a work of more scientific form and character. Until the whole field has been gone over, it would be premature to offer a definitive judgment respecting the portion already published. The danger of omission has already been touched on; and it certainly would have been more prudent to have guarded against the suspicions that will necessarily arise from those that have been pointed out. If the intention be to treat the questions alluded to in another portion of the work, such intention ought to have been announced. We are well

assured it is the author's wish to appear, as well as to be an impartial expounder of the important science of which he is treating; and to this end, he must not permit unfair inferences to be suggested, either directly or indirectly, either through commission or omission.

The alteration in style abovementioned, can only be effected by more thoroughly conceiving the present state of mind of the working classes, by distinguishing more completely between want of knowledge and want of capacity. The following observations in the "Examiner" newspaper, on the same subject, explain the distinction alluded to.

"There is another point respecting this work, which we must not omit to mention. It relates to the *manner* in which it is written. There is a distinction requisite to be taken when addressing the working classes, seldom steadily attended to. The working classes have little knowledge: but they have a capacity of understanding quite equal to the mastery of the most difficult questions of science. Writing then, which presupposes knowledge, is not intelligible to them; all *allusive* expressions should consequently be strictly avoided. But no style which would be a clear, straightforward exposition to an ordinary reader or student, is above their comprehension. They who wish to be read by the people, must address them precisely as they would address any sensible person who might be desirous of instruction. They must be treated as equals—there must be no expression of contempt or patronizing regard—in short, there must be nothing which has peculiar reference to their station. Those of the more educated classes, and particularly many of the writers of the present day, will obstinately fancy that the intellect of the grown mechanic is like that of a child; and they are ever saying 'this is too difficult, that is too abstruse for the people.' This opinion arises out of a gross ignorance of the present state of the popular mind, as well as of the nature of the human intellect generally. There are portions of the labouring classes so degraded in feeling (to our shame be it spoken) and intellect, that no books, no instruction coming from the classes above them, will ever affect their opinions. These persons cannot then be addressed, and need not be considered. They, however, are guided by the more instructed portions of their own, the labouring class; and these latter have minds well fitted for the highest kinds of instruction. Let any one who doubts this, ask Mr. Wilmot Horton what were the temper, tone, and capacity of mind exhibited by the persons with whom he discussed the question of emigration. Let any one go among those portions of the working classes who try to discuss the circumstance influencing their own condition—let any one take part in the proceedings of the Council of a National Political Union, and he will, to his own great astonishment, find minds equal to his own! minds which, were we the judges of the matter, would be declared far superior to the average of those who assume to be the *élite* of the people. There is an admirable candour, simplicity, straightforwardness, and masculine vigour about them, unknown to the emasculated intellects of those who are ever accustomed to look up to those above them, following where fashion leads, obedient when the great command. If the writers who pretend to superiority over the people, would for a while descend from their high condition, would mingle a little with the classes whom they despise, they might, by such a course, not degrading themselves, reap really important information, and at once do honour to, and improve their own feelings. To the author of the "Rights of Industry," we do not recommend this course—he has long since pursued it; but we would earnestly entreat one who is so really right-minded, to trust to his own opinion, and disregard the ignorant suggestions of those by whom he is surrounded. Let him drop all assumption of superiority; avoiding the distinctive WE and YOU, which disfigure his work, and which will inevitably lessen its utility."

The remarks we have hazarded in the present article, have been made in perfect friendliness towards the Society, and with feelings of respect towards the author of the work discussed. We hope they will be received in the spirit in which they have been offered.

LIFE OF UGO FOSCOLO. SCRITTA DA GIUSEPPE PECCHIO. LUGANO, 1830.

It was on a beautiful day in the month of May 1830, which month was that year unusually bright and mild for our weeping climate, that with my friend Count G. Pecchio, and the worthy Canon Riego, the brother of the ill-fated Spanish General and patriot, I repaired to Turnham Green on a species of literary pilgrimage, to visit the house in which Ugo Foscolo, one of the most distinguished geniuses of modern Italy, suffered his last mortal pangs, and breathed the last sigh of a life that had been stormy and most prolific of sighs and tears. After we had seen the humble abode, and after we had reposed for some minutes with really religious feeling in the narrow room whence the soul of the poet had flitted to eternity, we walked on to the quiet and rather romantic churchyard of Chiswick, where, a little to the left of the church, and among a crowd of tombstones, and the graves of the obscure, a modest stone flag, with the very modest inscription of

UGO FOSCOLO
OBIIT XIV. DIE SEPTEMBRIS
A. D. 1827.
ÆTATIS 52,

showed us the last resting-place of the poet who had so often agitated the deepest feelings of our nature. The friends who stood by my side looking upon that stone, had been *his* friends, and among his warmest. Count Pecchio had intimately associated with him many years before, in his own country, when Italy was filled with his fame. They had met afterwards in England, both exiles, both oppressed by those wrongs of fortune, so hard for noble minds to bear, and the friendship of former and better days was consecrated by mutual adversity. The worthy Canon, the warm-hearted Riego, had been among those who never deserted the imprudent and suffering poet. During his illness, he walked down from somewhere in the neighbourhood of Pancras to Chiswick, to see him, almost every day. One of the last, if not the very last letter that child of genius wrote (only a few days before his death) was to him, and when all was over he was one of the five friends who followed him to the grave, and saw the soil of England heaped over the remains of the Greco-Italic Ugo Foscolo. For myself, I had seen the strange person of the bard but once, and had only heard for a few minutes his singular, energetic voice; but I had lived long in the country, though not of his birth, of his genius. I had made, to a certain degree, the tongue in which he wrote, *my* tongue, and my mind had been for many years familiar with his poems. Of these poems, that called "I Sepolcri," ("The Sepulchres,") is the best, and with Gray's immortal "Elegy" harmonized most exquisitely with the spot where we stood, and the character of the gifted being who was now dust, beneath our feet, and the village church, and the flow of the river Thames at a few yards' distance! I shall ever remember this fine May morning, and this pilgrimage, which I undertook and prosecuted with feelings as devout as those with which, in early life, Foscolo described a similar visit to

the Tomb of Petrarch, in Arquà, as among the brightest and purest passages in my existence.

It was during our return to town that Count Pecchio informed me that the work whose title stands at the head of this article was finished, and on its way to the press. It had a long way to travel! But it is melancholy to reflect, that it was not in Italy, in the country they both honoured, that the biographer could produce his tribute to the poet. No! Such is the lamentable absence of rational liberty in that beautiful country, that from the Alps to the Sea of Scylla, no press durst print the free-toned, but every way moderate, philosophic, and most moral work of Giuseppe Pecchio! Excluded from Italy, the work was therefore published as near her frontiers as possible, and from the free Swiss Canton of Lugano many hundred copies will, long ere this, have found their way over Lombardy, and all the rest of the Peninsula. The Austrian Government here, the Papal there, may seize and burn the book, but that will only make it the more sought after. The custom-house officers and gens-d'armes, and all the lynx-eyed myrmidons of a suspicious and trembling despotism spread along the frontiers, may do their best, but they can no more stop the spread of mind—can no more intercept effectually those little pieces of paper and print, those pages that "make hundreds, nay, make thousands think," than a military cordon, though perfect in organization and operation, can affect the heavens above their heads, and stay in its march an epidemic or a healthful breeze. Such is the might of mind—such the influence of the press, whose abuses we detest the more, from the deep conviction of its power in working *evil* as in working good!

A posthumous good fortune has befallen Foscolo, in having Pecchio for his biographer. Sound judgment, an admirable discretion, a freedom from prejudice and confined views, an intimate acquaintance with human nature, and the modifications of mind different from the peculiar one of an Italian poet, a purity of taste, a warmth of feeling, not cooled, but kept to its proper objects, by judgment and experience, a suitable love for his task—all these peculiarly fitted him for its execution. The modest, feeling words with which he opens his book must secure the reader's esteem and affection.

"Ugo Foscolo, renowned in the literary world for the last thirty years, now lies in a humble country churchyard, a few miles from London, undistinguished as yet, and confounded with the crowd of the obscure defunct, who die for ever. Perhaps a day will come when opulent friendship, or the love that the English people bear towards poets, that race the favoured of Heaven, will erect to him a monument worthy of his name. In the mean while, I will endeavour by these pages to transmit to the rising generation some notices of his life, not with the ambitious pretension of raising him a literary monument, but with the sole desire of rendering him a slight tribute of that friendship that united us for many years. This my work, I repeat, is nothing but the pious office of one exile towards another exile. Both of us refugees from the smiling sky of Italy, I only aspire to the imitation of the poor mariner, who to his companion dead on a foreign shore, raises a few clods of earth, with a cross, above his remains, in order that others, in more favourable opportunities, may perform the funeral rites with becoming pomp."

Count Pecchio has been unable in his exile in England to procure

many minute points of information for those who are satisfied with nothing less than the knowledge of

——————"Il giorno, 'l mese e l' anno
E la stagione, e 'l tempo, e l' ora, e 'l punto,"

in which the poet was born, suckled, sent to school, matriculated, and admitted to University honours. But these trifling omissions are scarcely subjects of regret. With the worthy biographer we may leave Ugo Foscolo, as to these matters, in the same obscurity that involves Homer, Dante, and Shakspeare.

Pecchio, however, incapable of that confined notion that has made the Italians anxious to impose a falsehood on the world, and to prove that Foscolo was by birth an Italian, clearly shows that he was born in Septinsular Greece, and in the island of Zante. The biographer also proves, with a most agreeable mixture of raillery and high sentiment, that Ugo Foscolo was the son of the surgeon of a man-of-war, in the service of the Venetian Republic, and not the descendant of a noble family, in whose veins flowed

"Per lungo
Di magnanimi lombi ordine il sangue
Purissimo, celeste,"

which many have been as anxious to prove as that he was an Italian born—

"As if," says Pecchio, "the author of Jacopo Ortis were a chamberlain of the court: it has been attempted to forge a genealogical parchment, for him, as though he had been a candidate for the honours of a Teutonic Knight or the Order of Malta!"

"The *quarters* of literary men exist in their volumes. Nobility is certainly an advantage; but genius shines by itself and alone."

Born at Zante, which island with its neighbours then belonged to the tyrannical Venetian Republic, in the year 1778 the poet seems to have been carried, while yet a child, to Venice, where he received his primary instruction in some obscure school. At a more advanced age, he repaired to the University of Padua, where he had the advantage of the instruction of the celebrated Abate Cesarotti, who was there Professor of the Hebrew language and the Greek. In Cesarotti, Foscolo found an invaluable master, one who had freed himself from the pedantry, the narrow prejudices, and "*prescritte norme*" of his age and country, and had invigorated Italian poetry by a fusion of the ideas and styles of England and France, and by an abandonment of the over-copied *tre-centisti.*

On the completion of his studies, Ugo Foscolo hesitated for some time whether he should not enter the Catholic Church. His biographer rejoices that he did not, saying with reason, "For what a pretty priest or monk would he have made, with *his* violence of passion, *his* unbridled disposition!" But instead of making his first appearance to the world in a pulpit, he made it on the stage, producing his tragedy of "Tieste" in 1797, when in his nineteenth year. This tragedy was performed at Venice, in the theatre of Sant' Angelo for nine nights consecutively, and applauded most enthusiastically by crowded audiences. But the applause seems to have

arisen from a sympathy for the author and his youth. "Tieste" has never been reproduced; and, frankly speaking, as Pecchio always speaks, it scarcely merits more than the oblivion into which it has fallen.

Foscolo's career, which was to be throughout a most stormy one, commenced in stormy times. The little and divided Italian States were crouching under French Republicans, or trembling at the coming shadow of Napoleon's might. The Oligarchy of Venice, ever jealous, was now prodigal of the use of what Pecchio calls its hundred-eyed and hundred-eared police. After the first representation of his tragedy, which contained certain political allusions not to the taste of the ruling powers, he was advised by his mother to absent himself for some time from Venice, to avoid persecution. Only a few months after, the proud Oligarchy of a thousand years was thrown to the earth. Venice, "the ancient Queen of the Adriatic, who had gradually become a mummy, with royal mantle and crown, that at the first touch unrobes itself and falls to dust," was, by a process of treachery and iniquity on one side, and imbecility on the other, seized by the French, those crusaders for liberty, and transferred to Austria, a power which Count Pecchio, who has no obligations to it, designates "as the shark that devours each falling European state."

"Qualunque sia governo, al porco piace
S'anche a costo di qualche bastonata,
Mangiar, bere, e dormir lo lasci in pace."*

But the ardent Ugo Foscolo had none of the apathy of Casti's pig, and he abandoned the isles of Venice, the country of his father, his own by rights and adoption, and I believe never returned to it.

In his well-known novel of "Jacopo Ortis," the Italian Werther, much of which appears to have been written shortly after his expatriation, though the whole was not published until 1802, he poured forth his indignant soul, in words that did more than burn.

The annihilation of an ancient state, like Venice, is, fortunately, not a frequent spectacle. It was never obliterated from the deep, passionate mind of Foscolo, whose after feelings and views were essentially influenced by this great political crisis. He tore himself from his mother, and from his second mother—his country, with that ferocious ire of Dante:—

"Quando ramingo dalla patria e caldo
D' ira e di bile Ghibellina il petto
Per l' Itale vagò guaste contrade:†

and in a hopeless search of that repose he was never to know, he went and settled himself for a while in Tuscany, the part of Italy which *is* still, as it long has been, the best governed, the most civilized, and in every respect the mildest to live in. But its amenities were thrown away on the impetuous Foscolo, whose soul courted tempests. "He was, besides, born," says Pecchio, "one of those unhappy mortals more ingenious in the art of self-tormenting, than in that of self-consoling." He left the Etrurian Athens—Florence, after a few weeks,

* Animali parlanti. † Monti.

and repaired to Milan, the capital of the new-born Cisalpine Republic, that puppet which amused the Italians for a while, but whose strings were pulled by the French, and which never did acquire, and, from its nature, never could have acquired, consistence and vitality. In this vortex of movement and intrigue; in this scene of classico-political farces and parades, where French soldiers and Italian citizens played off the parts of ancient Rome and Athens; in this overthrow of all that was old, and jumble of all that was new, Foscolo continued for a considerable time. He obtained the friendship of the poet Parini, who was then closing a long and unspotted life, and he fell most violently in love with a young lady, a Roman, whose beauty and accomplishments Count Pecchio, who knew her, describes, as I have heard many others describe them, in terms the most enthusiastic.

"If there was nothing moderate in the whole character of Foscolo," says his amiable biographer, "how could *he* be moderate, in the always immoderate passion of love. I, who saw him enamoured many years after this first passion, when the furnace of his heart was no longer so *scorching*, saw him even then an object of terror to some, of laughter to others. In those brief eruptions he became mute, frowning, sad, gazing with the pupils of his eyes widely distended, and fixed motionless, like those of a madman; and if he broke that terrible taciturnity, it was only to mutter some sentences about suicide, or to repeat, for the hundredth time, as though it had been a 'rosary,' certain verses allusive to his state. I can, therefore, well imagine, in this first inflammation of his heart, that he must have been little less than a roaring lion of the forest. It appears that this love of his was returned, but that it remained unsatisfied on account of circumstances that opposed its honourable gratification. He made an ostentation of never speaking of it, but how could he make good this assumption of delicacy, when he made it the subject of a romance? ('Jacopo Ortis.') The circumstances or occurrences of the tale were feigned, but very easy to trace. Woe to the fair lady who expects prudence and discretion from a poet-lover! He will be secret, impenetrable with all his friends, except with the public. Either in a sonnet, or in a poem, or in a tragedy, he will pour out his ardours, and that not only to his contemporaries, but also to future centuries! Thus did Foscolo."

The poet, who was himself, for all his life, a slave to the darkest visitations of hypochondriasis, a malady of his family, lost, shortly after this passion, or, as Pecchio expresses it, "nel triennio repubblicano," his elder brother, who, it appears, committed suicide. A sonnet of some beauty records this sad event; but on the affairs of his family Foscolo always was silent or mysterious, in the whole course of his life rarely mentioning any relative save his *good, kind mother*, and never alluding to another brother, until from the condition of a common soldier he had risen to the rank of captain of dragoons, and the army, which was then the world to Italy as to France, had admired and applauded his courage on the field. This brother, Giulio Foscolo, was well known to Ugo's biographer. "We grew up youths together," says Pecchio; "I esteemed him, and always loved him. He must now be in some Austrian regiment, confined in some muddy village of Hungary or Transylvania." Rather a curious situation altogether for the brother of the Austrian-hater Ugo Foscolo, the author of the "Sepolcri" and the orations to Buonaparte at the Congress of Lyons!

The Italians, who from the beginning of the seventeenth century

had been entirely excluded from the exercise of arms, and condemned to the most effeminate modes of life, were now suddenly propelled into the military career by their friends the French Republicans, who stood in need of their services. In the new Cisalpine Republic the martial ardour was extreme; it invaded even the breast of the poet, and Foscolo enrolled himself and soon obtained the rank of an officer. The first operations of war, however, that he was destined to witness were those of a retreat, for in 1799, when Buonaparte, who had conquered Italy, was absent in Egypt, the Austro-Russian armies drove the French everywhere before them—blotted out the Cisalpine Republic with the same ease and with as little remorse as the scene-painter daubs over his canvass to paint another scene upon it, and, to use a favourite term of the contra-revolutionists, repristinated every thing in Italy.

Foscolo then retreated with the French to Genoa, and during the long and dreadful siege of that place, so admirably defended by Massena, he found time in the midst of his duties as soldier and orator, (for he was brimfull of the Republicanisms of the period, and accustomed to harangue the Genoese in their popular assemblies,) to compose an admirable, prophetic letter to Buonaparte on his accession to the Consulate, and to write a very mythological ode on Madama Pallavicina's being thrown from horseback on the sea-shore, which locality of necessity exacted that he should compare the fair Genoese to Venus!

On the surrender of Genoa in 1800, the poet was transported with the rest of the garrison, on board of English ships, to France. This time his exile from Italy was short. Buonaparte crossed the Alps by Mount Saint Bernard, gained the battle of Marengo, once more entered Milan, passed his hand again over the obsequious, passive scene of her politics, and restored *pro tempore* the Cisalpine Republic. Foscolo soon followed the conqueror, (who, as Pecchio observes, *always* conquered in Italy,) published in Milan his romance, a novelty for his country, and *da capo* fell most desperately in love with a Milanese dama, more beautiful even than his Roman, a most accomplished coquette, whose *heart*, as he said in after years, was all made of *brains*, and who, to add to the interest a poet's idol must inspire, was the daughter of the fair and complacent Marchesina F——, whom our own Sterne met on the staircase of a palace at Milan.

In 1802, Foscolo published his oration to Buonaparte for the Congress of Lyons, a curious compound of pedantry and plain sense, of eulogium and criticism, of admiration for the ambitious Napoleon, and of love for true, ancient, naked Republicanism.

At this time the poet enjoyed an influence and a popularity in the highest societies altogether extraordinary, considering his want of birth, connexions, patrons, and fortune, and his capricious, violent, and generally unamiable manner of comporting himself in company. Some of these defects increased under the inacerbation of disappointment and years; but even at this period Pecchio describes him as a man, who in some countries, spite of his genius, would not have been tolerated in society for a day—would have been fortunate had he escaped the strait-waistcoat and the lunatic asylum. As if the passion of love was not passion enough, Foscolo was, at this time, dread-

fully addicted to gambling. His biographer, in few but impressive words, describes this madness.

"Movement and passions are the aliment of ardent souls. Foscolo, as I have said, from his profound, intense study of the Greek and Roman classics, would plunge at once into the sea of dissipation. The ancients from the academy passed to the palestra. The palestra of Foscolo were the theatre and the gaming-table. After having meditated on the scholiast of Homer, on the interpretations of Callimachus, on Tacitus, he would break out from his house towards midnight, to try his luck at play, in the ridotto of the Della Scala Theatre. Vehement in every thing, he sought to do violence on fortune. With a handful of *louis d'ors*, he would go and attack at Faro, a mountain of gold, as at times a company of soldiers will attempt to take a fortress by assault. Fortune now and then smiled on him. At times he would return to his home with a heap of gold. The next day, a new scene would rise for his life. He ordered clothes, bought horses, changed his residence, and lodged himself in a gilded apartment. But all this luxury would then disappear like a dream. Fortune turned her back on him, and Faro speedily retook all that it had given him. No matter! He would sell every thing, retire to some obscure corner of Milan, and immerse himself in study, not quitting his lodgings for many days together."

Count Pecchio will not undertake to decide whether Foscolo was more fortunate in love than in gambling; but after correctly showing the ardent ambition of the fair Italians for applause if not glory, and that a poet must have peculiar claims on them, he paints a portrait of the man which is by no means captivating.

"He was of middling stature, and of rather a strong and muscular make. He had thick, rough, reddish, curling hair, which rendered more energetic his poetic *estro*, and more horrible his tristful silence and his flashes of rage. * * His eyes were grey, small, deep sunk, quick and sparkling. His complexion was sandy, his nose and chin were regular, his lips thin and projecting like a snout; a thick beard most copiously covered his jaws and chin, he following in this particular the precept of Casti:

'Pelo, pelo! vi vuol pelo e non pelle
Per far fortuna e innamorar le belle.'

Or,

'Beard—beard and whisker! not your delicate skin
Makes a man's fortune, and the fair will win.'

But this snout, this exuberant hair, this colour, a quick, restless motion of the eyes, with the progress of years, gave him at times a resemblance to that being that forms as it were a link between man and the animal creation."

The first time I saw Foscolo was when years had strengthened this resemblance, and it struck me at once. Mr. Murray, of Albemarle-street, has a portrait of the man (and it is like what he was!) which a very few touches of the pencil might convert into the beast. But indeed even in earlier years his appearance suggested the odious comparison, for the making of which he fought a duel at Milan, (a *pistol* duel, and none of your scratching small-sword businesses,) with an honest Dane, whom he nearly sent into the other world. Foscolo, however, vain as he was, was perfectly aware he was no Antinous in beauty, and he correctly describes the irregularities of his person as well as of his character, in a sonnet in imitation of one in which Alfieri painted his own portrait.

It was during one of his seclusions at Milan, produced by bad luck at play and by poverty, but cheered by the Muses, that he published a translation of the hymn of Callimachus on the locks of Be-

renice, with a whole volume of unread, and scarcely readable commentaries, which, he afterwards sustained, he had written only as a satire on the erudite and the glossarists.

From singing about the locks of a lady's hair, and from writing learned puzzles, Foscolo was summoned in his military capacity to cross the Alps. The "Cisalpine Republic," which was now styled the "Italian Republic," sent a division of its newly formed army into France to fight the battles of the French. Buonaparte was then intent on the invasion of England, and Foscolo went with his countrymen to the camp of Boulogne, cheered as they marched thither with the confident inscriptions of "Chemin à Londres" that the French soldiers had erected along the road to the coast.

Cependant le chemin n'aboutissait pas! The French army did not reach London, and Foscolo, to relieve himself from the monotony and tedium of a camp, studied the English language on the Gallic coast, and made a pleasant translation of Sterne's Sentimental Journey.

Without seeing London, Foscolo returned at the end of the year 1805 to Milan, where he edited in a very masterly manner the military works of the great Montecuculi.

Poets generally make but indifferent soldiers; there is an incompatibility between their irregular characters and the discipline and subordination of a military life. Eugene Beauharnois, when Viceroy of Italy, was heard to say, that the three poets he had in his army, Gasparinetti, Ceroni, and Foscolo, gave him more trouble than all the rest of the army put together. Captain Ugo Foscolo must have been particularly unmanageable. His literary merits deserved some homage, and he was permitted to retain his rank and full pay, and to live *en bourgeois*, or *da poeta*, just as he chose, without being obliged to any service. He retired to Brescia, which beautiful district of Italy, with its frank, hospitable, joyous inhabitants, is admirably described by Count Pecchio, and finished his poem "Sui Sepolcri," the most perfect production of his genius, the most impressive and beautiful little poem that Italy can boast, the exquisite verses of which are known by heart to every cultivated Italian, as Gray's Elegy to every Englishman, and which will preserve Foscolo's name and fame as long as the Italian language shall exist. He also published, as an experiment, his spirited translation of the first book of Homer, during his retirement at Brescia, which seems to have been the most tranquil—the happiest portion of his life, for he had ease and competence, kind friends in all he met, and that indispensable ingredient to his enjoyment, a *kinder* lady with "large black eyes" to smile upon his eccentricities and to applaud the verses she inspired.

In 1808 he underwent a striking metamorphosis. From a Captain in the army he was transformed into a Professor of a University. "The chair of Eloquence at Pavia, which had been occupied for some years by Monti, and then by Ceretti, and which was vacant from the death of the last named poet, was offered to Foscolo as a reward due to his celebrity. He therefore changed the sword for the gown."

The prolusion he delivered on ascending the chair, and in which he treated "of the origin and office of literature," was calculated to add to his high reputation, but it destroyed his prospects as a professor.

Nourishing still the same independent ideas that he carried with him on his first exile from Venice, he would not listen to those satellites of Napoleon, who suggested that a compliment—a token of homage should be introduced in his discourse to gratify the "*sommo regnante*," the great conqueror, and within the year his professorship was suspended under pretext of a reform in the plan of studies in the University!

After his dismissal from the University of Pavia, Foscolo retired to the lake of Como, of whose beautiful scenery, and of the delicious *villeggiatura* life there led, Count Pecchio gives an admirable description, in which he shows that the political economist can have the feeling of a poet. The passage regarding the old castle of Baradello that overlooks the town of Como and the lake, is one of the most beautiful in Italian literature, and a worthy *pendant* to some of Foscolo's scenic descriptions in his Jacopo-Ortis, saying which is to pay Count Pecchio the very highest of compliments.

During this retreat Foscolo, it appears, began his "Hymn to the Graces," a good poem, and finished his "Ajax," a bad tragedy, which was soon after represented and "very particularly damned" at Milan. But, as if it were not misfortune enough to write a bad tragedy—to hear it hissed and made the subject of epigram and pasquinade, Foscolo was speedily accused of having made political allusions. Ajax (it was discovered) was intended for General Moreau, and Agamemnon, the King of Kings, was no other than Napoleon the head of the Confederation of the Rhine, dictating to the satellite sovereigns how they should wage war on Russia. All Milan, but a few years before the theatre of the hardiest Republicanism, was turned upside down by the irreverent poet, who was treated, says Pecchio, as though he had attempted to blow up the whole empire with a few verses, and easily persuaded by the *sempre-suadente* (ever-persuasive) police, to change his place of abode.

Foscolo retired to Tuscany, that delightful country which had been the scene of his first exile, where he rented a house in Camaldoli that had once been occupied by "the starry Galileo," finished his "Hymn to the Graces," and published it with a dedication to Canova. Hence also Foscolo sent forth his corrected translation of "Sterne's Sentimental Journey," with some curious notes prefixed on his own character and life, under the feigned name of Didimo Chierico.

The ostracism which this time had driven him from Milan, contributed to his happiness, for in the balsamic tranquillity of Florence and its neighbourhood, his stormy mind found the repose of which it stood in need, and both his corporeal and mental faculties seemed bettered by the change. But the amiable quiet and repose of the Etrurian Athens were not enjoyed beyond the Alps, or in the rest of Italy. While Foscolo cultivated the Muses, Napoleon made his disastrous retreat from Moscow, lost battles, committed *faults*, and was trembling towards his final descent and fall. And early in 1814, the author of "Ajax" had full liberty not only to return to Milan, whence he had been driven on suspicion of making covert allusions, but openly to satirize, if he chose, the fallen Napoleon. Foscolo had too much greatness of soul to do the latter office, which was largely per-

formed by many who had fattened on the favour of that extraordinary man, and who but a few months before would have prostrated themselves at his feet—would have been annihilated by his frown.

The Lombards now saw themselves about to revert to their old masters, the Austrians, and they were justifiable in the endeavours they made to rescue themselves from that yoke, which though perhaps not much more oppressive than that of the French, was more awkward and more degrading. Willingly we extend our sympathies to the efforts which were made by the Italians during the sort of interregnum that followed the fall of Napoleon,—our regret that there was no unity of feeling and purpose to ensure success and national independence, and that Lombardy and the Venetian States, as must have been foreseen, fell to the Emperor of Austria. During these days of confusion, of doubts, and of hopes, Foscolo for the last time put on his military uniform, having been promoted to the rank of *chef-d'escadron*, by the Regency of Milan. He wore it, until an Austrian army took possession of the city, when he threw it off for ever, and presented a spirited protest to our English General Sir R. Mac Farlane, who was prayed to submit it to the consideration of the high Allied Powers. This protest, which might be termed the last sigh of brief Italian liberty, was written by Foscolo. Pecchio regrets he has no copy of it. "But I well remember," says he, "that it was concise, energetic, dignified, worthy of the pen of Machiavelli. This was the last production of Foscolo in Italy; but to every Italian heart it will be for ever a monument more precious than any other writings of his!"

Foscolo had never had a fortune. In Italy, the most successful works add little or nothing to a poet's purse. He had lived on his pay as an officer, and now had nothing to expect but a paltry half-pay pension from the Austrians whom he abhorred. But in this very interesting part of his narrative, let the biographer speak for himself.

"What then could he do? how could he gain a subsistence without debasing himself? I must not conceal that certain Austrians in authority, more awake than the mass of that nation appears to be, well foreseeing the effect to be produced on the public spirit of the Italians if they could *hire* Ugo Foscolo as their writer, requested from him the plan of a new Literary Journal, and then offered him the direction of it, with a salary of six thousand franks. He drew out the plan, and I remember that it was founded on extended and liberal principles, but on no conditions would he accept the direction of it. These negociations naturally produced between him and the astute Mæcenases that interchange of courtesies used even by the most inveterate enemies. This contact of Foscolo with the foreigners, was interpreted with bitter severity by those who would have wished the Italians to live remote from all intercourse with the Austrians, not less than did the inhabitants of Italy in the ages of the northern irruptions of the Vandals and the Lombards. Foscolo discovered too late that his conduct gave a handle to calumny and scandal. One afternoon I met him, sad and irritated, outside of the 'Porta Orientale,' in that avenue of poplar trees, which leads towards Loreto: after walking a long time without uttering a word, he at last broke his silence, saying to me, 'You who are accustomed to tell the truth to friends and to enemies, tell me frankly what do the public say of me?'—'If you continue your intercourse with the Austrians,' I replied, 'your enemies will say that you are one of their spies!' These words were like a thunderbolt. His steps became hurried, his countenance all clouded. He said nothing more. The next day I learned that, without taking leave of his friends, without a passport from the government, without money, he had departed, in disguise,

for Switzerland. Rich only in fame, he had the courage to commence life anew, as a wanderer through Europe, already full, at that period, of the aggrieved and the unfortunate. This circumstance, more than any other, proved that he himself was the original of 'Jacopo Ortis,' and his romance became a second time a sad reality."

This exile was every way sadder than those he had before known, and he was destined never to return from it, or to know any other comfort than—

> "Lo spirto
> Delle vergine muse e dell' amore
> Unico spirto a *sua* vita raminga."*

He found the refuge he sought in Switzerland, of which hospitable country his amiable biographer draws a spirited little picture. He resided for nearly two years at Zurich, where he published his "Didymi Clerici Hypercalypseos," a dull satire, in Latin prose, directed against the critics of his fallen tragedy of "Ajax," and the parasites of the fallen government of Buonaparte. The most interesting thing connected with this truly "fratesca produzione," (friar-like production) is its dedication, under the feigned name of Julio Richardo Worthio, to Mr. William Stewart Rose, the able translator of Ariosto, the admired of all that know him, who, says Count Pecchio, "from his most gentlemanly character, his acquirements, and wit, deserved the homage of something more elegant and poetical than this satire."

In the advantages which Switzerland offered to the refugee Foscolo, one, and a very material one, was wanting—it afforded him no opportunity of literary employment and profit, no market for his genius, now his only wealth. Some kind friends suggested that he might find this market in England; and despairing of ever again seeing Italy, he left Zurich for London, where, to the honour of our country, he was received with all the respect and sympathy due to his talent, and his political consistency and dignity.

"Scarcely was he arrived in London, when he was visited by the most conspicuous characters of England. At Holland House he made the acquaintance of Brougham, Macintosh, Lord John Russell, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Jeffrey, Hallam, and other champions of the Whig party. In this brilliant society he grasped the hands of the most celebrated English poets, Byron, Rogers, Campbell, Moore, who fêted him 'come del bel numer uno.'"

In the first months after his arrival, he was almost daily at Holland House.

"But Foscolo could not long continue this mode of life. Whoever is acquainted with English society, its formalities, and code of Chinese etiquette, will feel astonished how that society could tolerate him for nearly two years, or how he could tolerate that society. How could his harsh, screaming voice, his maniac gestures, his flashes of anger, accord with the cold, composed, frozen manners of the English gentleman of rank, conversing in a low tone of voice, without contradicting, but without ceding? How could he be a tyrant among men who will not be slaves? How could he satisfy his pride with those who are inflexibly haughty? No! He was a heterogeneous body in this society, a very antipode of habits and manners. Much more than our real *merit*, do our *manners* render us amiable and agreeable in our commerce with mankind, and

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* I sepolcri.

common thoughts expressed with grace and lightness afford more pleasure in society than flashes of dazzling genius—and those of Foscolo were lightning flashes with the thunder with them!"

What follows is admirable:—

"It is, besides, imprudent for a stranger to endeavour to protract too long his presence with the circles of this measureless capital. Every celebrity is here fleeting. A new person is announced, sought after, gazed at as a lion, (and he is also called a lion,) but his apparition should be short. To refresh one's fame in London, to render oneself a new man, it would be necessary, at least every year, to discover a planet, or conquer a world, or write two or three good romances, like a Walter Scott. Otherwise, London is the great tomb of *celebrities*. In this Pantheon lie, with a hundred others, the Catalanis, the Rossinis—Napoleon! Here the longevity of a celebrated man does not exceed a twelvemonth. Names and fames beat against and roll over each other as the waves of the sea that surround the island. As a prince succeeds, and causes his predecessor to be forgotten, so here, one lion succeeds and supplants another lion. It was, then, high time for Foscolo to retire to his cave. And besides, in the long run, what advantage could he derive from these societies? He consumed his time, (the only money he possessed) and it was incumbent on him to gain an honourable subsistence. His disposition was indocile, and averse to every patronage. Could he who had disdained the diamond-studded yoke of Napoleon, submit to champ the bit of an obscure Mæcenas? He retired, therefore, to live with his books, in a remote part of London."

The spot Foscolo chose was South Bank, in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park, a spot which, by a whimsical affectation of fashion, certain English writers of the day—who never were, and never will be men of fashion—have delighted to ridicule, but which the elegant Italian, Count Pecchio, with a better taste and a feeling for its beauties, compares with these verses in Tasso—

"Tondo è il ricco edifizio; e nel più chiuso
Grembo di lui, ch' è quasi centro al giro,
Un giardin v' ha, ch' adorno è sopra l'uso
Di quanti più famosi unqua fioriro."

"But," continues his biographer, "when I visited Foscolo in this retreat, in the spring of 1822, the Park was scarcely sketched out; and this place was almost a solitude, sprinkled here and there with small houses, like the cells of cenobites. I recollect that on first seeing that thick and lazy water of the canal, on which no objects float, save black coal-barges, I said to Foscolo, 'The Author of "The Sepulchres" has done well to choose his habitation in the shores of Acheron.' But when I saw the three girls who served him, I added, 'but the Author of "The Sepulchres" has better taste than old Pluto; instead of the three Parcæ, he lives with the three Graces.' And, in fact, those three young girls were so pretty and graceful, that it appeared that Foscolo, like a new Pygmalion, after describing the Graces in his Hymn, had given them life and animation. I often used with him the language of Mythology, because I knew he liked it. I spoke with him like a Greek of two thousand years ago resuscitated among us; and out of courtesy, I continue also in these memoirs to be prodigal of mythological imagery. Let this plead my excuse with my friends of the romantic school."

This is the very playfulness of wit; but the sober reader will scarcely avoid a smile and a sigh at this literary retirement, and at the idea that Foscolo, who could scarcely keep himself, should have undertaken the support of "three Graces." They did more than cost him money—they cost him a horsewhipping and a risk of his life. A Mr. Graham, who had acted some time as his secretary and translator, became all at once desirous of sacrificing to one of the Graces—

and the poor poet was jealous of all three. A quarrel, an assault by Graham, and a duel, were the consequences. Ugo Foscolo stood his rival's fire with becoming intrepidity; for himself, he fired in the air, protesting it was beneath him to aim at such a person as Graham; and the duel was ended by the seconds, in a manner about as satisfactory as such things generally are.*

Foscolo employed himself in his cottage at South Bank in writing articles for some of our most respectable periodical publications, for each of which, as Pecchio observes, he could obtain four or five times more money than the great Monti† had been able to acquire in Italy by his immortal poem, the "Basvilliana," or than Foscolo himself had gained by his "Jacopo Ortis;" an employment by which, as his biographer also adds, he might have led a decent and comfortable life in England had he known how to keep the balance between the *dare* and *avere;* "but Foscolo, as we shall see, was ignorant of the science of finance, and lived after the fashion of thoughtless governments before the institution of representative bodies, who always made their expenses exceed their ordinary revenues."

The articles for the English reviews were for money—for fame, as he fancied, Foscolo continued on the banks of the Regent's Canal the version of the "Iliad" which he had begun at Brescia. Of this translation, Pecchio thinks, he completed eleven books; but he never published more than two, the first and the third, which his biographer describes as energetic, faithful, and poetical.

In 1820, Foscolo published in London his tragedy of "Ricciarda," with a dedication to Lord John Russell in this verse of Tibullus—

"Hoc tibi. Nec tanto careat mihi nomine charta."

Shortly after, he brought forth his "Essay on Petrarca," the most beautiful work he produced during his emigration in England.

In 1823, by the advice of Lady Dacre, Foscolo undertook to give a course of lectures on Italian literature. By her exertions, united to those of Mr. William Stewart Rose, and some other distinguished literary characters and friends, a very numerous and highly-cultivated audience was assembled; and a thousand pounds were put into the pockets of Foscolo, who was pennyless before he gave these lectures, and who had never in the whole course of his life been in possession of any thing like such a sum. (Here I must again find room for Pecchio's admirable description and reflections.)

"But, alas! what is human nature! That which ought to be our fortune often produces our ruin. Thus was it to Foscolo with this money. Awaking in the morning rich, *all' impensata,* as if by a miracle of Aladdin's lamp, these very riches were the origin of his future misfortunes, just as it happens so frequently in the tales of the Thousand-and-one Nights to those who suddenly bound from poverty to opulence. This money dazzled him, heated his brain—and among the many castles in the air he began to build, he took it into his head to purchase a piece of ground near to the cottage where he resided, and to build

* It is worth while remarking, that this adversary of Foscolo, two years afterwards, was killed in a duel in America by another enemy, "less romantically generous" than the poet.

† "Monti," says Count Pecchio, in a note, "once told me that he had sold the MS. of the 'Basvilliana' for twenty Louis. Alessandro Manzoni gained still less by his tragedy, 'Il Conte di Carmagnola.'"

on it a much larger house than the one he occupied, and to surround it with a spacious garden. And not only this, but seeing that the English speculated in houses, he undertook to build another house in the neighbourhood, which he was to let. When, on my return from Spain in August 1823, I went to visit him, I found him lodged in his new cottage with all the luxury of a *Fermier-general*, promenading upon beautiful Flanders carpets, with furniture of the rarest woods; with statues in his hall; with a hot-house full of exotic and costly flowers, and still served by the three Graces (I believe, still more expensive than every thing else). I was struck with astonishment: I could not account for this theatrical change: it seemed to me a dream. I said to myself, Ugo Foscolo has followed the example of Dr. Faustus, he certainly must have made a bargain with the devil Mephistopheles. It cannot be denied, however, that he has good taste, and if he is not rich he deserves to be so; if all that I see is only a vision, certes he merits the reality! But too truly it *was* all a vision! Little or nothing of what I saw was paid for, every thing belonged to his creditors; it was the palace of King Theodore, tapestried with *pagherò*, or 'I promise to pay.'"

Having no arms to place over his gateway, Foscolo had put up the word "Digamma," on which Greek word he had written a learned dissertation, and gained, as he thought, a literary trophy. The "Digamma cottage" was Foscolo's Blenheim; but the name did not strike the apprehension of the ruralizing cockneys on their Sunday walks, accustomed to read as they go in that neighbourhood such intelligible inscriptions as "Ivy Cottage," "Primrose Cottage," &c. &c. The most puzzling style was "Benvenue," and as that was over the door of a little cottage also in South Bank, and signified a mountain in Scotland, they may have supposed "Digamma" the name of some other mountain "far abroad."

"Foscolo," says Pecchio, "soon began to perceive that it is greater madness to build a house on earth without money, than to build castles in the air." His creditors became importunate, and the thoughtless poet was obliged to abandon his Digamma cottage, his flowers, the three Graces, "ed ogni cosa più cara." He hid himself in a second floor "of one of the hundred thousand houses that compose London;" but even in this vast labyrinth he was not safe from creditors and bailiffs, and he was often obliged to conceal his name and change the place of his abode. From this time, his poetry was at an end, for—

"Lieto nido, esca dolce, aura cortese
Bramano i Cigni: e non si va in Parnaso
Con le cure mordaci: e chi pur garre
Sempre col suo destino e col disagio
Vien roco e perde il canto e la favella." *

He was in this state, with his pockets empty, with his head full of accounts, and lawyers' letters, and dishonoured bills, instead of verses, and his heart freezing with despondence, when Mr. Pickering, the bookseller, engaged him to edite the four great Italian classics—Dante, Petrarca, Boccaccio, and Tasso. This labour he was to complete in two years, and to receive six hundred pounds for it. Many men would have done the work and drawn the money without any very great expense of fatigue, but poor Foscolo even now loved fame better than money, and he was endowed, moreover, with what we may

* Guarini.

call great literary conscience. He spent months on the critical discourse prefixed to the "Decameron" (the first of the four he undertook); and as to the prelude, and his notes to the "Divina Comedia," there seemed no end to them. He, however, worked hard. The following passage I translate from Pecchio for more reasons than one:—

"Meanwhile, under this unremitted labo[illegible]nd these numerous causes of anxiety, his health gradually declined. F[illegible]y he grew thinner, and a disposition to dropsy, the consequence of an an[illegible]n of the liver, which had long afflicted him, began to show itself. Comforted by three or four friends, who alone visited him during the last two years of his life, he divided his time between them and his books, scarcely ever going out of the house. And yet the undertaking did not advance so rapidly as his bookseller wished. Accustomed as are the booksellers of London to order a book as they would a piece of cloth—a pair of boots, Foscolo's publisher could not understand how so much reading, so much meditation, such correcting and polishing of the style, were required for a commentary on Dante, when in England there are authors that *improvise* to the day whatever work the booksellers choose—(God knows what these works are when done!) So he was every day in Foscolo's rooms, goading his sides—driving him on, as the ploughman does his ox when tilling. If Foscolo had escaped from his creditors for money, he had fallen into the hands of a not less *exacting* creditor of thoughts. But thoughts are no less rare and backward than money; if they gushed out like the waters of the fountain, they would also be as cheap as water."

We are now drawing rapidly towards the close of the stormy life of one who was indisputably a man of the highest genius. He had, several times before tried the quiet of the suburbs of our great metropolis—his last retreat was the neat little house at Turnham Green, mentioned in the introduction to these notices.

"Here he passed the last months of his life, studying, philosophizing, and conversing with the few friends, who in his adverse fortune frequented him with more love than ever. With the exception of one or two Englishmen, the others were exiles like himself, who cheered him in his hours of repose, and surrounded his bed during the last days of his malady. One among these visited him almost every day—the Canon Riego, brother of the General of the same name, the hero and martyr of the last Spanish revolution. This most excellent and virtuous priest was enamoured of the *fecundia* and energetic soul of Foscolo. Every time that I spoke to him of his friend, he answered with emotion, that whatever might be certain persons' opinion about Foscolo, in two years of continual and most intimate intercourse, he never saw any thing but generosity in his actions—he never heard any thing fall from his mouth but moral and patriotic sentiments—he never found him busied on any thing but his literary labours. Meanwhile the malady increased, until being no longer able to sit up in his room, he took to his bed—from which he never rose more! His danger was then announced; and at this sad news all his old friends, who from forgetfulness or incompatibility of character had not seen him for many years, with that truly English generosity, even towards a foe who is falling, emulated each other in actively sending to inquire after him, and to offer him every assistance. Still fresh the shame excited by the abandonment and poverty in which the illustrious Sheridan had been left to die in London, all those noblemen who had appreciated the genius of Foscolo were this time more than ever prompt to run to his assistance. The friends who attended on him accepted only the slight sum of fifty pounds, which sufficed to pay the rent of the house and his humble funeral. And, let it be said, in honour of the English nobility, they took more interest, and showed more generosity towards Foscolo, an exile, a foreigner, than his fellow-countrymen showed to Parini, when he died at home among them! In friendly emulation with each other, they all sent him presents: Lord Holland

offered his most precious wines, the Duke of Devonshire his rarest game; but the courtesy most deserving of notice is that of the proscribed wanderer, the good Canon Riego, who prodigalized every species of care and gentle attention. For this, on the 3rd of August, Foscolo wrote him (in English) a friendly letter, which, on the brink of the grave, he impressed with the independence of his soul."

In this note, which equally bears the impression of the deepest gratitude and most fervid friendship, Foscolo acknowledges the receipt of some books, biscuits, &c. sent by the generous Spaniard, but begs him to send nothing more. He speaks of the rapid increase of the dropsy—of Dr. Holland's visit, and the approaching operation of tapping. He begs most earnestly that the Canon will recur to no living soul, be it man or woman, for further assistance for him.

"On the 10th of October, 1827, the morning of the day on which he died, he received the visit of an illustrious personage—his countryman, the Count Capo d'Istria, who was at that time in London, on the point of departing to assume the charge of President in Greece: an homage of friendship and esteem which that personage was anxious to render to the most conspicuous literary character among the modern Greeks. But Foscolo, already stupified by his disease, could no longer feel the comfort of that tribute of touching respect.

"Had Foscolo died with less courage and stoicism, he might have been taxed as with a rhodomontade in life, for that contempt and invoking of death he was continually heard to make. His courage did *not* fail him, and 'la mort qui est sans doute la plus remarquable action de la vie humaine,' was certainly one of his most praiseworthy actions. He died as he had lived. Docile to the advice of his physicians, suffering from his pains, he intrepidly felt the dimming of the dear light of day: he spoke of death with the philosophy of Socrates and Seneca: he spoke of the great mystery of the soul; and in these discourses, he went to sleep for ever!"

Of his memory, of his character, what remains to be said? When Italy shall awaken to her former self, the name of Foscolo will be one that, of all in these later times, she will cherish with the most jealous homage and the most forgiving affection. Amidst his errors, his eccentricities, and his vices, a stern and high independence of soul, a deep and religious, though often an ineffectual, love for what is great and noble in this common world, lingered with him to the last; sometimes (though by uneven and fiery starts) exalting him beyond his frailties, and more often, at least, redeeming them. He was one of those wild and portentous characters that blaze forth from time to time, at once the produce and the type of great political changes. Of the same large mould of mind as Byron and Goëthe, he possessed the passions of the first without the deep and felicitous wisdom of the last. Hereafter, he will be regarded, not alone, but in connexion with his age; and will receive a pardon for his waywardness and impetuosities by the same just rule which obliges us now to extend our indulgence to the servility of Racine and the duplicity of Machiavel.

His funeral was quiet and modest, as suited his circumstances: followed by five friends, his body was interred in the neighbouring churchyard of Chiswick—thus verifying what he had predicted to his native island of Zante, even in his youth—

"Tu non altro che il canto avrai del figlio,
O materna mia terra: a noi prescrisse
Il fato, illacrimata sepoltura."

PARTICULARS OF THE ASSASSINATION OF CAPO D'ISTRIAS.

Napoli di Romania, October 25, 1831.

The event that has just occurred here has caused a greater sensation than any other during the stormy period of the Revolution. The assumption, or the suspicion of assuming arbitrary power, has been visited with the same penalty in this country now, as it was two thousand years ago, and George and Constantine Mavromichalis will be, I fear, names as much celebrated by the modern Greeks as were Harmodius and Aristogiton by their ancestors.

Count John Capo d'Istrias was born at Corfu, where his family had, from an early age, been respected and possessed of property. When the Russians were masters of the Ionian Islands, he rendered himself useful to them; and on their withdrawing, he returned with them, and so attached himself to their nation, that he never ceased to consider himself as a Russian. He held office under the Russian Government while the Greek Revolution was preparing to explode, and was the agent and engine by which the early events of it were managed. In 1819 he paid a visit to his native island, and formed a connection with the "Hetaria," whose views he strongly favoured, but always with reference to Russian interests. When the Revolution under Ypsilanty burst out in Wallachia, and the Russians affected openly to disapprove of it, he also denounced and disowned its proceedings, though it was known that he was a strenuous promoter of its principles, and secretly connected with its agents.

It is generally believed that he always looked forward to become its chief, when the Revolution was accomplished, to which his being himself a Greek, and his having the confidence and support of the Russians, emboldened him to aspire. He took no part, however, in their affairs till the struggle was over, and the independence of Greece was ensured: he then proceeded thither, and in January 1828 arrived at Napoli, in an English ship of war, and was recognised as the President and Chief of the Government. His coming was joyfully hailed by all, as the signal of peace and conciliation. Napoli was torn to pieces by the factions of Griva and Colocotroni. They both at once submitted to Capo d'Istrias. All the other chiefs followed their example; and his authority was acknowledged with the united esteem and good-will of all parties.

His extraordinary influence was evinced in the very first act of his administration. He issued a recommendation, that as the external enemy was now removed, and no longer to be dreaded, there was no farther occasion to retain arms for defence or aggression, and that they should be surrendered to the Government. Such was the deference paid to his simple suggestion, that the whole population, as if by a spontaneous movement, brought in their weapons; and the country that just before had been overrun with armed men, who exercised every act of pillage and oppression, at once became quiet and secure, and was passed over by travellers in all directions, with perfect safety. The lands which had belonged to the Turks, and were now in the hands of Government, were let out to the disarmed men, on the encouraging terms of their paying as rent 30 per cent. of the produce, and swords were literally turned into reaping-hooks. Extensive schools were everywhere established, principally on the Lancastrian system, and such was the apparent prosperity and sense of security in the country, that various foreigners speculated on vesting their capital in land both on the islands and the continent. Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm, the Rev. Mr. Leeves, and several other Englishmen, took tracts of land in the vicinity of Athens, and some of them actually commenced building their dwelling-houses; while at Napoli di Romania, and several other towns, whole new streets were laid down, on improved plans, and the country was beginning to rise, like a Phœnix from its ashes; and in fact, a new coinage was decreed, having this just and appropriate device for its impression. In order to evince their gratitude to the man whom they considered as the cause of all this prosperity, the people proposed that a salary of 30,000 crowns a-year should be settled on the President. To their astonishment he declined to

accept it, and all his high qualities were now enhanced by the reputation of unexampled self-denial and disinterestedness.

In a short time, however, the real character of the man began to appear. He abolished the popular form of Government, and nominated a Council called Panhellenium, which was the mere creature of his will. The contributions he received from Russia and France were all expended in buying up and retaining agents to promote his despotic plans. All the Constitutionalists, who had perilled life and limb in the storm of the Revolution, were dismissed from his confidence. Mavrocordato, Tricoupi, and others, were driven from the situations of trust which they had filled; a host of needy dependents from the Ionian Islands were called over to supply their places, and they arrived, headed by his two brothers, Counts Viaro and Augustine. These men, though stigmatised at home by ignorance and incapacity, were now placed at the heads of important departments in Greece, and from that time the influence of the President began to decline. The people saw, or thought they saw, their country devoted only to satisfy the cupidity and ambition of these worthless Ionians, who were now called over to reap the fruits of all their perils and sacrifices. Every place of profit was filled by a *Graculus esuriens* from Corfu or Cephalonia, and murmurs and discontent soon began to spread among the disappointed people.

To counteract the effects of this, a system of spies and informers was organised. The mails were stopped by order of the Government, private letters were opened and examined, and in a short time the state of society in Greece became more beset with the agents of despotism than under the most oppressive and arbitrary tyranny.

Just at this time, Prince Leopold was announced as the Sovereign of Greece, and the announcement was hailed with delight by a people now greatly disgusted with the government of the President. He at first treated the report with contempt, and affected to disbelieve it; but when he found the fact was undeniable, he assumed the semblance of the most disinterested patriotism, congratulated his country on the fortunate event, and declared himself still ready to serve it in any subordinate capacity. The difficulties and impediments which caused this project to fail are now known to have been all his own exaggerations or suggestions. The clamour raised about the boundaries was fomented by his agents, and the good easy King-elect was deterred from undertaking the government of an unsettled country where so many causes of anxiety awaited him.

The President, now firmly fixed in his seat, seemed to think no further dissimulation necessary. He pursued his plans of establishing a despotic authority, under the auspices of Russia; and thought there was so little occasion for further management, that he informed the Deputies who waited on him to propose the calling of another National Assembly, and the establishing a constitutional Government, "that they were not fit for liberty, and must not think of it."

The people now seeing their hopes disappointed, their long sufferings and sacrifices useless, and the authority of a foreign agent established among them, more despotic than that of the Turks, their discontent everywhere blazed out into open insurrection, both on the continent and in the islands. The Mainotes, the Hydriotes, the Syriotes, the Poriotes, all concurred to throw off what they considered an intolerable yoke, and every thing threatened the horrors of a civil war, even more destructive than that of the Turks, from which they had just been freed.

Among those individuals who had excited the strongest suspicion, and had incurred the highest resentment of the Government, was the family of Mavromichalis, the hereditary Governors of Maina. When the Greek insurrection broke out, Pietro Bey, a rude and venerable old chieftain, was a kind of Sovereign Prince in Maina. This region is a mountainous district among the snowy ridges of the Taygetus, like the Highlands of Scotland, and includes in it the site of ancient Sparta. Enjoying a feudal and almost despotic sovereignty here, Pietro and his sons, in their ardour for the liberties of their country, declared for the insurgents, though at the sacrifice of their own authority, and perilled every

thing to advance the cause. One of his sons was killed in the contest, and when it was ended, the father came to reside at Napoli, with his remaining son Constantine, and his brother Giorgio, and was appointed a senator. The proceedings of the Government soon disgusted him: he joined the constitutional party, and became a proscribed man. He attempted to return secretly to his own province, but the President, knowing and dreading his great influence there, caused him to be arrested, and he lay five or six months a prisoner in the dungeons of Itaphkalé. His brother and his son entered deeply into his resentments. They, too, became suspected men, were arrested, placed under the surveillance of the police, and were always watched and guarded by two armed men, who attended them wherever they went.

On the morning of Sunday the 9th of October, they proceeded to the church of St. Spiridion, situated in the middle of the city, to attend, as they said, early service a little after daybreak, and were followed as usual by their guards. While standing in the porch of the church, the President arrived also with his suite, to attend divine service, and was entering that part of the church called the narthex, leaving his body-guards at some little distance behind him. In passing the Mavromichalis, they saluted him, and when he raised his hand to his head, to return the salute, George drew a poignard which he had concealed under his capote, and plunged it into his body, while Constantine, who stood behind him, presented a loaded pistol and fired it close to his back; the ball entered his side, and he fell instantly dead on the steps of the church.

The assassins when they saw him fall, drew back amongst the crowd and then fled. George escaped unhurt, and proceeded to the hotel of the French Minister, into which he made a forcible entry from an adjoining house, as the doors were not open and none of the family yet risen; and here he was closely followed by the guard who were placed over him. Constantine* was not so fortunate; he was fired at and wounded by one of the President's armed attendants, who rushed forward after the assassination was committed, but not in time to arrest the murderers. He directed his flight to the upper part of the town, and made for some poor *cabanes* inhabited by the lower classes. He rushed in among them wounded and bleeding, and threw himself on the protection of some poor women who lived there. They were inclined to shelter and conceal him, and it is probable he would have escaped among the number of partizans of his cause, but he was too closely followed by the attendant who had shot him. This man hallooed in the pursuit some police agents, and they came on him just as he was endeavouring to conceal himself. They immediately dragged him forth, despatched him on the spot, and then drew his body to the public place of the Platanus, where they stripped it naked, and exposed it to the public gaze till midday. They then tied cords to the feet, and dragging it ignominiously after them through the town, they cast it into the sea behind the fortress of the Palamidi.

Notwithstanding the remonstrance of the French Minister, all the formalities of the law were dispensed with, and Giorgio was tried by the summary process of a court-martial. On the 23rd he was brought forth to the glacis of the fortress in the midst of a vast concourse of spectators, who were agitated by various feelings. He appeared with his usual intrepid and undismayed countenance, affirming his innocence of crime. Immediately however before the execution of the sentence, he declared to the priest who attended him that he knew he had committed a great sin before God, in embuing his hands in the blood of a fellow-creature, and then turning to the crowd, he recommended unity and concord in the most earnest manner, and trusted that his country would forgive him for the deed he had done, and then he would hope for the forgiveness of God. A few of the crowd answered by execrations, but the great body remained in deep attention, and profound silence. The soldiers then fired and he fell dead on the glacis.

* This same Constantine was one of the most civilized of the Greeks; gentle and urbane; a lover of whist and Europeans.

The agents of the police under whose surveillance he had been placed, were next tried as his accomplices. They were both convicted and sentenced, the one to a capital punishment, and the other to ten years' hard labour. Just, however, as they were about to execute the first, he made some important communications, in consequence of which his execution was suspended, and a number of persons were arrested on his disclosures.

You will now ask, perhaps, what kind of a Government has succeeded to that of the President, or what measures have been taken to prevent the anarchy and confusion to which every place is liable, but particularly such a country as Greece, from such an event. As the place where the assassination was committed is in the centre of the town, the rumour of it instantly spread, and in a few minutes we all rushed into the streets, expecting every moment that an insurrection and extermination of all the President's party would succeed; but prudent precautions were immediately taken by the military chiefs, particularly General Gerard, who showed great promptness, judgment, and activity. The military were instantly under arms; the land and sea gates were closed; and a body of armed citizens were enrolled, who so effectually preserved the public peace, that in a few hours confidence was restored, the gates were re-opened, and the people entered and departed as freely as if nothing extraordinary had happened. This amenability to order and tranquillity is as creditable as it was unexpected in the turbulent people of this place.

The next care was to appoint a Provisional Government, and to do this *legally* or according to the forms of the Constitution, was found to be a difficult matter, as no provision had been made for such an emergency by any former assembly. That at Argos did not confer on the Gerousia the right of nominating a Provisional Government in the event of the death of the Chief, but on the existing Chief himself to provide for such an event, by appointing a successor, a thing which the late Chief did not do. The Gerousia, however, assembled, and disregarding the informality, issued a decree appointing a Provisional Executive of three persons, Count Augustine, the late President's brother, as proedros, or president, Coletti, and Colocotroni. Of these, Coletti alone possesses in any degree the confidence of the public either for talents or integrity. His influence however against that of his colleagues, it is supposed, will be of little avail. Colocotroni, true to his character, was the mercenary and sordid tool of the late President, who appointed him Generalissimo of the Morea, and so gave him an opportunity of gratifying his avarice and private revenge; passions which he indulged without moderation or restraint: he has now attached himself, it is said, to the brother with the same blind subserviency. In fact the actual Executive is Count Augustine.

This young man was educated in Corfu for the profession of a lawyer; he, however, showed neither talent nor application, and was leading a life of idleness and inanity at home, when he was invited by his brother into Greece. On his arrival, General Church, who commanded in Acarnania, was compelled to resign, to make way for him, and the young briefless lawyer was actually appointed to the chief command of the army of Western Greece. He showed, however, as little talent in the field as at the bar; he remained doing nothing at Lepanto, but increasing his own fortune whenever an opportunity occurred. He now thinks he has legally and by universally acknowledged right succeeded to the place of his brother, and affects all the authority of being himself the only Executive. He issues his orders without deigning, it is said, to consult his colleagues; he goes about surrounded by a body-guard of Souliotes, whom he has attached to his interests by bribes and promises; and he is supported by all the influence of Colocotroni, whose sordid views are gratified by receiving the same countenance from Augustine which he had from his brother.

The day after his nomination, Augustine addressed a note to the Senate, signed by himself alone in quality of Proedros. He thanks them for the confidence they have reposed in him by his appointment, which he accepts, he says, "not to leave imperfect the work of his brother, whose glorious footsteps he is determined to follow." This language, it is said, was not very palatable to many

of the persons to whom it was addressed, though the majority are known to be creatures of his brother, and now devoted to himself.

As soon as the news of the death of the President reached Hydra, the Deputies of the Legislative Assembly, to the number of sixty, immediately assembled there. They denominated themselves the "Reunion Extraordinary of the Deputies Plenipotentiary at Hydra;" and they immediately appointed and dispatched a deputation, consisting of Miaulis, Zaimi, and Tricoupi, to open an understanding with the Senate, which they earnestly requested. The Senate, however, under the pretext that some expressions in their letter were not proper, and also that they as a body could not receive communications from private citizens, except through the medium of Government, returned the note to the Deputation, and enjoined them to depart from Napoli. It was considered injudicious to select for one of this Deputation Miaulis, who is actually lying under a charge of high treason; and on board the ship which conveyed him, were many who were compromised men. This afforded the Senate a plausible pretext to reject the advances of their opponents, whose views and proposals were moderate and constitutional, and, in fact, were limited to the convoking a National Congress. The Deputation, after this fruitless attempt, returned to Hydra the same evening, escorted by an English corvette.

Such, then, was the actual state of things here on the death of the President. The Government confided to an arbitrary and incompetent Executive, who seemed determined *not* to receive any offers of accommodation from the Constitutional party; *not* to grant an amnesty for political opinions, or even a suspension from persecution; *not* to bury past events in oblivion; *not* to call together a National Congress; in fact, *not* to agree to any plan of conciliation, but uncompromisingly to proceed in the steps and act on the arbitrary principles of the old Government, which had already reduced the unfortunate country to such a state of disorganization. The Constitutionalists were, consequently, in continued alarm, expecting every moment that attempt to exterminate them which the creatures of the late President openly threatened, and which probably they would have carried into execution but for the spirited interference of the three residents of Foreign Powers, who declared that if any hostile movement was made to that effect, they would instantly leave the country. From this odious and uncompromising spirit, nothing was likely to result but a renewal of scenes worse than those from which they had just been released, because they would be accompanied by all the horrors of a civil war, more inveterate and cruel than that of the Turks.

The Executive, however, have adopted more wise and prudent views. The convocation of a National Congress has been agreed to, an early day appointed to verify their powers, and even some of the Deputies have arrived. The happy effects of this measure of conciliation have already become apparent; the Hydriotes, Tinotes, and Syriotes have abandoned their opposition, and even agreed to put on mourning for the late President; and the governors sent by the Constitutional party have retired and given place to those appointed by the Executive. Such is the happy result of complying with the reasonable demands of the people.

Nothing, however, is likely to give permanent peace to this harassed country but the appointment of some foreign prince, who to liberal and constitutional views will add the sanction of strong authority. I, in common with many others, was once an advocate for granting the Greeks the full and free exercise of self-government, without any external interference; but long residence in the country has convinced me that such a thing, for the present at least, is not only inexpedient, but indeed impracticable. Had even Capo d'Istrias conducted himself with prudence and liberality, he would have been a better President than any they could have selected from among themselves; but no good could be expected from the government of a man who excited no personal respect, and who to the tortuous and intriguing policy of a Greek, added all the despotic principles and tyrannical conduct of a Russian.

THE POETICAL AND LITERARY CHARACTER OF THE LATE JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE.

I AM about to do what nobody has yet attempted—to give a view of the poetical and literary character of the late John Philip Kemble, as an author of plays, independent of his extraordinary reputation as an actor of them. The task has not been before undertaken, because nobody has possessed the means of performing it. How those means came into my hands may be told in a few words. Mr. Larpent died in the execution of his office of "Examiner of all Theatrical Entertainments," in the year 1824: he left behind him official copies, not only of all the dramatic productions he had himself read for the purpose of recommending them to the licence of the Lord Chamberlain, but of all pieces which had undergone the inspection of his predecessors from the time the Act requiring that inspection passed in the year 1737. These, in conjunction with a friend, I purchased two years ago, so that we are now owners of the manuscript of every tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, or other dramatic representation, from the date of the appointment of the first Examiner until Mr. Colman came into office. Each piece is accompanied by an original letter from the Manager for the time being—Rich, Fleetwood, Garrick, Lacy, Harris, Sheridan, King, Linley, Lewis, Kemble, &c.—and what is more material is, that the copies of the productions themselves are sometimes in the hand-writing of the authors, not unfrequently corrected and altered by them, and generally with the passages or scenes to which the Examiner objected, marked or erased. Thomson's tragedies bear evidence of his latest revision: Garrick, in the earlier part of his brilliant career, never sent a performance to the Examiner without minute corrections, and they serve to settle dates not hitherto ascertained. Foote, with all his apparent carelessness, wrote with his own hand whole acts of his most favourite farces, and amended nearly all of them. Murphy employed an accurate amanuensis, but Sheridan has scribbled most unintelligibly over some of his pieces, and was good-natured enough (as the originals testify) to point the dialogue of other less-gifted authors. The manuscripts include all Macklin's productions, and, what is remarkable, three copies of his "Man of the World," in three different states of moderation, in the latest the severity of the satire having been sufficiently softened to satisfy the scruples of Lord Hertford. The earliest manuscript of this memorable comedy, therefore, presents it in a shape in which it has never appeared since it was first represented in Ireland, under the title of "The True-born Scotchman." The veteran's autograph letter to Lord Hertford, justifying his work and soliciting the licence, is also fortunately preserved with the play.

Not a few of the productions in this collection have never been printed at all: some because their success on the stage did not warrant publication; others because the authors never meant to expose them to deliberate criticism; a third class because the proprietors of the theatre bought the copy-right as well as the right of representation, in order that they might not be performed at other theatres: a fourth division of the manuscripts consists of dramatic entertainments for which a licence was refused, and the authors of only a few of these appealed from the decision of the Examiner to the public. In the whole, they constitute a collection of between two and three thousand dramas; and with regard to those among them that have passed the press, the parts to which the Examiner objected have seldom been given, so that they illustrate very curiously and entertainingly the state of the stage for nearly an entire century. It is out of the question for anybody to pretend to write a history of theatres, actors, and authors, during that period, without resort to these authorities.

It is in this way that I have become acquainted with the dramatic productions of the late John Philip Kemble:—I allude to such as may be considered original, and not mere alterations and revivals, most of which have been printed, as well as performed, and therefore require no notice here:—my attention will be principally directed to those upon which his literary character must be founded. Some of these were the productions of mere youth, but others, though un-

acknowledged, were written when his understanding had arrived at maturity, and it will be obvious that they ought to be measured by a different standard of value. He was born in 1757, and his first experiment of the kind was made in the year 1778, and his last in 1806. Mr Boaden, in his "Memoirs," the design of which, throughout, seems full as much to establish his own importance and his intimacy with Kemble as to detail the events of his life, tells us that, in 1789, Kemble read to him "the first act of a tragedy on Atheism," as if this were an original production. Mr Boaden was probably not aware that Cyril Tourneur had produced a play as early as 1611, called expressly "The Atheist's Tragedy," written in many parts with great power and possessing strong interest. It was upon a revival and adaptation of this piece that Kemble was engaged in 1789. As it has never been reprinted, I will make a very short extract from the first act to show that it deserved the distinction Kemble was endeavouring to confer upon it. Old Montferrers is dissuading his son, young Charlemont, from going to the wars.

Mont. I prithee let this current of my tears
Divert thy inclination from the war,
For of my children thou art only left
To promise a succession to my house;
And all the honour thou canst get by arms
Will give but vain addition to thy name,
Since from thy ancestors thou dost derive
A dignity sufficient, and as great
As thou hast substance to maintain and bear.
I prithee stay at home.
Charl. My noble father,
The weakest sigh you breathe hath power to turn
My strongest purpose, and your softest tear
To melt my resolution to as soft
Obedience; but my affection to the war
Is as hereditary as my blood——
The very life of all my ancestry!
Your predecessors were your precedents,
And you are my example. Shall I serve
For nothing but a vain parenthesis
I' th' honour'd story of your family?
Or hang but like an empty scutcheon
Between the trophies of my predecessors
And the rich arms of my posterity?
There's not a Frenchman of good blood and youth,
But either out of spirit or example
Is turn'd a soldier:—only Charlemont
Must be reputed that same heartless thing
That cowards will be bold to play upon.

If Kemble read this to Mr Boaden, as he could read it, no wonder he thought "the expression (as he words it) nervous and exact." [*Vide* "Memoirs of J. P. Kemble," I. 451.] I do not mean to say, that the whole of "The Atheist's Tragedy" is equally good, or that it is as fine as "The Revenger's Tragedy," by the same author (reprinted in all the editions of "Dodsley's Old Plays"), but that it is quite good enough to excite the biographer's admiration, especially as Kemble did not let him into the secret that it was not his own.

On the authority of the Examiner's MSS. I am able to assign to Kemble two dramatic performances—an interlude in one act, and a comedy in five acts—which are not otherwise known to be his: the first was a very early effort just after Sheridan's "School for Scandal" had been acted, and the last a comparatively late production, brought upon the stage in 1806, in the name of J. T. Allingham, but, in fact, the authorship of J. P. Kemble. "The School for Scandal Scandalized," was sent up by Tate Wilkinson for licence on the 3rd of March 1779, and it is entirely in Kemble's hand-writing: the second piece, a comedy in five acts, was written out by the Copyist of Covent Garden Theatre in 1806, but it is elaborately corrected and altered throughout by J. P. Kemble, and

Larpent in his account-books (now before me) enters it as "The Legacy, or a Thousand Pounds Reward," and as the work of Mr. Kemble.

It is unnecessary for me to set out by giving a general character of Kemble as a dramatist and a poet (for he undoubtedly aimed at that distinction) when I am about to supply the means by which the reader will be able to judge for himself. Whatever might be his talents and skill as an actor, it will be found that his powers as an author were in no respect original or striking: on the contrary, it would seem singular that a man who has attained such extraordinary fame as a player, should possess so little that can be called vigorous and imaginative, if our every-day's experience did not prove that there is little in common between a distinguished poet and a distinguished performer. We may defy any man, in the whole range of our drama, from its infancy to the present day, to show us an instance of a great actor who was also a great author, or of a great author who was also a great actor. Colley Cibber was not more than respectable in either department: Macklin perhaps comes the nearest to an exception, but he was great only in one part, and great only in one play. Even giving Garrick credit for the character of Lord Ogleby, he was still as much below Macklin as a dramatist, as he was above him as a performer.

I shall examine Kemble's dramatic productions in the order in which they appear to have come from his pen, and first his tragedy of "Belisarius, or Injured Innocence." Mr. Boaden gives the date of the 29th of December 1778, as that when it was first produced; and he acknowledges that he "had never seen a line of it." At this time Kemble was not quite two-and-twenty, and he had then been about two years an actor. I can show, however that "Belisarius" was in existence, ready to be performed, and actually sent to London for licence, five months earlier. The MS. copy among Larpent's plays has, at the end of it, a letter from Joseph Younger, then manager of the Liverpool theatre, requesting the licence, and dated July the 27th, 1778. The epilogue, which is also found with the MS. was printed among "Fugitive Pieces, written by J. P. Kemble," in 1780, with some slight variations. Mr. Boaden admits that, "later in life, Kemble bought and procured all the copies of these poems that came within his reach," and that he had given as much as 1*l.* 11*s.* 6d. for an impression of them. I have seen him at a book-sale driven to pay five guineas for a copy, and that now before me cost more than four. Kemble was fond of a scrap of scholarship: he places "coacta prodire" on the title-page of his poems: and in front of his "Belisarius," he inserted a well-known quotation from the Satires of Horace—"Heu, Fortuna! quis est crudelior in nos," &c. The tragedy was, no doubt, played at Liverpool before it was represented at York, on the 29th of December, 1778, for the benefit of the author. The characters are thus enumerated:—

BELISARIUS.	VARRO.
MARCUS.	POMPONIUS.
FLAMINIUS.	PETRONIUS.
MARCELLUS.	OLIEIRAH.
LIGARIUS.	LUCRETIA.
GRACCHUS.	SOLDIERS—ATTENDANTS.

SCENE, *Constantinople*—TIME, *Twenty-four Hours.*

In the opening of the piece, Belisarius returns from his three years' victories over the Parthians, attended by Marcus, an orphan, who had been sheltered and educated by him, and who had secretly married Lucretia, the daughter of Belisarius. Her beauty is thus described by one of the friends of Belisarius:—

"And she has charms that well might warm the breasts
Of frozen anchorites, and melt a heart
Dead to a thought of aught that beauty gives—
But in her beauty is enshrin'd a soul
Whose virtues know to quell unrul'd desire,
Implant respect and reverential awe,
E'en in the minds of libertines profess'd:
Not in the empire's wide extended round
Is there a maid who may compare with her
In sweet simplicity and unaffected grace."

If we recollect that when this was written Kemble was a young man, let us recollect, too, that this was precisely a topic on which a young man would write best: if the above lines are sufficiently common-place, it is not youth only that was in fault. The Alexandrine at the close is the only instance of the kind in the tragedy; so that we may presume it was not introduced, as our elder dramatists employed them, for sake of giving variety to the metre. The rival of Marcus is Flaminius, the favourite of the Emperor; and by the usual method, a soliloquy, he lets us know that his object is to ruin Belisarius. He has an interview with Lucretia, in which she rejects him—not without tears: Flaminius exclaims—

"Wound me not, sweet Lucretia, with thy tears!"

And Kemble seems to have been fond of this figure of wounding with tears: in an after-part of the performance, Marcus says to the heroine—

"Tell me—but stop thy tears—they cut my heart!"

Nor is this all; for Marcus having become jealous of Lucretia, he retires to a wood, and endeavours to dig a grave with tears—

"Here on the earth, thou tortur'd wretch, remain,
And shed salt tears, till they have worn a grave
Where thou may'st lie, and think of love no more!"

Some of the best lines are given to Lucretia, in Act II. after violence has been offered to her by Flaminius, and she has been rescued by Marcellus and Ligarius. Marcellus advises her "to seek the friendly couch," and she replies—

"No, sage Marcellus, never shall these eyes
Be closed in slumber till my Marcus comes.
I'll watch the course of every little star
That hangs the firmament with twinkling light,
And as the everlasting lamps decay,
Compute the nearness of the morn's approach:
Then, when he peeps from out the blushing east,
Under his opening eye-lids will I fly
To meet my hero—lock'd in his embrace
Danger no more shall shake my frighted soul.
Flaminius then may do his utmost spite.
Tyrant, beware! no more the galling chain
Of bitter slavery shall vex the land.
Revengeful Heaven has bared his red right arm,
And, ever just, the God-like Marcus makes
His delegate to scourge thy horrid crimes.
He sends a father to protect his child!"

Here we have "under the opening eyelids of the morn," in Milton's "Lycidas;" and in Act III. we meet with another imitation of a passage in the same poem—

"The day declines—see where the sloping wheel
Of westering Phœbus journeys down the skies."

I may take this opportunity of pointing out, towards the close of the tragedy, another, and a still stronger instance, of the same kind. Blind Belisarius is speaking, after having failed in his ambitious project, to which he had been incited by his Persian wife, Offeirah—

"Though I were hidden deep as the centre down,
In virtue's fellowship I still were light.
Her smiles the murky ruggedness would melt,
And bid the sun of comfort-giving hope
Arise to gild the ebon brow of night."

This is only an inflated exaggeration of—

"Virtue could see to do what Virtue would," &c.

in "Comus;" but it may be fairly urged that Milton himself had the thought from Spenser—"Fairy Queen," c. i. st. 12.—

"Virtue gives herself light through darkness for to wade."

The conduct of the story is little less than absurd. Marcus concludes that Lucretia is false, because she had given a ring to Ligarius as a reward for bringing the news of the return of her husband; and Belisarius believes the imputation against his virtuous daughter on the mere assertion of Marcus. In Act IV. there is a sort of parody upon the scene in Act V. of "Othello," where the Moor kills Desdemona. Belisarius enters while Lucretia is asleep, and makes a speech to himself, which ends thus:—

——— "Now, now! Oh, nature! weakness off! She dies!
Lucretia. Who's there?
Belisarius. Nay then, be quick my sword.
Luc. My father! spare me! spare your child!
Beli. My child?
Ah, would thou wert not so, then thou might'st live.
Luc. I am not, sure, to die!
Beli. Thou art—thou art—
Luc. What have I done that cannot be forgiven!
Beli. Oh, thou hypocrite," &c.

He is interrupted, just as he has raised his arm to strike.

It will be thought that I have dwelt quite long enough on this turgid performance; but I must quote four lines of the Epilogue, to show what self-delusion authors practise upon themselves.—Kemble gravely asserts, that in this tragedy he had striven "to follow nature," or "to *copy* nature," as the Epilogue stands in his printed poems: I quote from the MS. before me—

"These my objections to the bard I made,
Before his 'Injured Innocence' was play'd
Would you believe it? says the senseless creature,
'Madam, I always strive to follow nature.'"

It would be too much to suppose that Kemble, at the age of about two-and-twenty, should write a good tragedy, and that he produced even a bad one was a proof of a laudable ambition above the profession to which he had devoted himself. We are without information, but it seems probable, that when "Belisarius" was acted at York, Kemble took the part of Marcus himself, and that the character of the hero was sustained by Cummins, an older and very popular performer in the same company.

The "interlude of one act," called "The School for Scandal Scandalized," which was written to follow Sheridan's celebrated comedy, when it was first performed by Tate Wilkinson's company, places Kemble's character as a dramatic author in a more agreeable point of view. It has never been before mentioned in connexion with his name, and Mr. Boaden was clearly not aware of its existence. As I have already mentioned, it was sent up to the Examiner of Plays, entirely in the very legible and gentleman-like hand-writing of the author. That his character was then fixed may be, if somewhat subtly, yet reasonably conjectured, from the permanency of the character of his hand-writing, which never varied during the last five-and-forty years of his life. "The School for Scandal Scandalized" is founded upon the celebrated "Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes" of Moliere, of which it is in several places a spirited and judicious imitation: the whole bears the stamp of good sense and acuteness. The principal part of the dialogue takes place between the following characters, just after they are supposed to have returned from the theatre, where they have witnessed the performance of "The School for Scandal:"—

[illegible]ARELY SPINDLE.	MISS DIANA DELICATE.
[illegible]NEL MANLY.	MISS SPRIGHTLY.
[illegible]Y.	SOPHIA.

The most objectionable portion is the opening, where two well-educated young ladies read a letter which an old maid had accidentally dropped, written by an Irish Ensign, and making a clandestine appointment. This incident was, however, convenient, inasmuch as it let the audience at once into the character of Miss Diana Delicate, who, with the aid of Sir Spindle Sparely, a self-conceited *petit-maître*, was to vent her censorious criticisms on the comedy: the contrary

side of the argument is maintained chiefly by Colonel Manly and Miss Sprightly. The following extract will give a sufficient notion of the whole, especially to those who are acquainted with what may be fairly termed the original, by Moliere :—

"*Miss Delicate.* Do you think a woman of virtue ought to be seen at this comedy?

Col. Manly. My dear Ma'am, virtue does not consist in grimace. Affectation in matters of this sort is more pernicious than in any other. Nothing can be more ridiculous than that refined sense of purity that starts at shadows, indiscriminately calls everything indelicate, and gives a loose interpretation to the most innocent expressions. Believe me, they who are so scrupulously nice, so far from being esteemed people of real honour, by their mysterious severity and over-acted innocence only draw on themselves the eyes of a censorious world, that will narrowly examine every action of their lives, and be in transports to find the least crack in a vessel that was warranted sound and without flaw.

Miss Del. Very fine!

Sir Sparely. *Quel sauvage!*

Col. Man. I assure you I have very good reason for what I say. T'other night there were some ladies in the next box to me, who by the airs they gave themselves, frowning, pretending to blush, hiding their faces, and all without any apparent cause, gave rise to a thousand ill-natured sneers on their characters. They went so far at last that a merry gentleman at my elbow said, from Moliere, he was afraid their ears had monopolised the chastity of their whole bodies.

Miss Del. Some hartshorn! I shall expire.

Col. Man. Pray, Ma'am, don't think I mean to encourage libertinism and licentiousness—no, I think there 's nothing in the world so amiable as innocence, nor does a lady ever appear so captivating as when in the bloom of a transient blush."

Throughout Kemble has made an attempt, not always unrewarded, to imitate the style of the comedy he was criticising. The catastrophe, (and such it is to Miss Diana Delicate,) is the delivery to her of the Irish Ensign's assignation: she quits the room in confusion and dismay; Sir Sparely Spindle follows her, and Colonel Manly and the two young ladies retire to supper, which is announced by the servant Toby.

Kemble also tried his hand thus early at farce-writing: but here his success was not greater than in tragedy. His humour is usually woefully heavy and sombre, with some violent efforts to be gay—not unlike his stage performances in Charles Surface and Ranger. His farce was called "The Female Officer," and Mr. Boaden tells us, that it was first performed at York on the 10th of April 1779, for Mrs. Hunter's benefit. The fact is, that it was written considerably earlier, and that it was sent by Younger from Liverpool for licence on January 1st, 1778. No doubt it was represented in that town. Eight years afterwards, Kemble seems to have been on very good terms with this production, as he then brought it out at Drury Lane, under the new title of "The Projects" Boaden tells us, that it was then "coldly received by the house, and as coldly withdrawn by the Author." Whatever he may mean by "coldly withdrawn," "coldly received" is quite intelligible, and the reader will not wonder that such was its fate. The main incident is the same as in "Three Hours After Marriage," by Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot: two lovers procure secret entrance into the house where their mistress resides, the one being concealed in a mummy, the other in a crocodile. The original of these contrivances is contained in an Italian drama. I should have mentioned, that the copy sent to the Examiner was written out by Kemble himself, who, as far as industry went, was seldom sparing. The *dramatis personæ* are these :—

SIR ANTHONY ANCIENT.	CHARLOTTE.
BILLY FINIKIN.	FANNY.
TIMOTHY TAMARIND.	SERVANTS.
SPENCER.	DRUMMER AND PORTERS.
FREDERICK.	

At the back of this list is Colley Cibber's prologue to his "Injured Innocence," which was made to serve the turn, with the addition of the four following lines, inserted by Kemble, which allude to the death of Foote in 1777, and

from which we may, perhaps, gather that "The Female Officer" was composed very soon after that event:—

> "Alas, poor Foote! Be poisonous slander dumb!
> May never-fading laurels grace thy tomb!
> With grief the bad, with joy the good could see,
> Virtue and satire were the same in thee."

The plot of the farce is this: Charlotte, the niece to Sir Anthony Ancient, has three lovers—Spencer, whom she favours, Billy Finikin, a young grocer, and Timothy Tamarind, an old oil-merchant. Both the latter are encouraged by her father. Sir Anthony is a virtuoso, and a collector of curiosities, and Finikin and Tamarind get into his good graces by promising to give him, the one a mummy, and the other a crocodile. They, however, unintentionally affront the old gentleman, and being turned out of his house, they return to it under cover of the curiosities they had agreed to present. It is night when they arrive, and Fanny (Charlotte's maid) amuses herself with them by pretending she is her mistress, and that she loves them both. They are surprised by the unexpected arrival of the old gentleman, and being unable to get out of their shells they run off, and he tumbles over them. Here the first act ends; but it includes also some love-scenes, of the usual kind, between Fanny and Frederick, who is Spencer's servant, and who aids his master in his amour. In the second act Spencer disguises himself as a foreigner about to set out for Egypt, who wishes to see Sir Anthony's wonderful collection before he departs; and Charlotte puts on the regimentals of a young officer, and escapes from her father's house. Tamarind again obtains admission in a large trunk, pretended to be filled with old newspapers, from the reign of Elizabeth downwards, and Finikin impudently walks in as if nothing had happened. Charlotte enters under the name of Captain Pleasant, a suitor to Sir Anthony's niece, who has come to chastise pretenders to her hand. Finikin and Tamarind relinquish their pretensions on the spot; but Spencer, throwing off his disguise, insists that Captain Pleasant shall resign his interest in Charlotte, and disclose the place of her retreat. This brings about the *denouement*, and Sir Anthony, finding that Finikin and Tamarind only wished to impose upon him, gives his niece and her fortune to Spencer.

At the close, Charlotte "goes through the manual exercise," which must have been very gratifying to the officers, &c. of the King's Own Dragoons, who patronised Mrs. Hunter's benefit when "The Female Officer" was performed at York. The dialogue has about as little to recommend it as the plot; and as new jokes did not occur to the author, he satisfied himself, if not his audience, with old ones. For instance, in the first act, Sir Anthony and Tamarind enter, the latter reading a newspaper to the former:—

"*Tamarind* (reading). 'The damage our fleet has received from the late bad weather is very considerable.' I wonder the Minister does not foresee these storms and prevent their expensive consequences. [Reads] 'We have good reason to believe the French have taken—'

Sir Anthony. Eh, what? taken what?

Tam. Alackaday, poor old England!

Sir An. I foresaw this. The House of Bourbon is leagued against us. We are all undone. What have they taken?

Tam. I'll read it again—'We have good reason to believe the French have taken umbrage.' Umbrage! Umbrage! Lend me your maps.

Sir An. (aside) He's very ignorant, but he's amazingly rich, so every body will think him wise."

Perhaps the best scene in the farce is between the valet and the lady's maid, when they are talking of marrying and settling in life. The following is part of it, showing, if he did not feel them, that Kemble accommodated himself to vulgar prejudices:—

"*Frederick.* Very well, but you must not be so warm on the side of the subscription for French comedians.

Fanny. So you make no more words about the Italian Opera, I'm content.

Fred. I cannot give up that point so easily. Music, you know, is much in fashion now.

Fan. Then I will not renounce the French comedians.

Fred. How can you wish to patronise such creatures, Fanny? such shadows of men who converse only with grinning and shrugging. Sallow, skipping monkeys, the very picture of their own frogs! If ever I catch a Frenchman within my doors I'll send him back to his monarch an example of that severity with which I wish every honest Englishman would treat the effeminate outcasts of his kingdom.

Fan. Lord, Sir, if you go to that, the Italian gentry are not a jot better. The ladies, both in public and private practice, strip us of our wealth with the sole merit of a nimble foot and a shake in the voice; and for the men, poor creatures, my disgust is not very particular, for every woman naturally despises them."

Dismissing this unfarcical farce, which the very best acting could hardly have rendered endurable, I arrive at a piece which places J. P. Kemble's talents, as a dramatic author, in a more advantageous light. Between 1786, when he adapted, as he thought, "The Female Officer," under the title of "The Projects," for the London stage, and the year 1806, he seems to have done nothing in the way of original authorship beyond certain additions to Massinger's "Maid of Honour." His ordinary adaptations and alterations of dramas are scarcely to be taken into the account, however great the judgment displayed in them. In the season of 1803-4, Kemble, having purchased a sixth share in Covent Garden, transferred his services from Drury Lane, and became manager. The important change, by which he risked all the earnings of his professional life, appeared to wake his better faculties as an author, as well as to inspire him with new energies as an actor. How long before it had been in preparation I have no means of judging, but on January 4th, 1806, he sent to Larpent a comedy, in five acts, with the title of "The Legacy, or a Thousand Pounds Reward." It will not be found with that name in "The Biographia Dramatica," for in the bills of the day, it had been altered to "The Romantic Lover, or Lost and Found;" and it is also attributed, by Mr. Stephen Jones, to the eccentric Allingham. The fact seems to be, that, as was not an unusual practice, the real author borrowed the reputation of some other dramatist; for, as has been already noticed, the Examiner's Account-book not only testifies it to have been the work of Kemble, but the manuscript sent for licence was elaborately altered and amended by him. Notwithstanding the extraordinary and much vaunted intimacy between Kemble and Mr. Boaden, the latter was not entrusted with the secret, and it finds no place in his "Memoirs:" it is possible that Allingham had some hand in it. Had the comedy succeeded, as I really think it ought to have done, the truth would doubtless have been announced; but it was not heard of after the first night, it did not answer Kemble's purpose to proclaim himself even joint author of a damned play. It need hardly be added, that it was never printed. I will insert the principal characters and the efficient manner in which they were cast, and I will then briefly speak of the plot:—

SIR MATTHEW MATCHEM	MUNDEN.
PEERLESS	LEWIS.
WINSTON	H. JOHNSTONE.
TRUEBLUE	FAWCETT.
DOUBLE	BLANCHARD.
ZACHARY SEARCH	EMERY.
LADY MATCHEM	MRS. GLOVER.
LADY FRANCES FRANKLY	MISS BRUNTON.
ANTONIA	MRS. H. JOHNSTONE.

One would think that such a list of comic performers would carry through almost any production; and assuredly, that now before us is little, if at all, inferior to some of the most popular comedies of Reynolds, or Colman. The fate of this piece turned upon a pivot—Emery's part; and had that once taken, the result would have been many nights of applauded repetition. But the audience was dissatisfied with the extravagance of the notion, that a Yorkshireman should visit London, and expect to make his fortune by finding lost

goods, and answering advertisements for their restoration. Zachary Search appears in the middle of the second act, and gives Timothy Brisk (in a scene of good broad humour, the first part of which is entirely written, and the rest much altered by Kemble) the following account of the reason for his journey:—

"You know, Tim, as my mother had nineteen on us—now the devil a one of the whole boiling can other read or write, except mysel; and you seen I ha' rather given my mind to study, so I reads the Lunnun news as they takes in at the Pig and Whistle in our town. Now, Tim lad, I ha' been amazed to find how careless your London folk be. One drops a pocket full o' bank-noates—another loses a purse o' guineas—one man loses his wife, and another his dog. Gold snuff-boxes, watches, rings, and diamond necklaces must lie about as thick as chaff on the barn-floor, and yet I never hears o' none of them being found, though they tell people where they dropt 'em, and sometimes offer money to ony one as will pick it up. Now, can you guess what I'm cum'd for?"

When once the tone of disapprobation was given, it was kept up, and those who were present tell me, that the comedy was condemned for no other reason than a dislike to Emery's part. If *he* could not reconcile the audience, who could? The other characters have some comic peculiarities. Sir Matthew Matchem is a poor, hen-pecked husband, under the most fortunate and blindfold delusion of being the happiest married man in the world. He is constantly labouring to make other people as happy as himself, and in the same way; while his young wife meets and counteracts him at every turn, and exercises a most ridiculous tyranny over him. He is guardian to Lady Frances Frankly, a sprightly, sensible, generous young woman of fashion, and his most earnest wish is to see her united to Peerless. The situation of Peerless is peculiar, but not improbable. His uncle has left him a large fortune, on condition that he marries a lady with 30,000*l.*; if not, the money goes to his cousin Weston. Being teased by every body, and courted by every body, Peerless is disgusted, and falls incurably in love with Antonia, the orphan daughter of Trueblue, an old naval officer. Trueblue returns to England in the first act, and afterwards finds that Antonia had left the house where he had placed her, in order to avoid the importunities of Peerless, fearing that they could lead to no honourable result. In fact, she seeks shelter with Lady Frances, to whom she was already known: and there Zachary Search, who had been employed by Peerless, traces her, and claims the thousand pounds reward, Peerless, in the agony of his mind, had offered. In the end, it turns out that the fortune of Antonia, by reason of her father's prize-money, exceeds the amount required in the uncle's will, and Peerless is united to her, while Sir Matthew succeeds in marrying his ward, Lady Frances, to Weston, to whom she had been long secretly attached.

Such is the mere naked outline of a story, not without considerable interest, which is generally well sustained and pleasantly diversified. The character of Trueblue, though presenting no features of remarkable novelty, is strongly and spiritedly drawn; and just enough of a romantic turn of mind is given to Peerless to make him long for obstacles, and to be sickened by the obtrusiveness of mothers, who wish to recommend their daughters, and of daughters who do any thing but recommend themselves. I have already exceeded the space I thought it would be necessary to occupy with the subject; but I cannot avoid quoting some portion of the dialogue of this comedy, although every body must be aware of the difficulty of finding a portion that will stand well by itself, unsupported by the scenes with which it is connected. I have selected the following, partly because it is good and lively in itself, and affords a good stage situation, and partly because Kemble has made in it a more than usual number of corrections and alterations, some of them arising merely out of the fastidiousness of authorship. Sir Matthew Matchem, in a scene with Lady Frances, has been dwelling on his own domestic happiness, and earnestly urging her to consent to a marriage with Peerless: she laughs at him in return, and tells him:—

"I really believe that feeling your own dreadful situation, you are malicious enough to wish to see all your acquaintance in the same dilemma, that they may not be able to join in the laugh against you. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Matt. What! am I a laughing-stock?

Lady Fran. Be cool, be cool, or I shall be obliged to tell of you after all.

Sir Matt. Tell of me! What, do you think there is anything so terrible about Lady Matchem! Would she were here at this moment, that I might prove to you how much you wrong both myself and her ladyship.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Lady Matchem, to wait on your ladyship.

Lady Fran. How fortunate, Sir Matthew! Introduce her this moment.

[*Exit servant.*

Sir Matt. Lady Frances, my dear, this happens to be the most awkward circumstance—

Lady Fran. What, alarm'd?

Sir Matt. No, no, not that. Hark! was not that her footstep? I had promised to transact some business for her in another quarter, and—

Lady Fran. And what?

Sir Matt. Her ladyship's only fault is her violent attachment to me, and it makes her a little jealous sometimes, that's all.

Lady Fran. Oh! ha, ha, ha! Oh, jealous! Forgive me for laughing at your distress. Jealous! ha, ha!

Sir Matt. Yes, so if you please, out of regard to your character, I'll just—

Lady Fran. You shall not stir a step, unless you acknowledge that you are in a most terrible fright. [*He hesitates.*] She is at the door.

Sir Matt. I acknowledge any thing, only let me conceal myself.

Lady Fran. [*Standing between Sir Matthew and the door.*] Will you ever talk to me about matrimony again?

Sir Matt. Never, as I am a married man!

Lady Fran. So, so, you are coming to your senses. There—run there—I will protect you from all danger; while you are under my roof, you are in safety.

[*Spoken with a tragedy air.*

Sir Matt. Oh, what pleasure do I renounce on your account. To be deprived of Lady Matchem's conversation is to me an irretrievable loss. [*Goes behind a commode and appears listening from time to time.*

Lady Fran. Console yourself, you will not be out of the sound of her ladyship's delightful voice.

Enter Lady Matchem.

Lady Match. Ah, my dear Lady Frances, how do you do? I need not ask though, for you look divinely. Ah, my dear, you are happy, you have no foolish old husband to teaze you to death as I have.

Lady Fran. Hem! hem! [*Aside to Sir Matthew.*]

Lady Match. You can have no idea how troublesome mine is—

Lady Fran. Hem! hem! poor Sir Matthew! [*aside.*]

Lady Match. You have a very awkward cough.

Lady Fran. Very— tis more distressing than you can imagine.

Lady Match. I have sent him to his banker's—a journey I make him take pretty often. I assure you he looks very interesting to me, when he has a pocket-book in his hand, and I am kind enough often to show him off to the best advantage."

The situations in the comedy are, in fact, good throughout; and after the surfeit of French dramas we have had, if "The Legacy" were brought out at the Haymarket, and only reasonably well acted, I cannot think that it would be unsuccessful. The difficulty would, of course, be to get it reasonably well acted; for who is there now to succeed such performers as Munden, Lewis, Fawcett, and Emery? When the piece was damned at Covent Garden, it was not heard more than half through, and Kemble was not a man, in a case of this kind, to attempt to stem the tide of public opinion. After this experiment, he gave up dramatic composition; but he little imagined, in the latter part of his life, that he should leave behind him a young female of his family (to say nothing of her acting) of such original and inventive powers of mind as to bid fair, in dramatic poetry, to go beyond all that her gifted relatives have done in the imitative art.

J. P. C.

HOW TO LIVE WITH CREDIT.

(ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH.)

"*Credite*, posteri."
"Felix qui *rerum* potuit cognoscere causas."

No man was better known in the fashionable world than the Honourable Howard Dalrymple. Connected by blood with some of the best families in England, he was admitted into the first circles, and admired for the elegance of his manner, the refinement of his style, and the brilliancy of his conversation, which was, however, for the most part, every-day language in holiday attire, rescued from the opprobrious charge of common-place, and just short of actual wit. No man knew the world and its ways better, because no man had studied them more closely. He was all things to all men, and yet was gifted with that desirable tact, that whether soliciting the suffrage of a dustman, or claiming the attention of a Duke, he was to the one affable without condescension, and to the other familiar without impertinence. He was a handsome man, and greatly admired by *the* sex. His *bonnes fortunes* were numerous, but his discretion and honour unimpeachable. He was the best dresser in town, drove the best horses, was a member of the best clubs, spoke well in the House, (for Howard was in Parliament,) played high, and paid all debts of honour with the utmost scrupulosity, and yet the Hon. Howard Dalrymple only possessed an income of 250*l.* a-year. This was as well known as himself; and how he contrived, year after year, to live at the rate of 5000*l.* per annum, became every year more astonishing. Yet he did "carry on the war" to the last; and it was only after his somewhat sudden decease at the close of last year, that the "means by which he lived" were discovered. Howard was not a marrying man. He said he had too much regard for the sex to deprive all of hope by bestowing himself on one. He had made his will, leaving his library and papers to a favourite nephew. This legacy, when collected, was found to consist of Lord Chesterfield's Letters, "Almanach des Gourmands," "Racing Calendar," "Hoyle and Matthews on Whist," a few political pamphlets, and a quantity of letters, written principally in very lady-like characters. All these the legatee burnt, except one packet, addressed to himself: this he rescued from "the devouring element," as the newspapers say, and, after a perusal, deemed the contents so excellent, and so replete with moral instruction for the rising generation, that he has graciously confided the autograph of his uncle to our care and publication. The name, of course, is disguised, but the *élite* will at once detect the original of the portrait.

"MY DEAR DIGBY, *Albany, January* 1830.

"I HAVE remarked with much satisfaction the disposition you have evinced from infancy to become a distinguished character. I like originality and talent, and am the more delighted when I see it in you, as I can turn it to advantage, and render you, from my own experience, not only my successor in the exclusive world, but my superior. Should you, however, feel any scruples (absurd though must they be) as to adopting my principles, and treading in my path.

I give you full liberty to make my instructions as public as possible; and for two reasons—*first*, that the world may revere the able system by which my life has been regulated; and *secondly*, that my code, being widely diffused, may offer encouragement and emulation to many young and promising scions of fashion; and perhaps a sect may arise in after-times, who, under the name of Dalrympleites, will hand down my name and rules of life to an admiring and grateful posterity.

"Political economy has long since decided that mankind are divided into *producers* and *consumers;* and when it can be proved that a man is a *producer*, he has a right to exact from society an equivalent for what he produces. No man has produced more than myself, and no man, therefore, has had a right to expect and exact more from society. You will ask, how does a man of fashion produce? Suspend your admiration for awhile, and I will

'A round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of life; what plans, what modes,
What general principles, what well-laid schemes,
(For such proceedings you will read of here,)
I have laid down and followed.'

"It is true that your 'man of mode' does not sully his ideas or his fingers with dirty trade or polluting manufactures; you do not see him east of Temple Bar. (I think I am right in my appellation of the *locale*) buying and selling 'goods,' as they are termed; you do not find him 'sweating under the eye of Phœbus,' in the harvest field, nor shivering over the fallows in the depth of winter, unless it be after a hare or a woodcock; he does not wear his brain with coining new inventions, or introducing new materials of trade. 'Pah! my very gorge rises' at the thought. But if he does not toil in commerce, labour at trade, or fatigue himself in 'business,' he is not the less a 'producer.' He rises about twelve o'clock, and lounges over his breakfast, letters, newspapers, and dressing, till three o'clock; and by thus remaining at home lessens the number of idlers who throng the streets in the morning and obstruct the way of the busy. Thus he is productive of convenience. His dress, which fits, really fits, one of the 'first order of fine forms,' gives *éclat* and business to his tailor—production again! The tie and material of his neckcloth give eminence to his haberdasher—produce again! The make and extraordinary lustre of his boots confer immortality on his boot-maker—more production! His hat is *unique*, his *bijouterie recherchée;* and thus does he not only encourage trade *in propriâ personâ*, but, by creating a rivalry amongst the men of his caste, he helps all his 'sufferers' to secure fame, business, and fortune. Is not this the noblest species of produce? He walks out; if he pause at a shop to admire for a moment, that tradesman is a made man. If he pronounce his fiat on the build of a britchka, happy is the maker thereof—ready shall he be to meet the Saturday's demands of his artificers, and joyous in the very presence of the tax-gatherer. He says 'the last new opera is divine,' and crowded houses ensue. He admires the last new novel, and six editions follow. He levels his glass at a belle rolling by in a *tonish* carriage, and she becomes the 'lovely and fascinating Miss D—— of 'The Morning Post,'—'the graceful and accomplished *débutante* of the season,' of 'The Court Journal.' If this be not *production*, the

word is a juggle, and Adam Smith may be despised, Ricardo forgotten, Sadler be shelved, and Malthus be burnt by the hands of the common hangman.

"Society, then, must pay this class of *producers*, these *élite* of the nation, these models for imitation—these, the 'glass of fashion, and the mould of form—the observed of all observers,'—men who, by their manners and taste, ornament whatever spot they honour with their presence, and are perpetually productive.

"I come now to the details of the system of political and individual economy which I have maintained in my own person, and which appear to me unimpeachable either in fact or morality.

"Every *distingué* represents, in the sum total of national wealth, a certain capital, whose value is proportioned to the physical qualities with which nature has endowed him, and to the moral qualities called forth by education. As these merits are more or less developed, so we may divide the class of 'exclusives,' of which I am treating, into three; viz.—

"1st. That class to whom society owes a capital of 100,000*l.* or 5000*l.* a-year; 2nd. that class to whom society owes a capital of 50,000*l.* or 2,500*l.* a-year; 3rd. and last class, to whom society owes a capital of 25,000*l.* or 1,250*l.* a-year. But as I shall only refer to class number 1, of which I was a distinguished member, it will be necessary to remember that the two others are, in all calculations, to be taken in the proportions of 25 and 50 to 100.

"This premised, we lay it down as an axiom indisputable as any of Euclid's, that a man '*comme il faut*' of the first class is a creditor on society for 5000*l.* a-year; and I will say, that he is an injured individual if he spend one sixpence less; he is the victim of the society in the midst of which he dwells, and it is a false delicacy on his part to economise upon this revenue.

"My aim, my dear nephew, is to teach you the true and honourable mode of collecting the income in question, and I believe I may take some credit to myself for being the first man who has reduced the theory to practice, and made a digest of the laws. This will constitute the first part of my instructions, and may be called the 'art of running in debt.' This 'art' necessarily superinduces another, which will be my sequel, 'the art of making creditors wait:' and this latter art is to be understood thus:—if a man '*comme il faut*' represents a capital of 100,000*l.* this capital is the strict limit of the claim he has on society. This is the exact measure of his conscience, and the man who would transgress these bounds, I have no hesitation in pronouncing a scoundrel. He must, in honour, incur no debt beyond 5000*l.* a-year. I would make the excess felony without benefit of clergy; but within that sum he may legitimately make his creditors wait.

"But now to my digest, my code, my *Pandecta Dalrympleiensia*."

"1st. Of a man '*comme il faut*.' Do not think that every man is qualified to become a man '*comme il faut*.' Before any individual commences this career, he should devote himself to a profound consideration and estimate of his capabilities and endowments, and scrutinize deeply, and without self-love, all his qualifications, whether of nature or education. He must be deeply imbued with the truth of

that divine precept γνωθι σεαυτον. Upon calculation, I do not think that in our mighty population, the proportion of men '*comme il faut*' of the three classes is as one in 1500, nor of the *élite* of those classes more than one in 5000; and I draw this conclusion,—that my income was derivable at about the same ration, that is, that 500 persons contributed 1*l*. each annually to my support, which is not equal to three of the low and vulgar coin, nominated farthings, (usually pronounced '*farden*') per diem from each individual.

"Now I will suppose that you have not a stiver of real income. You wish to know if you belong, legitimately, to this class of creditors. You must then submit to a severe examination, which will bear on the following points.

"1st. Physical qualities.

"2nd. Education.

"3rd. Disposition and character.

"This examination is of the most vital importance. Distrust yourself: beware of neutrality in your scrutiny, and self-love in your decision, or else the consequences will be fatal—it will be the high road to a prison. Rather fear than excel in your qualifications. Remember, there is an examination before a man is admitted to law, divinity, or medicine, and why not to a pursuit so distinguished as that which I profess? Do not therefore confer your *diploma* on yourself upon a light or preliminary catechism, or society will demand, and with usury, on your repose and liberty, the 5000*l*. a year which you have had from it, and which it will only pay to a '*sujet distingué*,' from whose endowments and talents she expects compensation.

"*Physical qualities.*—A man '*comme il faut*,' who is without money or estate, ought to be richly endowed by nature. On this head I have a multitude of novel ideas to communicate, which have never occurred to any of the moralists and philosophers my predecessors.

"*Property* has been hitherto ill-defined by the laws, and its domain is really very different from that usually assigned to it. The law tells you, that property is moveable, and stationary; and narrow-minded persons have made it dependent on the possession of a greater or less number of acres; of plate, furniture, gold, silver, 'goods and chattels;' thus, in their limited system, estimation, credit, and education, are contingent on a measure, a weight, and an inventory. Nothing can be more fallacious than this theory. The fact is that, independently of these elements of property, which I do not deny have their due value, there are others infinitely more real and incontestable: for instance:—

"From twenty-five to forty years of age;—height, from five feet ten inches to six feet;—thirty-two sound and white teeth;—a constitution of iron;—digestion of an ostrich;—broad shoulders and narrow waist;—full and curling whiskers;—fine eyes.

"These, I term real and substantial property, and moreover property, which is our own by nature, not to be taken from us by any decree of law, nor any caprice of man. These qualifications, which are born and must die with us, form a large share of the claim which the man '*comme il faut*' has on society, and his conscience will incur no reproach if he values his property as follows:—

"From twenty-five to forty years of age, ought to stand all over England, but particularly in London, for	£5000
"Height, from five feet ten inches to six feet	3000
"Thirty-two sound and white teeth	1000
"A constitution of iron	4000
"Digestion of an Ostrich	2000
"Broad shoulders and narrow waist	8000
"Full and curling whiskers	1500
"Fine eyes	1500
"Total of the natural property representing a capital of	£26,000

"What economist can dispute this valuation? I estimate the items at the lowest possible standard, and I know there will be many who will think I have underrated some qualities and forgotten others, but I was always a moderate person.

"*Education. Moral qualities.*—All born out of the working classes receive some sort of education. I divide education into two kinds.

"1. Education by books.

"2. Education by the eyes.

"Education by books supplies but few recruits to the ranks of the '*comme il faut.*' It supposes individuals who are studious, who know French like Voltaire, Latin like Cicero, Greek like Thucydides, and all the dialects of the earth like Dr. Bowring. These men are learned in mathematics, and profound in astronomy; they are exact, to a letter, in a quotation, or in a date of history; a barbarism gives them a fever, an illogical deduction the cholic, and an anachronism the cholera. Of what use are such? They are but the rats of science, who live on the great man's crumbs. They dwell in a triangle, dine on a proposition, sup on a problem, and sleep on the solution. Telescope in hand, they contemplate the stars as their theatre, and go to an evening party with the constellations, having Jupiter for their friend and Venus for their mistress. A pair of slippers, a Welsh wig, and a penny loaf, are sufficient for such drones.

"The education of the eyes is the most fitting for men '*comme il faut,*' and is now in the most general use. This education presupposes that a man has had some prior instruction. He can read, write, and cipher. Knows the *names* of most sciences, the places where they are taught, and the appellations of the eminent persons of the day. He has acquired a certain collection of words habitually, is aware that Cicero was an orator, Virgil a poet, that Ovid had a long nose, and that Horace was short: that Seneca was a moralist, Persius wrote squibs which nobody reads, and Juvenal was a jolly fellow, who, when too old to enjoy life, satirized it. He must remember that Titus Livius is verbose, Sallust energetic, Tacitus profound and concise. This is more information of ancient authors than half the great talkers of the day know. The man '*comme il faut*' must know by sight all the great personages of his day, and have their names 'familiar in his mouth as household words;' he must be a member of a crack club; be known himself to every body; he must become a critic in cookery, and a judge of horseflesh; he must have travelled sufficiently to know that Paris is the capital of France, and that

Athens is not in Yorkshire; he must have acquired some smattering of modern languages, and be sufficient of a geographer to know what countries his wines come from. The sum of an education thus accomplished, may be estimated as a capital of 24,000*l.*, which, added to the sum for his natural qualifications, makes exactly half the claim on society of '*un sujet distingué.*;'

"*Disposition.* A man's character is made up of spleen and liveliness. What is termed a bad temper arises solely from mismanagement in the control of our spleen and our suavity. Let us suppose these to be divided into the following proportions:—

Spleen	50 in the 100
Suavity	50 in the 100
Total	100, representing the

whole disposition.

"Now let it be clearly understood, that if, during the day, you dispense your spleen and suavity indiscriminately; if you allow them to be developed by sensations, emotions, or surprises, it must follow necessarily that you will sometimes be splenetic when you should smile, and smile when you might legitimately be splenetic. All the secret of true discretion in obtaining a reputation for a good or bad temper, consists in the able management of your spleen and your suavity. Have them both at command, in packets of equal proportions. The suavity you should distribute to *all* who approach you. From the instant a living soul is with you, say and do all the pleasantries in your power: the instant he leaves you, and you are alone, you may give vent to all your spleen in soliloquy. By this method you will contract a habit of being agreeable to all the world, and will acquire for yourself a reputation as a man of admirable wit, and a temper (*pour ainsi dire*) unruffleable—a most incalculable attraction and advantage. Your physiognomy takes its hue and adaptation from this habit of hilarity. Your mouth learns the true and joyous smile, which fixes its abode there at the due hour, and constantly exposes to human eyes sixteen of your two-and-thirty teeth, white as ivory, and valuable as gold. This, however, can only be attained by long study, aided by resolution. It must not be a caricature visage, with one side smiling, and the other in sorrow, or in anger, but your face must be one integral smile, undivided, irreproachable, irresistible!

"As to the spleen, that must be expended on yourself alone, and when alone. Curse and swear at your ease in bed; scold when alone in a coach, or a dark street at night; and if the fit comes on you, quit your society, however fascinating, and, taking a lonely promenade, give vent to your vexations and your d—ns out of mortal sight or mortal ken.

"In estimating the character at 100, you must regulate yourself by this tarif. The happiest dispositions are those which receive from nature 100 parts of suavity, and who, as a necessary consequence, laugh even in their sleep. The most untractable characters are those who have from nature 100 parts of spleen, and they scold even whilst they dream. The medium is the fifty of each; but note carefully that there is no man *comme il faut* possessed of *less* than the mean

proportion. If you are gifted with this *juste milieu*, or exceed it in the more desirable half, your temper, with prescribed management, will become the *ne plus ultra* of amiability, and you will represent by this alone a capital of 50,000*l*. Thus :—

"RECAPITULATION.

"Natural Endowments	£26,000
Education	24,000
Disposition	50,000
	£100,000

"I think I have now fully established the real property I mentioned, and I trust, my dear nephew, you possess and see it with the same eyes. It is a reality which no stretch of law can deprive you of.

"*Borrowing.*—I could unfold much in this division of my treatise, but without fatiguing you with my own individual modes, I will give you a narration, too full of interest not to be recorded, and which, I will add, *mutatis mutandis*, gave me the idea of reducing my modes to a practical digest. It has been said, and is said, and must ever continue to be said, that loans are the most productive sources of credit. It was the loans of Mr. Pitt which raised this country to the state of prosperity which it now enjoys, and in France the loans of the Ministry have elevated the funds to God knows what! These two examples are sufficient to prove, as a primary principle in public and private affairs, that the best system of finance is founded on this axiom—

"The more we borrow, the greater our credit."

Would you have other examples? look at Spain, which always has been, and always would be borrowing; Portugal is similarly disposed; Russia is always anxious for a loan, and Naples has no other dependence. What succeeds with a nation cannot fail with an individual; and the truth of this is evident from the facts I am about to narrate, and which I know, from indisputable authority (my relation, Lord M.), gave to Pitt the idea of his celebrated scheme of finance.

"The memory of the interesting Schneider is still green in the valleys of Switzerland. I will relate the tale, if it be only to remove the last few scruples in your breast (if indeed any remain) regarding loans.

"Schneider was an inhabitant of the Canton of Underwald, and descended from a good Swiss family. His father had been very forward in opposing the oligarchies of certain Cantons. This man, a born democrat, asserted that the Helvetic constitutions were perfect farces, and that it was not reasonable that the aristocracy of a small canton should exist beside the democracy of another. He wished to see the whole united in one, and that the laws, imposts, and rights of one should be common to all; and he dreamed of some grand project of levelling the mountains of Switzerland with the social contract of Jean Jacques Rousseau—but it was impracticable. He expended a great deal of money on his scheme and then died, leaving his only son but a volume on Constitutions, handsomely bound, gilt, and decorated with the arms of the different Cantons.

"The son, thus disinherited by the democracy of his father, was

naturally well endowed and had been well educated: he had made a sort of education of *the eyes*, similar to that which I have above described. To this he united a delightful disposition, which was certainly worth the 100,000*l.* capital of the man *comme il faut;* but young Schneider had not this cash in his pocket. As, however, he *had* a name known and esteemed, he was welcomed at the best houses in the canton. Although it was vaguely reported that his father had left him no fortune, yet it was not for a moment suspected that all he inherited was the volume on Constitutions.

"The system of loans came as suddenly into the head of Schneider as did attraction to the brain of Newton; and with the holy zeal which is usually elicited by a new discovery, he proclaimed to the world that he wanted 2000 rix-dollars, for which he would pay interest at five per cent. and the principal in six months. This loan raised, his way was clear before him. His manners were so good, that a banker of his acquaintance, of the firm of Frey & Co. offered him the assistance he required; and he received in exchange from young Schneider two bills of the date agreed on, which he consigned to his pocket-book.

"Having achieved this sum, Schneider resolved to live honestly and honourably. He limited his expenses, and pretended to talk to all of his regulated way of life. He was thought amiable and trustworthy: his father, he said, had bequeathed him very little, but aided by some trifling negotiations he had in hand, he hoped to be able to make both ends meet at the end of the year. This modest and unassuming conduct was soon noticed, and in three months the youth was known throughout Underwald as the 'interesting Schneider.'

"However the bills were coming to maturity in the pocket-book of Frey; but two months before they were due, Schneider had received from another banker, the wealthy Freuler, spontaneous offers of service and money. He of course accepted them, having extended this loan to 3125 rix-dollars, which he thus disposed of:—

	RIX-DOL.
"Expenses for the first quarter	1000
Payment of two bills given to Frey and Co. .	2000
Interest for six months on 2000 R.D. . .	50
	3050
Interest for six months on 3050 R.D.	75
Total	3125

"Thus successful, Schneider considered himself henceforward (and his genius was not deceived) as master of the capitals of Switzerland; but his ambition did not reach to that height, he only desired to live with comfort and be useful to his country. Frey, the banker, had not the least uneasiness concerning Schneider's bills; but the youth was desirous of profiting by the two months which he had before him to place his credit upon a stable foundation, and to give it certain success. He went to Frey, and told him that five per cent. was a heavy interest to pay, and that if he could agree with M. Frey as to the immediate taking up of the bills, he would do so with pleasure, on having discount. 'Ah! ah! M. Schneider, you know business, I

see; nothing is so sure as discounting one's own paper—that is the true system of banking.'—'But if it at all interferes with your books—' —'Not at all; but I will accede on one condition only.'—'Name it.' —'If you want money at any time, you must come to me for it.'—'Agreed.'

"Schneider had played his cards adroitly; but he thought it prudent for some time to change his lenders, which he contrived very skilfully to manage, so as to extend his credit all over Switzerland. This took three years to effect, after which time he was compelled to refuse the offers of money made to him—upon principle. It will be understood, that during these three years he was actually 12,000 rix-dollars in debt, exclusive of the interest at five per cent. But this was nothing—his credit was established. He had limited his expenses to 4000 rix-dollars per annum; and if he lived sixty years, he calculated that Switzerland and he would be quits—at least, that his country would have paid him his debt of 460,000 rix-dollars, which, by the admirable tenor of his life, he would have returned to it with usury. In fact his conduct was exemplary. As a merchant (for he was one, as he had accounts open with all the first houses in Switzerland), his punctuality and exactness were extreme: he kept his own books, and by double entry. Every night he struck his balance, and carried his cash-box up into his bed-room. His bill-book was a model of precision and method. He held nothing more sacred than his signature, which was never protested. He made a rigid vow never to exceed his revenue by a stiver, and he kept his pledge sacredly. His probity also trembled at the idea of exceeding the little civil-list which he had drawn up for himself on his country. As a social and worthy man, he was quoted in the Canton. He had built a delightful villa, where he had a library, dining-room, parlour, and spare bed-rooms. All the skill of Swiss horticulture was displayed in his garden, to which belonged a small farm, whence he supplied his household wants. As a moral character, he did good to all around him; he established schools of agriculture and industry—a memorable example, and which two benefactors to Switzerland, Fellenberg and Owen, have since renewed with so much success. As a religious man, Schneider fulfilled all the duties of a Christian; and refunded in alms to the poor a portion of his capital, amounting to at least 4000 rix-dollars. Finally, as a political character, he made his exact returns of household; paid all due imposts; and at every public meeting, spoke conformably to the interests of the Canton, and voted according to his conscience. But Schneider did not conceal from himself, that his station as a man thus drawing on his country for his capital, carried on for fifty years, would occasion at his death a check to the national wealth of Switzerland; his honest heart was therefore occupied with devising means of producing: it was not enough for his feelings that he left to his fellow-citizens a great example of the power of credit, he wished also to create, or improve, a branch of national industry, and for this purpose determined to travel. His attention was arrested by the Valley of Gruyères, and he remarked the beauty of the cows: he observed their independent life in the midst of fat pastures; he inquired and learned from the herdsmen of Bulle that the herbage of Gruyères so aided the udder of the cows, that they produced six times the usual quanti-

ties of milk. He saw that their products varied with the seasons; that in spring they would yield twenty-four pints of milk each cow, twelve in summer and six in autumn; whilst fitting economy suggested that he should forbear to milk during the three months of winter. Schneider undertook the management of a flock, and from his abundant supplies conceived the glorious thought of that celebrated cheese, which the Old and New World now consume with delight under the distinguished appellation of Gruyères cheese. Soon herdsmen and cattle filled the fertile vale, and making cheeses occupied all the inhabitants. Thus did Schneider pay his debt to his country, or rather was entitled to draw upon it for a double, or even triple capital; and thus, too, he rendered the universe tributary to a humble valley of Switzerland!

"Ought he now to have felt a shadow of a shade of a scruple of drawing on his country for his allowance of 4000 rix-dollars annually? Assuredly not. Thus then the excellent Schneider saw his end and bankruptcy approach without perturbation. As he died with a clear and unsullied conscience, he was desirous of declaring with his own lips his honourable failure, and not leaving to the syndic the care of calling his creditors together. He employed the last days of his exemplary life in putting his house and cash-books in order; and having cast up all his accounts and adjusted his balances, he found that he owed 389,722 rix dollars, inclusive of interest for fifty years, and his creditors were upwards of three hundred. He assembled them on the 4th of January 1720. They were ignorant of Schneider's intentions, but such was their regard for, and confidence in, this excellent person, that not one of them was absent from the convocation. Schneider was conveyed in his bed to his hall: his bill book on his left hand, his cash journal on his right; and a ledger before him. His creditors being all assembled, he began by apologizing for the weakness of his voice, which no longer allowed him to be heard as distinctly as he could wish: he then endeavoured to collect himself, and spake in the following words:—'Gentlemen, the great book of life is about to close on me; my account current has been open for upwards of seventy years. It is not for me to settle the balance of that debt; that is reserved for the Most High, who keeps the register of our actions. I behold him already prepared to make terrible additions to the immense sum already entered, and I tremble to learn the amount of the debt which will be made out against me.' (At this touching exordium, upwards of 300 pocket handkerchiefs were extracted from upwards of 300 pockets, and applied to twice as many tears flowing from twice as many eyes.) The old man continued: 'If I cannot arrange my account with my Maker, he has at least left me the courage and strength necessary to settle with each of you. This is my entry book: you see it is arranged alphabetically: it corresponds with the folios of my ledger beside it, which is methodised according to the customs of business, and in which each of you will find the sum due to him,' (fresh tears, great sighs and groans.) 'You would be wrong, gentlemen, if you thought that, as in usual balances, there was an active and a passive balance,' (a movement of attention); 'in that case it would be only an inventory similar to those you have so

frequently seen, when the credits and debits are struck out to leave the surplus to direct or indirect heirs. Alas! I have only to offer 'you a passive balance.' (Motion of surprise.) 'Do not expect to receive thirty per cent., twenty per cent., ten per cent. of what is due to you; you will receive nothing—positively nothing.' (Expressions of amazement amongst the 300 and upwards.)

" 'My father the democrat left me nothing but a volume of Constitutions; yet I had to live—it was necessary. I conceived the great idea of *credit*. I discovered that it was founded on the fidelity of paying arrears. I have been a proof of the justice of this fact. If you have the least doubt of it, I beg of you to cast your eyes over my accounts, in which I defy any one to detect the slightest error. I am at a loss to know which you will most admire, my discovery or my moderation, when you reflect that I could have drawn on all the capitals of Switzerland, and that by my exactitude in paying up the interests which I drew from your chests, I could easily have enlarged my bankruptcy to twenty times its present amount. You may assure yourselves that it does not exceed 389,722 rix dollars, of which, thanks to my skilful administration, the division is in nearly equal proportions amongst you. I made it my duty up to these my last moments so to manage my loans, that at this hour the sum borrowed is from as many as possible, and they the richest of the land. And what, let me inquire, my creditors, is this loss when compared with the admirable system of finance which you will now be able to present to your Country? I, wretched mortal, am condemned to be a bankrupt; *but our Country dies not*, and its immortality will solve the sublime problem of credit! Yes, gentlemen, a country may borrow on indefinitely, because it lives on to an indefinite period. Let Switzerland pay the precise interest of her debts, and then there is no reason why she should not some day absorb all the capitals of the world. Can you think that any one of you would have paid too dearly for this discovery even by a million of rix dollars? You may see that by this an inexhaustible source of prosperity is open to peaceful Helvetia, by my example, and it would be ridiculous to talk to you of my Gruyères cheeses. Were I to expatiate upon the good I have done, I know that I should end by proving that you are all my debtors, and I prefer separating from you with the soothing idea that we are quits in the fullest extent of the word. I have served as an example to the rich; I have aided the poor. I have only moved some of your immense and torpid capitals to introduce them into channels in which they may find full occupation. I have begun the levelling those mountains of gold which it has pleased fortune to surround us withal. She was blind, and I, to use a characteristic expression, have performed on her the operation for the cataract.'

" This discourse, so unexpected, produced in the minds of the assembled creditors sentiments of ecstasy and admiration. Each merchant, as a token of respect and gratitude, deposited at the foot of Schneider's bed the last bills which that worthy citizen had accepted; he offered a pen, and each signed his acquittance. After putting all these bills in a packet, he raised them in his hands as if to show them to the world, and yielded his last breath, crying—' *Com-*

merce of Switzerland, hail the standard of credit!' To parody the words of a celebrated poet—

> "With dying hand, above his head
> He waved the bills, then sunk in bed,
> And shouted victory!
> Credit, Sirs, credit! wide and wider!
> Were the last words of 'worthy Schneider.'"

"It is unnecessary to add that the most eloquent of the creditors proposed a small subscription from each to erect a monument to the noble Schneider, which was unanimously complied with, and Schneider was interred without pomp at Bruning, which divides Underwald from Oberland. It was there, on leaving Sarnen and coasting along the lake, that Mr. Pitt saw the tomb which covers the mortal remains of the 'interesting Schneider,' on which was the inscription:

"Der Entlehner."

Or the '*Borrower*.' The peculiarity of this epitaph attracted the attention of the embryo statesman. He questioned the guide, who told him the whole of Schneider's story word for word. When he arrived at the part—'I, wretched mortal, am condemned to be a bankrupt, *but our Country dies not*,' Pitt, as though wonder-stricken, continued to repeat the words '*but our Country dies not*,' with perfect enthusiasm. He ordered his horses without being able to assign any other motive than repeating '*our Country dies not*,' which he reiterated the whole way from Sarnen to Downing Street. It was rumoured he was mad until he realized those famous loans with which England made war against Europe, conquered the Indies, subdued the colonies, and overthrew Napoleon, who would still have been living and on his throne if the inventor of Gruyères cheeses had never existed.

"It was from this outline of Schneider's life, progress, and death, that I formed my own elaborate drawing, which I believe without conceit I may affirm was replete with all that could give effect and finish. My own picture was certainly well made out, in good keeping, fore-ground clearly defined, colours justly blended, and the framework worthy of the gilding which was perpetually renewed. It is not worth while to detail my progress; you and others remember me as I was, and therefore my advice will only be wanting, and not my history.

"Meditate day and night on the story, beautiful and simple as it is, of Schneider, and deduce your own inference. He was moral and economical, a philosopher—a citizen in the best sense of the words, and skilful in pecuniary matters to a point beyond or below which rectitude cannot exist, '*ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum*,' —as Moore says in his 'Little's' Poems." H. T. R.

GARRICK CORRESPONDENCE.*

The pleasure of philosophizing is much greater than the pleasure of reading philosophical reflections, and the satisfaction of making discoveries exceeds the satisfaction of having them made for us. It is this feeling which renders a collection of letters, to or from persons of eminence and notoriety in the world so extremely fascinating. It is not a matter of mere curiosity, or if it be curiosity there is an especial and philosophical motive which excites it. Letters, as letters—merely the lively prate of pen-loving gossips, are often highly amusing, but there is a much greater degree of amusement in them when they are written by, or addressed to persons of mind, merit, and distinction. Every public character, and especially when talent has been the instrument of publicity, is a thing for speculation, a source of philosophical thought; and nothing opens to us the mind of an individual more completely than epistolary correspondence. Scarcely one person in a hundred writes a letter without having something of individuality developed in it. There is not unfrequently more of character shown in a letter than in conversation. In letters, a man is off his guard and yet on his guard,—he is off his guard as respects the public, he is on his guard as respects the individual to whom his letter is addressed. If a man writes a book, he may not have one reader; if he writes a letter, he is tolerably sure of one reader, and he prepares himself accordingly. There is more heart in a letter than in a book, and men can, if they will, put themselves into a tremendous passion with the pen in their hands. Letters are the medium between the formal study of book-work, and the slovenly slip-slop of mere talk, chatter, or prate. There is just enough art not to destroy nature, and just enough heart not to be smothered by artifice. In this second volume of Garrick's Correspondence we find an increasing interest of topic and a fuller developement of character; and in spite of all that may be said by those whom Garrick disappointed, or by those whom the world disappointed in Garrick's line, we are bound to acknowledge that he was an amiable and intelligent man. His very vanity, which abounded, superabounded in him, was a developement of his amiableness. He loved the species and therefore he enjoyed the applause which the world lavished upon him. He seems to have been in good-humour with the world throughout the whole course of his public life, and when he met with troublesome people, and it was his lot to meet with many such, he regarded them as the exception rather than as the rule of humanity. This is a refreshing sight: for ordinarily, such is the irritability of the species, it is the practice of human beings, when they meet with troublesome people, to fly into a tremendous passion with all the world, and to talk about retiring from a troublesome world to the society and confidence of a select few, who are complimented as being the only rational and intelligent persons on the face of the earth. It was not so with David Garrick; he was in love with the world, and could say

> "How sweet 's the love that meets return!"

* The Private Correspondence of David Garrick, the second and concluding volume.

for the world was in love with him. He had much to hurry and much to worry him, for he was at once monarch and minister, sovereign and secretary. If there be any business more perplexing and wearying than another, it is that of manager, so called, like *lucus à non lucendo*, because he has to do with a set of creatures who will not be managed. The world has been told before now that Garrick was fond of praise: to be sure he was, or he could never have gained so much applause. The world has a great deal of discernment; it is not indeed an intellectual being, but it is an animal of most marvellous sagacity, and it never long gives its applause to those who do not deserve or do not appreciate it. There is not one man in a thousand who knows how to manage the world so well as David Garrick did; and having read through these entertaining volumes, we can now appreciate and understand a saying, which we have often heard, viz.—"As deep as Garrick." His was not a superficial craft like Jacob Bunting's, who was always boasting himself to be a man of the world, but without pretence he had the world at his fingers' ends. In these volumes we have the world, as it were, doing homage to his genius—the world of fashion—the world of wit—the professional and the unprofessional world. There are three ways by which the world may be won, and ruled, and rendered subservient to a man's interest, by genius, by conduct, by business. Garrick was a man of genius, a man of conduct, and a man of business, and we may add, that he was a philosopher in all but talking about it. We see by the volumes of his Correspondence, now submitted to the curiosity of the public, how completely he was devoted to his profession, and how dexterously he rendered his tastes subservient to his interests. When a man makes money his object, he may get it; when he makes popularity his object, he may get it; when he makes eminence in his profession his object, he may attain that too:—but the remarkable merit of Garrick was, that he obtained all three objects. He enjoyed the world as a man of the world, he was successful in it as a man of business, he was eminent as a man of genius. His Correspondence, therefore, is peculiarly valuable, as illustrating all this. His letters, and the letters of his correspondents, may be studied as some of the happiest illustrations of that dexterity with which he fought his way through life. He was conscious of the possession of great powers, but he had the wisdom to know that great powers might be a great curse without good management, and accordingly we find from his letters and their topics, and his dexterous manner of handling those topics, that he was always alive to the necessity of caution and diligence. One of the most valuable lessons, that a man of genius can give, or that a youth of genius can receive, is, that success in life depends not on what a man's talents will do for him, but on what he does with his talents. Many are the men who, because they can do any thing with their talents, will therefore do nothing with them. We have an illustration in the volume now before us. In a letter from Mrs. Clive to Garrick, the following sentence occurs.

"Every body is raving against Mr. Sheridan for his supineness; there never was in nature such a contrast as Garrick and Sheridan."

There never was, and nature seems to have brought them together

to demonstrate the contrast and to display it more strongly. One of Sheridan's letters, in this collection, contains a pleasant and accurate exhibition of Sheridan's self. It occurs among those of uncertain date, most appropriately.

"I have been about finishing the verses which were to have followed you to Althorp every day since you left town; and as idle as such an employment is, I have been diverted from it by one thing or other, still more idle than rhyming. I believe I shall give up all attempts at versifying in future, for my efforts in that way always bring me into some foolish predicament: what I write in a hurry, I always feel to be not worth reading; and what I try to take pains with, I am sure never to finish."

Is not this Sheridan all over? If talents could do anything for a man who would do nothing with his talents, they surely must have done something for Sheridan—but they did nothing for him but excite the pity and admiration of the world.

This second volume of the Correspondence is interesting, from a number of letters from Hannah More. It is a pleasant and pretty contrast for the present generation to regard this eloquent theologianess in earnest correspondence with the manager of a theatre, discussing with all gravity and intense interest the minutiæ of stage management, and the particulars of acts and scenes, and prologues and epilogues. Her letters are lively, voluble, and womanlike, but not equal to Mrs. Montague's, nor to Lady Spencer's, whose letters, by the way, are very short, as though she knew that she could never write one long enough, and therefore never attempted to write a long one.

There is some interest in the endorsements with which Garrick has marked some of his letters: these show the man's character, and the very fact of endorsement is an illustration of the business-like habits of the great actor. All the world has talked of Garrick's love of praise. The following is a specimen.

"Mr. Pitt to Mr. Berenger."

"Friday, one o'clock."

"Lady Hester and Mr. Pitt hope Mr. Berenger is better, and return him many thanks for his obliging good offices with Mr. Garrick. Inimitable Shakspeare! but more matchless Garrick! always as deep in nature as the poet, but never (what the poet is too often) out of it. Continue to give us your good offices if you like to be truly thanked, or your friend to be truly admired."

On the back of the note.

"The note on the other side I received from Mr. William Pitt, and it is in his own hand-writing. RICHARD BERENGER."

In Garrick's hand-writing.

"A note from Mr. Pitt, to Berenger, about ME—having, at his request, acted Macbeth. Rich and exquisite flattery!"

Has not Garrick opened to us, not indeed the source of, but one strong impulse to persevering diligence in his profession? The appetite for praise, where it exists thus strongly, calls forth diligence as much as, perhaps more than, the appetite for food.

In our notice of the first volume of this interesting Correspondence, we recollect differing in some point from the editor of this work, and we differ from him again as to a note which he has appended to a very striking part of the Correspondence. It appears

that towards the close of Garrick's life, an anonymous slanderer, imitating the blustering arrogance of Junius, and writing under the name of Curtius, attacked the English Roscius in one of the daily papers, and with an affectation of candour, by no means unusual with such apes, he sends a private letter to announce his intention, and to give Mr. Garrick an opportunity of exculpating himself. Garrick answers the puppy at full length, and in the course of his answer says:—

"I will honestly assure you that I had much rather have your praise than your blame."

On this the editor remarks:—

"Nothing on earth ever more astonished me than such a declaration from such a man. A ruffian writes three anonymous letters, which he offers to the inspection of the person whom he chooses to assail. He intends them to destroy the fame, the *moral* fame, of his victim; and yet the gentleman thus threatened would prefer his praise to his blame."

There is nothing wonderful in the matter; it was perfectly consistent with the whole of Garrick's life and conduct. He never despised trifles. He despised not trifles in pecuniary matters, and he grew rich; he despised not trifles in matters of a professional nature, and he became and continued eminent; he despised not the merest trifle of applause, and he was immensely popular. He could not rest contented under any degree of reproach deserved or undeserved. He could not carelessly put up with the slightest degree of disapprobation even from the humblest and most insignificant. So far from being *astonished* at the language of Garrick to this contemptible fellow, we regard this passage as such an exquisitely characteristic trait, that had it been the invention of a novel-writer, we should regard him as being a profound observer of human nature, and should think that he had hit off Garrick to the very life. As thoroughly clean people can never bear to be dirty even in solitude and dishabille, so thorough lovers of praise cannot patiently endure their own disapprobation. Reading Garrick's letters, we may see that he was not merely desirous of vindicating himself to his correspondents and to the world, but even to himself. A great deal may be said about this or that man's praise being not worth having; but the truth is that every body's praise is worth something. Garrick knew this, and he acted accordingly and flourished. We shall write a paper on this subject in the New Monthly Magazine some day or other, and we shall take abundant illustrations from Garrick, startling the world perhaps by some paradoxes which, more closely inspected, will be but truisms. We close our notice of these letters by remarking, or rather repeating the remark, that they are full of interest and philosophy, opening, we believe, to many minds a new chapter in the volume of nature. They are a monument to Garrick's memory *ære perennius.* W. P. S.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Colonel Brereton—The Necessity of Notoriety—A Croaker—The Awkwardness of Princes—Ne Sutor—Keeping Places at the Theatres—Loss of Life in Merchant Vessels—Irish Agriculture—Bristol Stones—Advertisements—Poetical Composition in the Open Air—Tragedy on, and Comedy off, the Stage.

Colonel Brereton.—The suicide of this gentleman has naturally excited a strong feeling of sympathy and compassion on the part of a public never behind-hand in such feeling when it is too late. Col. Brereton seems to have fallen a sacrifice to his reluctance to use force against a good-humoured mob. When this humour of the mob had changed, as probably the individuals composing it also in great part, the opportunity had gone by: the troops, weakened as they had been by a dismission of a portion, were, in the judgment of the commander, unequal to contend with the now infuriated rabble. Had execution been done in the first instance, before the mob was aroused, the blood spilt would have probably extinguished the nascent riot: just as it did after the excitement of the mob had subsided; after it had been gorged and glutted with drink, and plunder, and fire. Having lost the first chance from motives of humanity and reasoning of a conciliatory kind, it may be a question whether, even with inadequate forces, the military commander should not have risked the existence of his troops by a bold and bloody struggle against the mob, then raging in the height of its fury. Col. Brereton did not, and a court-martial was ordered. The humiliation of his position and the calm review of all the circumstances as they came out on evidence appear to have been too much for him: he anticipated disgrace, and perhaps poverty, and could not bear up against the idea. The verdict of the jury should have been "Died of Pride." It is a soldier's virtue—though in extremes, or in very peculiar situations, it may be mischievous. In the melancholy case of Col. Brereton, putting quite out of the question the awfulness and the sinfulness of self-execution, there cannot be a doubt on any man's mind that he had not incurred nor could incur intolerable disgrace, and that for his own honour he ought to have lived. His death stops inquiry, and that of itself is an argument of being in the wrong: had the investigation gone on, and the result been of the worst, the prisoner could only have been convicted of having spared the people, contrary to military rules, and thus failed in preventing, as he might have done, the various criminal acts that took place: the motives being humanity, and an erroneous decision of judgment. A man of honour, and a soldier, even of sensitive feelings, might have lived under this and not have been unhappy—for there is not a shadow of dishonour falling within the whole compass of such a charge. An officer may be a meritorious soldier when opposed to an enemy, and a poor creature when ordered to cut down his countrymen. The practical result to be drawn from the whole affair is, that a military police is a bad one, and that the feelings of a soldier are altogether inconsistent with the duties of a riot-queller. *A standing army, kept up for home duty, is a monstrous absurdity, utterly unworthy of an enlightened people. Where discontent and disturbance are general it is utterly inefficient, where they are local and insulated it is utterly unnecessary.* If, instead of noodling and guttling Corporations, good at nothing but the perversion of funds, and the destruction of viands, and the packing of elections, a strong, active, and well-organized police was ramified all over the country, and place under the command of able magistrates and officers, chosen by the districts they commanded, we should hear no more of either Manchester massacres or Bristol burnings.

The Necessity of Notoriety.—Nothing can be more common than to hear a complaint against newspapers. When they do not contain any remarkable event, they are said to be dull, empty, and absolutely good for nothing. But let the broad sheet glare with murder, incendiarism, riot, or other form of horror, the abuse instantly ceases, the quidnunc buries himself in his arm-chair, draws down the spectacles, raises his feet to the fender, and erects the interesting print in a plane, perpendicular to the earth's surface, within six inches of his nose, whence

it is only removed for the convenience of turning the p[illegible], perhaps for hours This abomination of vacuity and attraction to the eventful, extends itself even to character, notoriety is become the next wish after good fame Plutarch said he had rather never be heard of by posterity at all, than be known as the Plutarch who ate his children, but Plutarch did not live in an age greedy of excitement like this This appetite of the public shows itself in the eagerness to witness trials executions, or to see monsters and enormities, no matter of what description, provided they are sufficiently abnormal to create an emotion On the same principle one "lion" at a party is worth the attendance of several score of pleasant and agreeable people This tendency is well understood by that astute race, the puffers of books in newspapers if it may not be praised as uncommonly good, monstrous badness will do as well, so that some persons curious in this art, have begun to quote the critic's [illegible], instead of his eulogy Here is a curious instance from an advertisement of the pamphlet called Labour defended against Capital, the following puff is [illegible]ed

The Lord Chancellor's Diffusion [illegible] ty has just publ[illegible] k to [illegible] the do[c]trines of this pamphlet in which the author is called a *M[illegible] of De[illegible]* and if they become prevalent th[illegible] it is s[illegible] th[illegible] p[illegible] may [illegible] triumphant so[illegible] of Labour defended against the Claims of C[illegible] *[illegible]*
[illegible] the [illegible]

De[illegible]ing *such note* this pamphlet [illegible] *than [illegible]*

Such is the conclusion of the publisher, who doubtless understands his public

A Crotchet—The Quarterly Reviewer of the Tour of a German Prince says, (p 520) speaking of the authenticity of Ger[illegible] of the work—"*unless the whole affair is an impudent [illegible]*, we are justified in [illegible]ing this performance upon the Prince Puckler Muskau, and we only would [illegible] how any *English* Reviewer could have hesitated about doing so" This is surely a mistake of an *Irish* Reviewer The question that has been [illegible] is whether the work is the genuine production of a German Prince, or a forgery The Irish Reviewer tells us, that unless it is a [illegible] (or a forgery,) it is genuine and he wonders (he who puts the alternative) how any *English* Reviewer could have doubted on a subject which he the *Irish* one can only venture to put hypothetically

Of the genuineness of the work, no wholly rational person ever doubted, the forthcoming volumes which relate to England, will be even less disputable The *English* Reviewer alluded to, is the Editor of the Westminster Review, or at least the writer of its Proemiums, who in an *Avant Courier* complained that the Author of the Article, in the body of the Review, had compromised him, by asserting the authenticity of the work contrary to his wish In his apprehension of ridicule, therefore, he begged that the only person, in case of the work proving the composition of a young Irishman, laughed at, should be the individual Reviewer We believe that nobody yet ever escaped derision by standing up and assuring the company that he was very far from being ridiculous

The Awkwardness of Princes—In the very curious trial pending at Paris on the subject of the Duke of Bourbon's will, the advocate Hennequin produced a singular argument to prove that the Duke did not hang himself, viz he could not, and that for various reasons he was unable to get upon a chair from debility, he could not raise his hand to his head from a wound, but above all, he was utterly unable to tie a "permanent knot," and had been all his life, excepting indeed that most unhappy one with Miss Sophy Dawes M Hennequin brought evidence to prove this incapacity, he produced persons who swore that the last of the Condés, though fond of the chase and other sports, could neither tie up a bow nor a dog, and the probability of this state of incompetency in knot tying, was defended by general remarks by the royalist pleader, on the ordinary *mala tresse* or awkwardness of princes Every thing being done for them, they never learn to do any thing they are fed up, as it were, in a stall to exist and not to act so that, according to M Hennequin, it is rare to find a prince who can even walk decently across a room Ineptitude or imbecility is assuredly a very frequent indication of high-breeding, and where it is not natural, it is sometimes pretended There are men in all aristocratical countries

who would be shocked to have it supposed that they could do any thing useful, or share any knowledge with the other end of society. Exquisites, for example, have expressed the extreme of surprise at the sight of a copper coin, a halfpenny being a thing utterly below their level. In the Moldavian and Wallachian principalities, the Fanariote Hospodars proved their mightiness by being utterly unable to walk without assistance. The fashion of the Court was of course adopted by all the Boyars; and as a prince never could cross an apartment without throwing all his weight on a Boyar on each side, the said Boyars of course at home were equally incapable themselves, and threw their weight on the next grade. Some of the Hospodars of these countries have been known to become actually incapable of walking, from long disuse of their limbs.

In the matter of this trial, we cannot help thinking that Louis Philippe has been very hardly used by the journals of both countries, in their endeavours to mix him up culpably with the proceedings of the accomplished bar-maid of the Isle of Wight. The Duke of Bourbon certainly applied to him to be relieved of the solicitations of his mistress, which implies that the Duke considered that she was under the influence of the Duke of Orleans. Louis Philippe's reply has been laid hold of as injurious to his own reputation, unjustly, as it appears to us. The only facts proved are, that the Duke of Bourbon was in his dotage, that he was alternately tormented and befooled by his mistress, as is not uncommon, and that the old man was ultimately tired of his life. Previously, the Englishwomen in France had a reputation for boldness, daring, and other virtues of the masculine, and when they occur in women of the diabolical cast, and we fear the *éclatant* specimen in this case will confirm the prejudice. It will be in vain to say, that Madame de Feucheres is of a class from whom no precedent must be taken. *Ah les Anglaises sont capables de tout*, is the reply of the obstinate Parisian.

Ne Sutor.—When errors and abuses of a public description are pointed out, the first idea that occurs is a wish for the interference of the legislature. This desire is, however, quickly checked by observing that the legislature, as at present constituted, works after the manner of the tinker, who makes two holes while he mends one. There was a universal complaint on the subject of Hackney Coaches; the legislature took them in hand, and a pretty business it has made of it. The instant the act comes into force, it is found that all the old nuisances remain, and that several new ones are introduced; and what is worse, that such absolute inconsistencies are left in this precious Act, that a magistrate has to elect between two clauses, which are in precise contradiction to each other. Pretty much the same may be said of the Game Act, and a score of others. So much for amateur legislation.

In a Reformed Parliament, there will be before long a standing committee or paid board, whose business it will be to reduce the intentions of the legislature into consistent and intelligible law, and in case of error, omission, or absurdity, propose such queries to the house, as will render a reconsideration necessary, and ensure ultimately an efficient Act. No one is yet *quite* certain, whether even the Bankrupt Court will *work*.

Keeping Places at the Theatres.—The Manager of the Adelphi has been summoned by an indignant complainant before the Magistrate, because the places taken and paid for by him had not been kept till his arrival. The offence was aggravated by the fact of the performance being "Victorine," so that the excellence of Mrs. Yates's acting, in the opinion of the aggrieved person, put her husband more decidedly in the wrong. This matter of place-keeping and holding is one of the thousand little questions of social police which eternally breed unpleasant disputes, and never get settled. When a seat is paid for, the fee-simple of so many square inches of green baize is vested in the payer during the whole of a particular evening; and it seems just that if the *pro tempore* proprietor pays for having the seat reserved, he should be permitted to claim it at any moment he chooses during the performance. However, in this case, it was ruled by custom against the unhappy admirer of "Victorine;" and, in future, left open for another squabble and another summons. We would not have Acts of Parliament about such matters; but assuredly there are means of settling these things, without the inconveniences that at present exist.

In France, a Commissioner of Police has a box in the house, and is present during every performance, and, in case of any disturbance, immediately interferes. Some authority of the same kind is most assuredly wanted among us, and a Commissioner of Order would be quite as useful, and more ornamental, than the muskets, and bayonets, and sentry-boxes at the doors of the Theatres which glory in the designation of Royal. At present, there is nothing which disorderly persons may not do to distress and annoy their neighbours, or the whole house—short of picking pockets—which, after all, is a more venial offence than picking a theatrical quarrel—the most disreputable of all honourable affairs.

In another point the theatres of the Continent greatly excel us in attention to a point of order. They who disdain neither Pit nor the Pit-goers are aware that it is a service of danger to enter that part of the Theatre on a crowded night; because, as soon as it is understood that the inner doors are open, a crush and scramble of many hundred persons, crammed together in a narrow space at the entrance, takes place in the anxiety of each individual to be foremost, which, to say the least, is disgraceful to an assemblage of rational people. They who have seen a drove of pigs rush upon an overturned cart of brewer's grains, may form an idea of the scene. Now nothing is gained beyond dislocated limbs and disordered attire. A strong man may perhaps annihilate a feeble woman, or overpower a weaker or shorter rival of his own sex, unluckily placed in his immediate van; but the precedence procured in so dense a mass is not worth the lifting of a hand; and, indeed, the admission of the *whole* is impeded by the pressure. The whole of this confusion is avoided on the Continent, by the custom which prevails *faire la queue*, as it is called, or to form a tail or line. Each person, as he arrives, takes his place in his file, and remains in the ranks quietly till the pay-office is opened, when money is taken in the exact order in which each spectator has arrived at the theatre. This practice enables persons moreover to secure a place, as it were, by establishing a *locum tenens*, who, for a consideration, gives up his post as soon as the house opens to his employer. All male lovers of the theatre prefer the pit as the best position for enjoying a representation; but they are prevented from entering this part of the house by the nuisance of the crush. It is a pity, since Royalty lends its guard of honour, it cannot transfer also a deputation from the board of green cloth, to look after these minor essentials. It would be as easy, we should think, to regulate the movements of respectable visitants to a theatre, as the coachmen and horses who are constrained to set down and take up in the order dictated in a programme.

Loss of Life in Merchant Vessels.—A very sensible letter from Lieutenant Lister Maw, of the Navy, (in the Times, January 14.) on the subject of the dangers unnecessarily risked by Merchant vessels, through the ignorance of captains, and the insufficiency of their means of nautical calculation, ought to be pointed out to general attention, and the recommendations of this enlightened officer duly considered. It is a subject we cannot enter upon, and we chiefly allude to it for the sake of pointing out that associations, like insurance societies, while they diminish individual loss, they also blunt individual motives to secure the venture against risk, and in other ways tend to aggravate the perils of a marine life. We are creatures of so little sympathy with others, that so long as our own property and our own lives are secured, we leave the rest of the world to wag as it listeth. Ships are missing every day, the crew goes to the bottom; but the cargo is insured by one party and the vessel by another; and they who are interested in the life on board, go weep—when old hopes are lost, and dry their tears when new ones spring up. But lately, a ship came within hail of a foundering vessel and struggling crew, and as soon as it got an idea of distress, changed its course, and veered about, as a man would turn from the cholera. The sinking creatures, who were afterwards saved, could not explain a degree of inhumanity, apparently so wanton, till it was ascertained that the assistance the other vessel might have rendered in a high sea by approaching the one in distress, and taking off the crew, involving some portions of danger, would have forfeited the insurance, even in case of any subsequent misfortune. Vessels are constantly reported missing from every

port: the public are more indifferent to the fact than to a Bow-street case of pocket-picking or swindling. Nobody cares; it is nobody's business! but now, when they are told that a great part of this loss of life and property is not necessary, is no part of the inevitable peril of a sea-faring life, surely some inquiry will be set on foot—some sympathy excited for brave and useful men, unnecessarily exposed to danger and a horrid death.

Mr. Lister Maw avers that the persons employed in the navigation of merchantmen are unfit for the service, and the crews generally insufficient. No man ought to be entrusted with the lives of any number of his fellow citizens, without being pronounced a master of his business by a competent authority. And if merchants, under the feelings engendered by the insurance plan, feel no motive to provide their vessel with chronometers and other instruments, they should be made to do it by the legislature, which ought to come in always when individual motives fail and general interests alone are concerned.

We may just observe, that in France no man is entitled to command merchant-vessels without a certificate of competency granted by an Inspector of the coast, after repeated examinations; and that a distinction is made between a certificate entitling a person to command on a coasting voyage, called *cabotage*, and *la longue course;* for which higher nautical knowledge and longer experience are required.

Irish Agriculture.—The following piece of information has been received from Ireland by some of the newspapers.

"Michael Dillon Bellew, Esq., who has received the sixty-three monks of La Trappe at his seat in the county of Galway, till a permanent residence can be arranged for them, has ever been conspicuous for his endeavours to introduce agricultural improvements into that part of the country."

The only species of agriculture for which the Trappists are famous, we believe, is that of grave-digging. There will be sixty-three trenches dug on the Dillon estate; and if the proprietor waits long enough, they will be duly lined with a peculiar description of *engraissement.* This is an improvement in agriculture somewhat Hibernian.

Bristol Stones.—The ladies of Bristol have just now got into very bad repute: they are accused of want of humanity, hardness of heart, and all manner of uncharitableness, because some reporter, or reporters, for the London Press, remarked that they did not duly ply the cambric handkerchief during the solemn ceremony of the sentence of death on the rioters. The power of these gentlemen is truly extraordinary; a stroke of the pen from a young man invested with no more than ordinary penetration, can raise a sort of outcry against the whole female population of an immense city. The reporter accuses the ladies of Bristol of being unfeeling; their inhumanity is then directly accounted for by other Journals: some assign as a cause, an equally sweeping charge of ugliness; and some again trace it all to slavery, and the miseries of the middle passage. For an enlightened, an educated, and a reasoning nation, we are marvellously given to the absurd!

In the first place, it is no proof of want of feeling that a person does not shed tears, more particularly when sensations of novelty and wonder are mixed up with sympathy for distress; and this combination of feeling is most likely to occur in the case of women, the greater part of whom, most probably, never witnessed a similar scene. Then again, suppose it had so happened, that curiosity overcame and suppressed all show of tenderness of heart, in the case of the ladies in this particular gallery, how absurd it is to take them for the whole of the ladies of Bristol: they might as well be taken for the whole sex.

It has always been remarked that women are eager spectators at executions, and it is said they assemble at them in great numbers; a charge which only means this—that the vast majority of the crowd on such occasions are *men,* who think that the minority of women have no business there at all. The accusation of want of humanity in women, is like denying light to the sun: they are composed of it, not only at Bristol, in England, but in every quarter of the globe. Let the reader call to mind the beautiful eulogy of the traveller Ledyard on them, for the universal kindness and superior sympathy in distress above.

men, which he experienced from them in every corner of the inhabitable globe, if his own heart does not teach him the truth without a further reference.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—We are advertisement readers: the close columns of the *Times* are never without their interest for us. Other readers, we perceive, throw down the Morning Journals, when they contain no news, as it is called, with disappointment, declaring them to be empty—empty! we look upon the rejected paper, and see it teeming with life. Every advertisement to us assumes a living character, and seems to represent a distinct portion of the country. In the place of every five lines of type we imagine an anxious face. Here are the busy, shuffling, aproned tradesmen recommending their candles and their cocoa: here is Robins or Phillips flourishing his hammer, and shouting the praises of rural retreats and Raphaels: down one column stand the modest governesses all in a row, with their French music and sound principles: in the next is a stud—nay, half-a-dozen chargers, hacks, hunters, ponies, and magnificent cabbers; a long perspective of screws in straw and rogues in grain. Even the WANTS PLACES has charms for us, from the hobbling low-browed cook and housekeeper to a single gentleman, to the groom lad of light weight, with his smooth hair, his stable reverence, and slipshod gaiters. What a wonderfully cheap country we live in! These advertisements prove that there is scarcely a luxury of life that may not be had for an old song. The finest full-flavoured old Port may be bought almost for the carriage and the price of the bottles. Furniture, the description of which is at least beautiful, is to be sold at the cost of our kitchen chairs. No brandy is said to be equal to certain British. Lamps have been discovered to burn all but without oil; and lodgings, in the pleasantest part of the town, may be had in return for a trifling loan to the proprietor. Every house, in an advertisement, seems the most convenient place that ever was built, every horse the soundest, every governess the most accomplished: in short, over a page of advertisements, with the aid of a moderately sanguine temperament, we can imagine ourselves living in the golden age, where all is virtue, happiness, and abundance. Few works of fiction produce so consolatory an effect—yet such papers are said to be empty!

POETICAL COMPOSITION IN THE OPEN AIR.—An author of the name of Mitford has died lately, of whom some biographical particulars have been published, which carry us back to the days of Grub-street. Education and a taste and talent for literature are so usually associated with, at least, habits of decency, that we are struck with a sort of amazement to find them in a person reduced to vagrancy and the lowest and most degrading description of life. The writings of Mr. Mitford necessarily partook of the character of his habits, but they are very remarkable productions under the circumstances. 'Johnny Newcome in the Navy,' we remember to have read with disgust; a feeling which doubtless would have been considerably modified, had we then been aware of the following extraordinary circumstance.

"Mitford composed his celebrated poem of 'Johnny Newcome in the Navy,' under circumstances of aggravated destitution, which, perhaps, have never been equalled in the annals of authorship. Mitford was then a beggar, and Johnston, the bookseller who published it, was afraid to trust him with money, knowing that when he had cash in hand he would not work. Each morning he received a shilling, and a certain quantity of paper, which he engaged to fill with rhymes and deliver by night. His method was to put some gin in a blacking bottle, and two-pennyworth of bread and cheese in his pocket, with an onion and some salt. Thus provisioned he repaired to Bayswater-fields, where he sat and wrote. It was a dry summer, and he seldom had to encounter rain. In a gravel pit, near the water works, he made a bed of grass and nettles; the nettles that grew on each side he twisted over so as to form a canopy, and here he lay for forty-three nights—the Poem being finished in that number of days. Before day-light he would rise and wash his rag of a shirt in a stagnant pool, which he put on wet, and yet never caught cold; nor did he ever enjoy better health than when confined to his nettle bed and a shilling per day. When questioned upon this subject of his privations, he exclaimed, 'Oh God! don't mention it; that is not the worst, by far, I have endured.'"

Mitford was the author of a popular modern song, called "The King is a true British sailor," and of a great many other things of a similar kind, the chief part of which are, no doubt, execrable trash.

Mitford had been originally a lieutenant in the navy, and lost his half-pay in consequence of some disgraceful forgery of letters connected with the early investigation into the conduct of the late queen. The circumstances of the case we have a vague recollection of, and we believe his conduct to have been exceedingly disgraceful and unprincipled. He, of course, lost his place in society as well as his pay in the navy, and seems to have afterwards supported himself by his facility in writing verse, if that can be said to be support, which was not to be envied by the beggar or the work-house pauper. Mitford claimed to be a relative of the Redesdale family, and was, we believe, distantly related to it.

Tragedy on and Comedy off the Stage.—In the *Literary Gazette* there have lately been some pleasant papers, termed "Unrehearsed Stage Effects," in which the writer notices odd accidents which fall out during the various theatrical representations at the different theatres. A counterpart to this scheme would be effects of the same kind in the reverse or audience part of the house. We have often noticed little incidents, scenes, and sometimes even overheard conversations that were significant enough to be remembered, and even recorded in print. On the first night of Lord Leveson Gower's drama, Anne of Cleves there sate in the next box to us an aged pair, who, if we might judge, had not often before entered the doors of a theatre. The male was grey, short in stature, clothed in decent black, and might possibly be a clergyman. We observed no mundane mark upon him, save that he hissed furiously on one occasion only, and that was the most popular point of the play—the Peerage case, in which the King, Henry III., on a sudden creates a duke on the nonce, to serve an especial purpose. In all other respects this amiable pair might have lived in paradise for any signs they showed of acquaintance with matters of the most familiar kind. Their simplicity was usually charming; though sometimes, like the tameness of the beasts in Cooper's 'Juan Fernandez,' it was almost shocking, for their aged locks brought back to us most forcibly our own flaxen times of innocence, and formed a strong contrast to our present hardened experience. The interest of this pair in the drama was excessive, but their criticism was altogether of the Partridge school. When Anne of Cleves threw down the pen and refused to write at the dictation of her imperious husband, "That is right," cried the old lady, loudly, "that is just as I would have done myself," and she loudly applauded. "Hush, hush, my dear," was the gentle reply of her white-stocked mate, who, perhaps, thought the case of domestic application. When Charles Kemble, as St. Megrin, is entrapped into the Hotel de Guise, and proposes to make his escape by the window, there occurs a great deal of parley, as is invariably the case on the stage when people are supposed to be in a hurry to get off; by the same rule they never talk or sing so loud as when they ought to be silent—the well-known *Zitti Zitti* is a case in point. However, when this delay occurred in Kemble's escape, the old lady grew terribly impatient: St. Megrin's assassins were already knocking at the door. "Why does he not run away!" she exclaimed, in the utmost distress. Still he loitered and raved of love, and the good dame waxed positively wrath. Her husband saw it was necessary to interfere, and he observed with an air of shrewd simplicity, "Be quiet, my dear! don't you see he *must* be killed." In the melée in the court, those who have seen the tragedy will remember that the Page (so prettily played by Miss Taylor) is killed by the assassins of St. Megrin out of sight, and the audience only hear his cries. The old lady exclaimed, "Oh, dear! oh, dear! I am sure they have killed the little boy," and alas! it was true. She was bursting into tears, while Miss Taylor had shouted her last, doffed her pantaloons, and gone home to supper. But with all their humanity, our couple were discontented that so few should die. They had paid, according to their fancy, for more deaths than they had had: the green carpet seemed laid for nought. After Miss Kemble, as Anne of Cleves, which she played delightfully, had stretched her form along the stage, and the curtain began to be agitated, as if about to descend, the lady complained that there was but one death. "But you forget," said her spouse, "that two were killed behind the scenes, and that makes *three*." "Yes," rejoined the lady, "but three are hardly enough for a tragedy." Thus, as is often the case, did a most kind-hearted lady regret an insufficiency in the supply of woe.

The Lion's Mouth.

"Aliena negotia centum."—*Horat.*

We refer our readers to the article that commences our record of Political Events—upon the interesting and important subject of the Russian Loan.

[Our Correspondents will perceive the scanty space which the nature of the times allows us to afford to poetry and tales, however good. We wish, therefore, they would rather attempt some line of literature better calculated to give us the pleasure of accepting their contributions—the abuses and manners of the times surely afford ample materials.

We must also beg our corresponding friends fully to understand that we cannot in any case return either articles or answers before the first of the month. On this point we are peremptory.]

Co-operation and the Owenites.—We feel great regret that we cannot find space for the article called "Corbyn Hall," and the Letter to ourselves by the same author. We are greatly obliged by the writer's expressions of esteem, and sorry that we cannot concur with him in his political views. The system of Co-operation is undoubtedly a grand discovery—we firmly believe that hereafter it will be the basis of a new political science; but we *must* say that we do not think the superstructure of the Owenites *is* as yet that science—we like the ground-work of their philosophy, but not the rest of the building. Our respected Correspondent must pity and forgive us. His papers are left with many thanks at the Publishers'.

The translator of "Raupach's Drama" complains of our criticism. It is not often that an author and a critic take precisely the same view of a work. We must adhere to our opinion of the original, although we are again willing to compliment the skill of the translator—it is true, at the expense of his judgment.

It would be useless to recur to the subject of Burke and Williams. Our Correspondent, "A Reader," must therefore allow us to lay his communication aside.

The Cholera.—From the numerous letters and papers we have received relative to the Cholera, we select and publish the following, as containing, we think, some original and ingenious remarks.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

* * * * * *

"Gentlemen:—From a retrospect of the facts which have come within the range of my information, I am inclined to think that the disease of the Cholera arises from the blood being overloaded with carbonic matter, through some peculiar disposition of the atmosphere, and the great accumulation of this matter in those filthy and crowded habitations of the poor where this awful malady more particularly rages. This hypothetical inference is partly founded on the fact, that a portion of carbon is extracted from the venous blood by the air in every act of respiration which restores its arterial activity: consequently, if there be not a good ventilation in these crowded abodes, the air must soon become loaded with carbon thus extracted, and unfit for a healthy respiration.

"We also know that the carbonic-acid gas, or what is termed the choke-damp, which is liberated in coal pits, is an aërial body, loaded with an extra quantity of carbonic matter, and that it causes immediate death, when breathed instead of pure atmospheric air. It is also well known, that if a proper quantity of carbon is not extracted by the act of respiration, that the blood turns black and the person dies. Hence we are led to the conclusion, by the blood of those who are fatally attacked with the Cholera turning black, that a sufficient quantity of carbon has not been extracted by the act of respiration; for it is chiefly those who live in close and crowded places, where carbonic gas abounds, that become the victims of this malady.

"If the respiration of strong doses of aërial carbon, as in the choke-damp, cause internal convulsions and instant death, it may be inferred that weaker doses may produce final results of a similar nature, though in a more gradual and less violent manner.

"According to this view, the imperfectly-ventilated habitations of the poor, in the North and Eastern parts of Europe, must be more likely to generate this disease than the better-ventilated habitations in this country; nevertheless, the great quantity of carbon that must be liberated in the neighbourhood of our extensive colleries, may be equal to this difference, as a greater quantity of this ingredient is generated in such

places than in any other part of the country; and it may be a special means in promoting the Cholera in these places.

"If this be correct, we may see the reason why this disease has not been extended to the surrounding parts of the country, as they are more free from this aerial carbonic matter than the neighbourhood of coal-mines, where this disease has raged.

"By admitting that the Cholera arises from the blood not being sufficiently relieved from its carbon, we may conclude, when this disease prevails, that the atmosphere does not, from some cause or other, take up its usual quantity from the blood; consequently there must be a strong tendency to generate the Cholera in those places where carbon is abundantly liberated, agreeably to the circumstances already mentioned.

"If this view of the subject be correct, there is no great probability that the Cholera will extend over this country; yet I would advise the humane and wealthy to supply the crowded habitations of the poor with plenty of coal this winter to keep up good fires, which will ventilate their close and crowded habitations, and then we shall have little to fear from this malady.

"Yours' respectfully,

"*Liverpool, Jan.* 18, 1832." "Y. M. D.

We shall be happy to receive a further communication from the author of "Dislike of America," if he will condense his information into one paper. We fear it will be impossible to find room for a continued series.

We regret that, torn by political factions as we are at home, we cannot promise insertion to the article "Spain and her Factions," although the subject is well treated. A communication for the author is left at the Publishers.'

The new Coronation Anthem is somewhat too late in the day.

We shall endeavour to find room for the amusing "Chapter on Dragons," but cannot say when.

The author of "First impressions of London" should have looked at our monthly notice to correspondents. He would have found that our rule is to reply to or return all papers on the first of the month, *and not till then.* It is impossible to combine regularity with any other system. A communication is left for him at the Publishers'.

The paper on the "Drama of Calderon" remains for consideration.

We fear that we can say but little to encourage the aspirations of a Mechanic, however much we may sympathize with his misfortunes. Trades of all kinds are in a very sad condition, but none, we believe, is at so low an ebb as that of Poetry.

One or two of the "Four Love Sonnets" shall be inserted if possible in the next number—they possess great beauty.

We must be ungrateful enough to decline the offers of a Correspondent who compliments us by affirming that we, "under our banner of truth, are leading on morality, peace, piety, and order, to overthrow satirical spleen, confusion, and calumny."

Histrix must pardon us if we, with many thanks for his zeal and friendship, decline at present to take up the cudgels with the enemies he refers to.

Our limits this month will not allow us to insert several communications intended for the Lion's Mouth; among others, the letter of "J. R." on a Coroner's inquest:—we hope to hear from him again.

Communications are left at the Publishers' for the authors of an article on Sir Edward Sugden; "Destiny," A translation from Schiller; "Tradition of Devonshire;" "Reform in a Village;" "Account of Mary Bow;" "a Sketch from Froissart;" "A Tale of the Sea;" "X. Y. Z.;" "the Janissary;" "W. W.;" "Chronicles of a Curacy;" "the Corobberie;" "D. C.;" "the Editor's Fall;" "the Friar, the Maiden, &c.;" "G. E. J.;" "the Gensjager."

We are obliged to decline the poetry of "E. M.;" "Stanzas;" "Poetry by W." "Edward and Angelina;" "the verses of Halbert H.;" "Cupid and Nelson;" "H. M. B.;" "Specimen of Virgil;" "W. B. K.;" "Cassandra;" "Enigma;" "C. P. N.;" "F. J. M."

Press of matter obliges us to decline "the Lüst Garten."

THE

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1, 1832.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

ON THE STATE OF THE RURAL POPULATION.

The symptom of the greatest difficulty and danger in the national disorder, is that absolute (though it has been a gradual) alteration in the condition and habits of the rural population, by which, in an age of boasted enlightenment, the moral condition of the peasant retrogrades, instead of advancing, and which, at the very time that we profess to re-establish and strengthen the social system, is silently progressing towards its disorganization. In our inquiry into this matter, our endeavours will be directed, first, to describe the actual situation of the peasantry in connexion with that of the classes above

them; secondly, to discover the causes which have produced so disastrous a state of things; and lastly, "to shadow out," if we may be so fortunate, some plain and simple palliative and cure.

The portion of the population which depends upon agriculture for subsistence is, it cannot be denied, redundant; by which we mean to express that its numbers have increased beyond the apparent powers of the area under tillage to afford them employment. We waive, for the moment, the belief so confidently pronounced, and by competent judges, that the same surface, judiciously cultivated, would employ profitably a still larger population—we waive also for the present, the discussion of the causes why all the existing numbers are not employed upon the land—we merely state the fact, and content ourselves with the averment, that in the vast majority of the rural parishes of England, there are more men than can find work. The consequence is, that a too severe competition in the labour-market has brought wages to the lowest possible rate; and without reference to the amount paid, it may fairly be said that single men obtain no more than will yield the lowest term of subsistence, while those who are married and have families, are compelled to eke out their earnings by parish allowances, according to the numbers of their children. When men seek employment, they are willing to abide by what the master fixes; in fact, the one must take what the other will give, for, if the work be refused, there is an idle competitor at hand who will accept the job. The labourer has, in truth, no choice—the poor-laws confine him to a spot, or so limit his scope of action, that the free circulation of labour is precluded, and thus he has no alternative but the parish. His degradation is complete. Can it, then, be matter of wonder that the links in the chain of rural society are broken? Can it surprise any one that the man who knows himself to be honest and industrious, strong, and active—who is willing to task his strength to the utmost, yet who feels that he cannot hope to satisfy even his merest wants by a life of exertion and toil—can it be matter of surprise that such a man regards the world as a region of misery, its laws as arbitrary and unjust, and its rulers as tyrants, whom he is bound by the law of self-defence, or at least the alluring motives of retaliation, to despoil and circumvent by every means in his power? We shall come to apprehend the truth of these apparently extreme and bitter accusations more clearly, when we enter upon the causes and go back to the habits of the preceding generation. We do not exaggerate the condition of that pauperized class who ought to be the labourers in agriculture, when we describe them as reduced to the minimum of subsistence (taking the average), as discontented in mind, broken in spirit, dissevered from the natural ties which ought to bind them to those next above them in their social relations, and appearing to those who visit the sins of the rulers on the offences of the victim, to be at once reckless and grasping—covetous to-day in order to be improvident to-morrow. There are, indeed, modifications produced by local circumstances and individual qualities, by the occupation, wealth, and personal character of their employers, and by the customs of the place; but the more perfect generalization is that we have adopted—they are reduced to the extremity of privation and moral degradation. This is not assertion—it is supported by indisputable proofs. During the summer and

autumn of 1830, in some counties, the whole mass of labourers rose and demanded an increase of wages, with a force and a pertinacity which was not to be resisted. They destroyed the machinery by which they imagined their labour was supplanted. Nor, although a temporary advance was conceded, did the evil stop here. The agency of fear has still been resorted to. The incendiary fires, however originated—however, in single instances, the results of individual vengeance, partake, in the general, of this single motive—they are perpetrated with the express design to terrify the wealthy into a more beneficial employment of the poor. There are also additional symptoms in the increasing frequency of vagabond mendicancy, of highway-robberies, and in a common offence, not perhaps so recent in its origin, though of late more general in its occurrence—namely, the slaughter of sheep in the open fields. These are the more prominent evidences of that depravation of character which afflicts the country; but the confirmation, the confirmation strong, is to be seen in the universal laxity of manners—in the indifference to independence and personal estimation—in the total decay of the decent pride which used to keep a man off the parish—in the reckless habits, and the almost utter disappearance of that respect for their superiors, which was, not long ago, the distinction of the inhabitants of the village, and which we would not regret to see diminished, if its substitute were a consciousness of dignity, rather than a revengeful feeling of degradation. They who are most disposed to extenuate the conduct of the labourer in agriculture, amongst whom —yea, among the foremost of whom—we desire to be numbered, are forced to admit that this picture of rural manners is not overcharged. Some allowance as to the degree of depravation is undoubtedly to be made for proximity to large towns, and comparatively dense population. The deterioration will almost always be found to have some relation to these particulars, and to the latter especially, as sharpening the competition in the labour-market, decreasing wages, and augmenting parish allowances. Poverty, recklessness, and misery, it is especially to be remarked, are almost always proportioned to the relative power of the area to maintain the inhabitants; we do not mean in a general, but in the local sense of employment—the lesser thus conforming to the greater proposition.

What, then, has brought a people, active, honest, and disposed to be industrious, to so deplorable a state?

If we go back to a date about forty years ago, we find the farms were of moderate dimensions, varying indeed from thirty to five hundred acres, with here and there (very rarely) a larger occupation, where vast tracts of the land were light, uninclosed, and appropriated to sheep-walk. At the period to which we revert the population was at least nearer, and perhaps below, the demand for the cultivation of the soil. The demand and supply of food were also more nearly equal. Manufactures had not arrived at the advancement which capital, science, and the competition excited by the late wars have since produced; and the women and children of the peasantry could add considerably, by spinning and other similar arts, to the earnings of a family. The workmen upon a farm resided, for the most part, in the farm-house; for the law of settlement had not yet been found a

grievance of any distressing import; neither had the mind of the master soared very far above that of the hind. There was in this point a much nearer approach to equality; man and master consulted together, worked together, and lived together; the interest of the one was the interest of the other—the product of the farm was all in all to both. Hence it followed that there was an ascendancy, almost to be accounted of nature, which the superior had over the inferior, proportioned to their constant and inseparable association; and indeed it was visible in the conformity which the manners and character of the servant bore to those of his employer.

The French Revolution broke out. Happily, in one respect, a spirit of inquiry was set loose; but unhappily, also, that spirit was, at first, directed rather to wild schemes than practical methods of amelioration; and, as is always the case, the worst doctrines travel at once to the ignorant, the best remain long uncirculated with the enlightened: while visions of a new and bright æra, of "peace to earth and good-will to man," broke on the speculations of the philosopher, it was rather confused notions of violence that suggested themselves to the labourer; the one might hope for an equality of power, but the other began to long for an equality of goods. Then came war and the exaltation of price, which applied so great a stimulus, and wrought so great a change in the *commerce* of agriculture. Between 1795 and 1827, more than three millions of acres of waste-land were inclosed.* Capital flowed towards agriculture in the largest possible streams, yet it could not flow fast enough to meet the demand which the effects of war and the policy of Bonaparte originated. In 1812, the average price of wheat was about seven pounds sterling a quarter. The profits of the farmer were immense; during that year they amounted, in many instances, where an abundant crop combined with the high price, almost to the value of the fee-simple of the land.

The results were as follow:—It was essential to the very subsistence of the people, as well as to the resistance of the enemy, that the greatest encouragement should be given to agriculture—the profits alone, indeed, afforded this encouragement. In proportion to these profits, which afforded even a better security than the condition of the individual, were the loans of capital from bankers. But it also became a necessary consequence that a certain elevation in the character and means of the employment itself should attend the application of talent, and the investiture of large fortunes in the occu-

* This is a most important fact, bearing upon a most important point of the subject, because the enormous quantity of land inclosed, shows first how indispensable to the mere existence of the population was the prodigious activity directed towards agriculture, and secondly it establishes that land of all qualities has been profitably brought under cultivation; *for it is impossible to suppose that such vast tracts were selected for their superior goodness.* They were taken indiscriminately and improved by capital and skill—a fact which goes far to prove that nearly all qualities of soil are susceptible of profitable tillage. To strengthen the demonstration, we subjoin the actual account of wastes inclosed, published in 1796 by the Committee of Waste Lands, and the computed amount of the subsequent inclosures. From 1710, when the first Inclosure Bill, properly so called, was passed, for the parish of Ropley, in the county of Southampton, to the year 1796 there were passed:—

	Bills.	Acres.
	1776	2,837,837
From 1796 to 1827, both inclusive	2110	3,376,000

pation. Hence the magnitude of the farms was indefinitely increased —farm-houses became mansions—all the buildings and appurtenances assumed a proportionate improvement—agriculture rose at once from an art to the dignity of a science—societies were established—premiums offered—county surveys and treatises published. Such vast and, it must be admitted, useful assemblies, as the Shows of Mr. Curwen of Cumberland, and Mr. Coke of Norfolk, attracted from all parts of the kingdom (and even from foreign countries) the farmers, to whom now was accorded the loftier style of "Agriculturists." An impulse, perfectly incalculable, except in its results, was given to an employment, which, from having hitherto been amongst the least assuming, came now to be deemed of the very highest importance among the arts of life.

But what were the effects of these changes upon the manners and condition of the entire mass of the rural population? The fortunes of the proprietors had been at least doubled; the profits of their tenants had increased in a larger ratio. Height of success generated high thoughts, and the habits of both these classes were now observed to correspond with the change. The squire was no longer content with the pleasures of the country and the management of his estate; he extended his connexions, and his notions of the refinements belonging of right to his station. He visited London at stated periods; his house, his furniture, and establishment—the polished education of his children, and the general intellectual elevation, all gave indications of loftier, prouder, and more exclusive pretensions. These changes, of necessity, separated him more widely from that regular and kindly, if we may not call it friendly, intercourse which used to subsist between landlord and tenant. Even the alteration in the manner of sporting—the game no longer preserved as a cheap amusement, but multiplied into an ostentatious extravagance—the battue, which gradually made its way down the scale (when such novel assumptions came to be considered as indications of power and aggravation of style)—even these will be found to have had their influence, and a very unfortunate influence, both upon the habits and morals of all the rural classes.

The interval between the landlord and tenant, it must not be forgotten, had, in a degree, been filled up by those large profits, and larger occupations, which either constituted the inducements to the capitalist to become an "Agriculturist," or which had lifted the farmer of 200, 300, or 400 acres, with a moderate house and moderate desires, into the occupant of from 1000 to 2000 acres, and the inhabitant of a residence not far, not very far, below the mansion of his landlord in artificial refinements and luxuries.

And now we come to the inevitable results of these changes upon the working class. From such residences, the servants of the farm were almost necessarily excluded; a man with such wealth, power, and pretensions, would submit with reluctance to the personal supervision which must be bestowed upon such inmates. It followed almost as a matter of course that the hind who must find himself a habitation, would be desirous to find himself a helpmate. Population thus perhaps, in the country, received its first artificial impulse. The former course of events, by which the long-tried, industrious, and frugal man, rose through the several gradations of service, accu-

mulating a little more and more with each remove, was domiciliated with the dairy-woman, by whose society and similarity of habits he was attracted and attached, and whom he at last married, was totally reversed. The young out-door labourer was tempted, if not compelled to marry in his own defence. Cottages multiplied, and the social was superseded by the separate system of domestic habitation. In the mean time the rise in the price of corn had, as we have shown, generated an universal desire of appropriating every spot that would bear an ear of wheat or barley. The inclosure of commons, though a national good, and even in some respects a corrective of morals, for the most lawless were always found to harbour near such wild domains, was in some important points an evil to the industrious labourer. The addition to their income which the careful couple derived from the common, half the maintenance of a cow, a pig, and a small number of geese, ducks, and fowls, as the case might be, was at once cut off.* But they were compensated in wages? By no means. The rise in wages never even kept pace with the rise of the price of food and necessaries, both of which were enhanced by the taxation which was the fruit of the war. On the contrary, the augmentation, indispensable to the very existence of the labourer, introduced the system of paying a portion of wages from the parish rates. Thus it was that the evil of the law of settlement came to be felt, and with its pressure grew that desire of evasion, which has been the source of such eternal, such expensive litigation between parishes, of such inequality and injustice to the rate-payers, of such oppressive tyranny towards the labourer, of so much perjury, animosity, demoralization, and vengeance. The depravation has at length been completed by the misery and recklessness attendant upon the abject poverty, which is the consequence of extreme competition, of the commercial and moral opponency, so to speak, which reigns between the three classes of dependants on the soil, and also between them all and the Church, instigated in no small degree by the circulation of those cheap and inciting publications to which no proper antidote has yet been exhibited in a judicious and effectual system of useful and moral education.†

Hitherto we have spoken only of internal changes: with the peace came also the increase in the competition, which the discharge of so many soldiers and seamen, the release of so many artisans, who were employed not only in the various trades which especially belong to a state of war, but also who were supported by the commercial monopoly which was given to England. These came into the labour market, or upon the parishes, with terrific rapidity and weight, and

* The improvement of farming machinery might perhaps be accounted an evil to the villager, but a far more active agent in the change has been the perfection of those engines by which the spinning of wool has been transferred from the cottage to the factory. We would be understood not to depreciate the general advantages of machinery, which are indisputable, but merely to show its effects upon rural employment.

† We assign to political opinions, properly so called, very slight effect in producing the altered habits of the peasantry. They care little, and know less about the questions that vehemently agitate the inhabitants of manufacturing districts. But the vague notions of political and personal rights thus propagated, have had considerable influence in generating and perpetuating a general dissatisfaction, and a more active spirit of insubordination connected with no slight feeling of the power of masses. During one of the parochial rebellions, a ringleader emphatically whispered to a magistrate who came to the spot with the military,—"We have found out the secret,—*numbers* will do it."

though such a consequence must have been foreseen, it was met by no countervailing provisions. At a still later period the incursions of the Irish have assisted yet more to crowd the labour market of England. Thus is it that in the matter of parochial relief alone, we may trace the subsequent and later depravation of the individual. It is scarcely less fatal in the manner. Overseers are placed between two fires—between the parish and the poor. Their office is alike painful and troublesome. They are often overbearing in their language, and as they always postpone to the latest moment and by every possible means the relief, however inevitable at last, the pauper is thus made to wait in cold and hunger at the door the leisure of the parish officer, to endure reproachful language, to be browbeaten, and charged with idleness, cunning, and fraud; in short, with everything that malice, rumour, conjecture, or a countervailing cunning on the part of the parish and its agent can suggest. Of late too employments have been inflicted against which the powerful and able husbandman revolts. The roads, the gravel pit, (that lower than the lowest deep,) must be the passport to an allowance, barely sufficient to keep life and soul together. Thus the men are concentrated—to work? No—to exaggerate their own sufferings, exasperate each other, and plot mischief and revenge. We defy the ingenuity of man to invent a more certain receipt for the conversion of an honest, industrious, careful, and capable husbandman into a poacher, a smuggler, a thief, or an incendiary, than to send him into a gravel-pit together with from half a dozen to a dozen of his fellows, in wet or cold weather, at five or six shillings a-week, thus degrading him at once to a pauper and a slave, with neither motive nor means to save him from idleness, exasperation, and vengeance. To hang him would be a comparative blessing, both as respects society and the individual; for this sort of work is to fit him for the gallows, and nothing else, by a course of suffering and crime.

Such are the comprehensive outlines of the most powerful causes of the ruin of the habits of the labourer in agriculture. Others are to be found in the non-residence of the clergy, and in the insurmountable barriers between the Church and the poor, which the lofty training of the clerical body, unfitting them totally for the attainment of that temporal acquaintance with the condition and wants of their parishioners, and the consequent mental ascendancy and direction, erects. It is to this single fact and its effects, far more than to a difference in doctrine, that the appearance of those neat, dry, warm, compact, modest, comfortable buildings of red brick, called meeting-houses, embracing the three great denominations of dissenters, and which have risen in almost every populous village, is attributable. The teachers of such congregations are generally men whose piety, energy, and indomitable perseverance have, in the true sense of the word, *called* them to qualify themselves for religious instruction. What chance has the classical scholar, brought up with the proud feelings of mundane learning, conventional honour, and gentlemanlike bearing, (which with us always signifies reserve,) with the laborious enthusiast, whose ardent devotion, whose contempt of poverty, toil, privation, and even of hunger, have trampled upon the difficulties that surrounded his narrow circumstances, and have lifted him to that ministry which it is his only happiness to pursue—what

chance, we say, has the one man with the other, in disputing for the pre-eminence of their modes of worship? What to the one is the calmness of resigned endurance—to the other is the ecstasy of pious success! With the best dispositions, the one is disqualified by birth, by nature, as it were, and by education; he may, and in many instances does indeed commiserate the wants, corporeal and spiritual, of the labourer or the artisan he wishes to benefit and to instruct; but he can neither enter into his feelings, nor converse in his language. The dissenting pastor, whose titles to the ministry are his enthusiasm, biblical knowledge, a sixpenny licence, and a dozen followers not less enthusiastic than himself, on the contrary sympathizes profoundly and entirely with the object of his solicitous attention; he has lived the same life, and undergone the same trials, endured the same sufferings, and can apply both temporal consolation and his own religious remedy. Hence the desertion of the peasantry from the church; and with that desertion, it must not be concealed, has grown up an increased hostility to superiorities of station.

We owe much to the new Game Law; but we must not forget, in accounting for the dispositions of the present generation, to remember how long we shall yet feel the effects of the old system; the barbarian ardour for the preservation of game, and the manner of its destruction imitated from the French, pampered as it has been to so monstrous a pitch, has, we all know, held out a grievous temptation to crime. The concentration of from one hundred to four hundred pheasants, and as many hares, to be slaughtered in a single battue, (we have for this no English name,) is not unfrequent. The working man, who has been perhaps trained to some love of the sport by attending the Squire, or his sons, sees the birds out to feed every morning and every evening as he goes to his work, or on his return; he knows that, if he can kill a brace of these almost domesticated fowls, they will bring him as much as he can earn by a week of the hardest toil. He yields to the suggestion of his own wants and the persuasion of his companions. He is encouraged by the rich game buyer; and a contempt of law and disregard to honesty and character are thus begun. A little practice and a little failure complete the transformation, and the industrious villager is converted into an idle, drunken vagabond, and he sinks at last into the jail bird and the transported felon. But while this change is going forward, his dissolute habits extend to his family and his acquaintance. He degrades the one and corrupts the other, and so propagates the cruel and contagious disorder of wretchedness and crime, which poverty and temptation have brought upon himself.

In our progress towards this terrible conclusion, we have necessarily overleaped those transmutations which have fallen with such oppressive weight upon the loftier classes of rural society. But the evils which destroyed the lower have not been without their retribution upon the higher. While the former were sinking into the abyss, the latter were luxuriating in the brightest regions of prosperity, and they appeared to have forgotten, during the long revel, that the chances leading to their advancement were mere casualties which must end with their cause—the war. The then owners, and the then purchasers came to estimate the war-price as the intrinsic value of land. They naturally obeyed the impulsive force of wealth, which,

according to Burke's definition of civil and vulgar happiness, is, "to covet much, and to enjoy much." The period of sunshine was long enough to confirm their habits of luxury and refinement.

And what was the conduct of the Government who witnessed these effects, but, as it should seem, without caring to understand the causes?

Notwithstanding the prodigious stimulus that had been applied to agriculture, the average annual importation of wheat only (reckoning twenty-five years backward from the peace) had been not less than five hundred thousand quarters. There had been also large importations of other grain. It was thus obvious that with an increasing population, a proportion, though comparatively a small proportion, of the subsistence of the country must be derived from abroad. It must have been no less clear, that, under whatever system of duties, with a difference of cost amounting to at least 100 per cent. whenever the ports of England were opened for the foreign growth, a superabundance would rush in. But ministers laid it down as a rule of conduct, that the taxation of the country could not be sustained if the price of produce were low; they therefore hoped and endeavoured to bolster up revenue by high protecting duties. The foreseen consequences occurred; a fluctuation ruinous to the tenant followed; and before 1821 four successive accesses of high and low price drained the capital of the farmer—the operative capital of the most useful class, be it remembered,—into the pockets of the landlord, the clergyman, and the tax-gatherer. How so? it may be inquired. As thus: The farmer was led to compute in his contracts for hire upon the price at which the sale of foreign wheat was permitted (eighty shillings a quarter, importation being free at all times,) as the average price of his commodity, and he held his stock, unless pressed by necessity, in the hope to obtain it. In the mean time the foreign merchant possessed the market, and the English grower came into the competition not only under the loss of the cost of production, but under that of interest of capital and waste also. The wet harvest of 1816 particularly favoured this delusion; prices ran up to almost six pounds a quarter. The farmer was thus blinded even more than by the declaration of the Prime Minister (Lord Liverpool) during the period of the first access of depression, that "a redundance of production was the cause." When, in 1819, the agriculturists, justly alarmed at their state, began to petition, Mr. Robinson, then the President of the Board of Trade, declared in behalf of his colleagues, the decided determination of Ministers to abide by the course they had adopted. He said "they looked upon the last measure as one of sound legislative policy, and it had produced all the benefits that were expected to be derived from it to the agricultural interests of the country. Moreover they would consider it to be the height of imprudence, amounting almost to insanity, to introduce any new measure."*

In 1820 the bubble burst, and in 1822 came forth from the report of the Agricultural Committee, but from the pen of Mr. Huskisson, that most extraordinary, contradictory, and evasive report, which made so much noise in the country. But the end was only rendered

* Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, Vol. XXXIX. p. 68.

more disastrous by delay. The importations were immense during 1817, 1818, and 1819. The fall in price increased, to double its amount, the pressure of taxation; for it is self-evident that a double value is extracted if the same amount of taxes is called for when wheat is at fifty-six shillings as when it was at one hundred and twelve, with perhaps some allowance for the bulk of the crop. The same principle applies to rent and tithes; and thus it was that during the period included, and during the former accesses of low price, the capital of the farmer was in a great measure transferred, to the utter ruin of multitudes, and the effectual reduction of by far too many of that class.

Strange as it may seem to any one who can follow out the inevitable consequences of a system of protecting duties, upon what plan or scale soever it may be fixed, this system has been continued—modified indeed, but continued—and what are the consequences? First, the farmer is perpetually assisted by donations from the landlord and the parson. Do these contribute to augment the respect felt by the farmer for either of his benefactors? Unfortunately, they do not. The farmer knows that he has or has not a right to this allowance. If too much rent or tithe have been exacted, he ought not to receive it as a donation, nor does it afford an adequate compensation to his loss. His sense of independence is broken down, and he participates, in a mild degree, in the same feeling that the applicant to the parish experiences when he receives relief. Hence also the hostility which has arisen between the farmer and the landlord, and more especially between the farmer and the parson. Of late the farmer has enlisted the labourer in his cause; and we advert to these facts more for the last result than any preceding effect. There exists no doubt that the disturbances of 1830 and 1831 were exacerbated, if not originally excited, by the declarations of farmers to their men, that high rents and high tithes were the compelling forces which brought down wages. Hence, as much as any other reason, the tardiness and reluctance of the farmers to act in suppressing the partial insurrection of their servants.

So simple and plain has been the facile course of the descent by which the several classes of rural society have fallen into their present situation! We now witness an important struggle on the part of the landowner to retain his station (i. e. his expensive, and, to a certain extent, exotic habits) with greatly diminished means. The present contest against the clergy, though proceeding upon the most rational ground, (namely, that leaving the amount of compensation out of the question, the tithe system is, in the manner of its collection, the most fertile source of dissension,) can hardly be fairly examined without some suspicion that the landholder sees his property will become more valuable in exact proportion to its enfranchisement from the claims of the church. Hence, upon this point, he cordially unites with the farmer. The latter desires to be freed from the vexatious interposition which tithes permit, and demands to enjoy the unfettered exercise, together with the full and fair profits, of his own skill and capital, which, he contends, form no part of the original appropriation to religious uses. Both landlord and tenant are thus looking for some relief to a more equitable mode of recompensing ecclesiastical service. These desires, however, have sown discord of

the most inveterate nature, while the beneficial agency of the clergy is nearly paralyzed by its rage, now generally avowed, and when concealed, scarcely less active. Nor must we omit the instrumentality of the constant appeal which is made to the magistrate, and the exertion of his authority. If we were called upon to bring a palpable and a decisive proof of the disordered state of feeling and the disruption of those bonds of interests and esteem which ought, in a natural and wholesome state of things, to connect the different orders, and which were formerly the easy bonds of rural society, we should at once refer to the numerous justice meetings which are of necessity held in every part of the country. These do not arise from the increased numbers of the people alone. The perpetual disputes between masters and servants, parish officers and paupers, and the multiplied claims upon the feelings as well as the time of magistrates, are known only in their extent to themselves. The ablest and best men writhe under the task, while the very authority they are compelled to exert, exposes them to continual enmity and obloquy. We now speak not of the general business of sessions, or adjourned sessions, but of the domestic courts (so to call them) which are of necessity held weekly in almost every district, comprehending a circuit of ten or a dozen miles. Nothing more strikingly demonstrates the unsettled state of the country.

Such is the general portraiture of rural connexions and morals. There are exceptions, but they establish the rule. There are districts where the labourer is industrious, his cottage* well furnished, and himself, his wife, and children tolerably provided. Individuals of such a character are to be found in almost every village. There are farmers who make moderate profits. The landlords are becoming daily more convinced of the true state of the case, and have been active in their endeavours to better the condition of the labourer, by letting him small portions of land, and by promoting his employment. In a word, the latest appearances indicate an increasing sensibility on the part of the employer to rescue the labourer (and himself) from the evils which are now falling with more force upon him than he can foresee or estimate. It is now, we believe, thoroughly understood, that if the peace of society is to be preserved, or property retained, employment, profitable employment, must be found for the idle.

In our attempts to dive still deeper into causes, we must again proceed according to classes. It is admitted that the productive powers of the industry of the country are adequate, are more than adequate, to provide, amply to provide, for the comfort of all. This granted, the evil must, of course, reside *in the distribution.*

We have shown that the error of the proprietor of land lies in the false estimate of the value of his property. He took the artificial price to be the natural and general price. He framed his establishment accordingly. Peace comes, and land falls from 25 to 40 per cent. But price (general price) falls also, and this should be his compensation. Still, however, he feels the pressure of taxation with

* There is nothing in which counties, nay villages, in the same county, vary more essentially than in the habitations of the poor. There can be little doubt that the moral sense, especially of the females, is blunted and indurated to a fatal excess by that promiscuous herding together which the inadequate space of the worst of these hovels renders necessary.

the same force; nor has the entire reduction of the property-tax, and other imposts, done more for him than to balance (if it does balance) the augmented value of the demand made upon his purse. The only relief to which he has to look, is in still farther reduced taxes—reduced tithes—reduced rates. If he cannot obtain this reduction, he must retrench, which means, that he must cast off his retinue, and in so far as his expenses are contracted, contract also the employment he has hitherto afforded. This transfers the evil to the industrious classes.

The farmer claims abatement of rates, and abatement of tithes. He evades the payment of labour as far as he may, by the sensible reduction which the competition in the labour market enables him to effect; and, by extracting from the poor's-rates, i. e. from the pockets of others, a portion of the maintenance of his workmen, which ought to be paid as wages. But he himself also is a sufferer from extreme competition. Land is scarce in proportion to the numbers who seek farms; and it is a well ascertained fact, that no farm is ever to be let without so many applicants appearing that the landlord is sure of obtaining a tenant at, probably, a high rent. But the labourer—"ay, there 's the rub." At this moment, although the land, it is admitted by the ablest judges, is undertilled to an amount almost incredible; although the best returns that have been obtained, do not give, upon the average of a county, any great superabundance of labourers, at this moment it is sufficiently ascertained, that the competition between labourers destroys them. The fact admits of very simple proof, should proof be needed; and in the consideration we shall include the whole case.

The law of political economy pronounces, that if labour can be *profitably* employed, it will as certainly find employment. If, therefore, all other expenses remaining the same, the soil could, by additional labour, be made to produce any thing beyond the mere wages of that labour, it would as certainly be employed; and the rather, as the farmer would exert himself to compensate the fall in price by increase of produce. The fact is, that the vast and increasing amount of the total of surplus labour (the population is now increasing at the rate of about eight hundred per diem) prevents the possibility of its absorption *upon the area under tillage.* It has been objected, that the want of capital obstructs the operations of the farmer; but to this averment there are two sufficient answers. First, the difference between the wages of an employed labourer, and the allowance to an idle pauper, is so small, that it almost obviates the objection. And secondly, the same reluctance to employ paupers is universal: it applies as generally to the farmer who has capital, as to him who has not. The universality of this fact, then, affords a legitimate presumption of the validity of the reasoning. In fairness, however, it must be adduced, that the advocates of a compulsory labour-rate have urged, that employment is frequently withheld, because individuals refuse their fair proportion of men; and thus, should the rest of a parish take upon themselves to engage the labourers, their share would devolve upon those so affording employment. It is scarcely possible to suppose mistaken avarice or stupidity can go farther; for, if the labour can be employed to a profit, the parties severally lose that profit, and pay for the maintenance of the pauper

into the bargain. There is, however, some reason to believe, that *a part* of the surplus might be so absorbed. But look at the daily augmentation of our numbers!

Again. It has been urged, that a reduction of taxation would leave a larger fund in the hands of the farmer for the payment of labour. This is a fallacy; for whether the sum remain in the hands of one or another, it is still but a fund for the employment of labour. The produce of labour constitutes the entire fund for the employment of labour, and whether distributed by one person, or by another, it *adds* nothing to that fund. If, for instance, the sums in the hands of Government were laid out by the farmer in payment of his labourers, those now employed by Government would remain unemployed. It is simply a transfer of equivalents, nationally speaking. The still more resistless demonstration lies in the fact, that although upwards of twenty millions of taxes have been taken off since the peace, the condition of the labourer has gone on sinking from bad to worse. This is conclusive. But we are anxious not to be misunderstood. It is in relation to the depressed condition of the labourer (arising solely out of competition) that we hold a reduction of taxation would to him bring little advantage, because it *has* brought none; although to reduction of taxation the higher orders of the landed interest must chiefly turn for relief. We have thus narrowed the question to a point—*the pauperism of the labourers in agriculture arises from their being confined to an area insufficient for their profitable employment.*

Now as to the remedies.

The first and indispensable postulate is, that the labour should be addressed to *new* sources of production, so as to augment the quantity; for it will be in equal proportion to this augmentation, that society, as a whole, will be benefited. This true inference will show us, that nothing has been gained by the increase of wages, by work in gravel-pits, &c., in short, by all the allowance, and all the mere employment which have been afforded to labour, regard not being had to increase of production. This substitution of bustle for business is Lord Castlereagh's idea of digging holes and filling them up again. Even the very benevolent expedient of letting gardens, or small pieces of land, to cottagers, an expedient most proper in itself, highly useful to the individual, and a condition, indeed, necessary, as it were, to cottage life—even this expedient lacks the primary consideration—*addition to the general fund of production,* inasmuch as land so attached only subdivides the distribution a little more minutely. As much, in fact, is taken from one class as is given to another. It is a partial good; it is also a partial evil, though the good predominates.

It has been proposed to enforce the best possible system of tillage by a labour-rate, that is, by compelling the farmer to employ a given number of men per acre, *or* to pay in proportion to the rate so to be established. To this plan there are so many valid objections, both in principle and detail, that it may be said to be abandoned.*

* Another proposal has been made, comprehending, 1st. the reduction of the law of settlement to few and simple heads, which shall avoid almost the possibility of litigation; 2nd. the compulsory employment of labour to an amount not

But putting aside the projects of individuals, there are three great principles, so to call them, to which the country can alone look for a relief elastic and comprehensive enough to expand with, and embrace the necessities of a rapidly increasing population—to grow with its growth, and strengthen with its strength. These great principles are emigration, domestic colonization, and a better mode of distributing the products of industry.

Emigration must be considered, though in some respects the best, yet, upon the whole, as the least available. The reluctance men feel to expatriate themselves, an impediment, it is as true as it is melancholy, abated by the extreme pressure of misery—this reluctance, and the expense, will both militate against its adequate adoption. Spontaneous emigration takes from us the very subjects it is most desirable to a state to retain; namely, men of active and energetic minds and powerful bodies, men with enterprise and ingenuity, strength, and probably some capital. Emigration which arises from destitution or persuasion, must be accompanied by a proportionate outlay, which is both to transfer capital and its advantages to distant colonies, which will, at no remote period, probably shake off the mother country. But the grand objection is its inadequacy. To meet the occasion, without allowing for the increasing progression, 291,000 of men, women, and children must be deported annually; and this can hardly be.

The reclamation of our cultivable wastes, amounting, according to survey, to about fifteen millions of acres, five millions of the most valuable belonging to England itself, affords a sufficient space for a century to come. It is the readiest, the most practicable remedy. Whatever amount of produce could be thus raised, would constitute a new, a real, and an instantly active fund for the employment of pauper labour, releasing, at the same time, the superior classes from the burden of an exact equivalent in rates, plunder, and alms. Thus it would give employment to artisans in other trades, and call forth a new production to whatever total the labour by this means rendered active shall bring into existence; and this, independently of the surplus which may be found to remain beyond the consumption of the labourers themselves, and which would, in so far, extend manufactures and commerce. It is to be effected gradually, or at once. The necessary capital might be raised upon the security of the rates, by any parish, while the land and buildings, where build-

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three-fourths of the labour established to be necessary, and which, therefore, would not operate as an oppressive interference with the conduct of a man's business; 3rd. the establishment of a district-farm, to be cultivated by spade husbandry at a given rate of wages. This plan promises very beneficial effects; 1st. it would save the country all the expense attending the litigation of settlements and the removal of paupers; 2nd. it would free the labour-market from competition, and render the labourer independent, because he could go at his pleasure to the district farm; 3rd. it would extract from the soil, already under cultivation, the utmost produce that high tillage could effect; 4th. it would establish a rate of wages adequate to the fair reward of the work performed; 5th. it would entirely abrogate poor's rates (except in case of infirmity and age), because every man would be enabled to find employment; and, lastly, it would be carried into effect with little or no advance or addition of capital—the district farm producing enough to pay its expenses. This project, which was put forth two years ago, by Mr. Richardson, of Heydon, in Norfolk, would, though liable to some objections, undoubtedly effect a great present relief, and would afford time for the execution of those larger designs which must, under the rapid increase of population, be brought into play.

ings are indispensable, would be a valid security; and these several occupations might be granted upon conditions which would at once stimulate and enable the occupant to become the proprietor by instalments. It would restore the broken links of rural society.* The example of Ireland is brought against domestic colonization. But the fact is, Ireland is sinking lower and lower into evil, for the very reason that the area of cultivation is not extended. Our choice lies between a present good, with a future and possible contingent evil, or the same evil present, permanent, perpetual. We *are* now suffering the first fatal symptoms of all that Ireland has undergone from the same causes—a cultivated area, insufficient to the employment of the people. We shall go on to experience rapidly the exacerbation of this disorder, if we decline to resort to the obvious and the best resource—the natural means of relief. Agricultural production (after pasturage) is the first process in the building up of a society. It is because we decree that millions shall be kept in idleness; it is because we thus limit them to the consumption of the lowest possible quantity of food and raiment that will keep life and soul together; it is because we thus obstinately stop at its very beginnings the spring of production, and the universal vivifying current of circulation, that all classes languish; and while we are disputing as to comparatively unimportant objections and frivolous details, neglecting the grand principle, the danger grows hourly more urgent, that society, under its present predisposition to disorder, should suffer a violent dissolution from the pestilential effervescence of those decayed parts which we have cast into a heap, which continually annoy and alarm us, but which we yet hesitate to ventilate, to purify, or to remove.

The last of the remedial measures lies in a better distribution: this, indeed, constitutes the *magnum arcanum* still wanting to political economy and the art of Government. The question may be stated in a few words. Up to this moment, even from the beginning of society, those who are possessed of capital are possessed also of the power to concentrate for their own advantage the labour of multi-

* Since the appointment of the Committee of the House of Lords, last year, to inquire into the Poor Laws, these opinions appear to have made converts even amongst his Majesty's Ministers. The Duke of Richmond, whose examination of the witnesses was very much directed to elicit facts favourable to emigration, has prevailed in Parliament to pass a Bill, allowing every parish to enclose waste-land to the amount of fifty acres, for the employment of the poor thereon; and a still more extended measure has been proposed by Lord Kenyon, another member of the Committee. One very curious fact has attended the general inclosures which took place subsequently to 1797. The proprietors of large allotments have often failed in making them profitable, but scarcely in a single instance has the industry of the cottager been unsuccessfully exerted.

The evidence of Mr. Hodges (M.P. for Kent) is peculiarly worthy of attention in the Report of this Committee, and, as regards emigration, goes far to prove that, with judicious management, the labourer is by no means unwilling to have recourse to that remedy. Mr. Hodges' opinions are surprisingly sound on this head, considering that he is a Member of Parliament, and a County Member. He would not encourage what were called the bad characters to emigrate, but gave the first option and the most encouragement to the best; for, says he, with a benevolent sagacity that does him honour, "if emigration be a benefit to the poor, let not the bad receive that benefit in preference to the good." Moreover, it is well that the poor should see, by the example of the most esteemed of their associates, that there is neither hardship nor disgrace in emigration. Mr. Hodges also very justly proceeds to say, that he has remarked that those who are called bad characters, are only bad when out of work; and several of those then stigmatized while idle, are now respected and trusted while employed.—Ed.

tudes. The new problem is to discover whether, by shortening those processes by which the raw material passes through so many hands to the consumer, by producing all things at the least possible expense of time, capital, and labour, and by equalizing, as it were, the value of the labour of all *in exchange*—whether by such a medium, the whole community (of workers especially) cannot be enabled to enjoy much more of the produce of their common industry, than falls to their lot under the existing arrangements of society. There can be no doubt as to the principle, because it is ascertained that the few can, and they do provide, all the enjoyments of life for the many, even under the present circuitous methods, and the depressing claims of idle and pauperised millions. All, then, that is wanted is, to invent and establish more efficient processes in the detail.

We have thus brought our argument to a close. The disorder, though its proximate causes are poverty and idleness, nevertheless displays itself in so many complicated and distressful symptoms, that were even these causes removed, it must be long ere society can settle into a tranquil, virtuous, and happy state. The worst part of the case is the fearful moral differences and indifferences that separate the several classes. The relief which the Poor Laws contemplated to extend only to the infirm and aged, is sturdily demanded as the rightful claim of idleness, and not seldom resisted with the insolence of power. There is no credence, no tie but of interest between any of the members of the rural commonwealth; craft, suspicion, and force, have displaced industry, confidence, and mutual respect. Necessity has made bare, naked gain, both on the one side and on the other, the sole motive of all contracts. Pride despoils benevolence of half its graciousness; ingratitude, insolence, fraud, and injury, but too generally blast the offices of servitude with distrust.

It is not alone by the remedies, however powerful, which political science can apply, that the cure can be wrought. Individuals must endeavour to correct the mischiefs which exist around them by kindness, temper, and conciliation; the influential mingling with those whom they can lead or sway, and thus gradually gaining in moral influence what they have perhaps happily for ever lost in physical power. It is quite clear that no good can be hoped till the industrious can be made to feel that their superiors have a personal regard as well as a pecuniary interest in their welfare. All classes must be brought to a nearer level in point of intelligence, and this must be the work of education; for since the democratic spirit is abroad and will not be checked, it is better for all that wisdom which is temperate should be substituted for ignorance which is headstrong. Dependance on each other is the bond of our existence—the distinctions of society may shift or change—but that one great law which binds man to man must remain unaltered to the last. The time comes when we must no longer hide ourselves in the fastnesses of an uninvestigating pride. Soon it may be to our advantage to debate those social questions which hitherto we have sedulously avoided, and we shall then discover in practice what has hitherto been confined to the theory of sages—that true self-interest embraces all mankind, and is the very reverse of that antagonist operation which at this moment debases the lofty while it depraves the humble.

BIRTH SONG.

Angel of Welcome.

HAIL, new-waked atom of the Eternal Whole,
Young voyager upon Time's rapid river!
Hail to thee, Human Soul,
Hail, and for ever!

Chorus of Cherubim.

A life has just begun!
A life has just begun!
Another soul has won
The glorious spark of being!
Pilgrim of life, all hail!
He who at first called forth,
From nothingness, the earth;
Who piled the mighty hills, and dug the sea,
Who gave the stars to gem
Night like a diadem,
Thou little child, made thee!
Young creature of the earth,
Fair as its flowers, though brought in sorrow forth,
Hail, all hail!

Angel of Welcome.

The Heavens themselves shall vanish as a scroll;
The solid Earth dissolve; the Sun grow pale,
But thou, oh Human Soul,
Shalt be immortal. Hail!

Chorus of Cherubim.

A life has just begun!
A life has just begun!
Another soul has won
The glorious spark of being!
Oh young immortal, hail!
He before whom are dim
Seraph and cherubim;
Who gave the archangels strength and majesty,
Who sits upon Heaven's throne,
The Everlasting One,
Oh blessed child, made thee!
Fair creature of the earth,
Heir of immortal life, though mortal in thy birth,
Hail, all hail!

M. H.

DIRGE OF DEATH.

Angel of Departure.

SHRINK not, oh Human Spirit,
The Everlasting Arm is strong to save!
Look up—look up, frail nature, put thy trust
In Him who went down mourning to the dust,
And overcame the grave!

Chorus of ministering Spirits.

'Tis nearly done,
Life's work is nearly done,
Watching and weariness and strife!
One little struggle more,
One pang and it is o'er,
Then farewell life!
Farewell, farewell, farewell!
Kind friends, 'tis nearly past,
Come, come and look your last!
Sweet children, gather near,
And that last blessing hear,—
See how he loved you, who departeth now!
And, with thy trembling step, and pallid brow,
Oh most beloved one
Whose breast he leant upon,
Come, faithful unto death,
And take his latest breath!
Farewell—farewell—farewell

Angel of Departure.

Hail, disenthralled spirit!
Thou that the wine-press of the field hast trod!
On, blest Immortal, on, through boundless space,
And stand with thy Redeemer face to face,
And bow before thy God!

Chorus of ministering Spirits.

'Tis done—'tis done!
Life's weary work is done!
Now the glad spirit leaves the clay,
And treads with winged ease
The bright acclivities
Of Heaven's crystalline way!
Joy to thee, Blessed one!
Lift up, lift up thine eyes,
Yonder is Paradise!
And this fair shining band
Are spirits of thy land;
And these, that throng to meet thee, are thy kin,
Who have awaited thee, redeemed from sin!
Bright spirit, thou art blest,
This city's name is Rest!
Here sin and sorrow cease,
And thou hast won its peace,
Joy to thee, Blessed One!

M. H.

CONTRAST.

OBSERVE the difference between a religion which God makes for man, and a religion which man makes for God. Man in the vanity of his notions and the emptiness of his pride would think the practical precepts of the Gospel as below the dignity of religion. He would think a smoking altar, a gorgeous temple, a sounding song of Hallelujahs pealing from ten thousand voices far more sublime, than a deed of gentle generosity quietly done to a poor afflicted humble creature sinking down into the dust of oblivion and wretchedness. What a deal of smoke and noise there is about the religions which men make for God! How generous, gentle, and blessed is the religion which God makes for man.

ON THE INFLUENCE AND EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

In an article in the Edinburgh Review, written by the author of the following paper, about a year ago, and which was fortunate enough to attract some attention at that time, great stress was laid upon the necessity of giving to female education a bolder and a nobler tone than it at present contents us to bestow. It is the misfortune of this country that the greatest aim of a politician, who desires immediate respect, is to avoid touching upon any subject that is not thoroughly hacknied. We are always running after novelties in imagination, and shrinking from novelties in reasoning. To strike out a new remedy for an old evil, is to be called a theorist. To be called a theorist, is the bugbear of all that vast class of politicians who wish to turn politics into pounds, shillings, and pence. The older a notion is, the more supporters it has—the greater its chance of coming into fashion, and its friends into power. Thus, if any one will take the pains to look to our legislative improvements, he will see that it is never till a plan has been carefully weeded of any thing vast and comprehensive enough to embrace the whole evil complained of, that it is adopted—it is then called *practical!* and the practice is to preserve all the grand abuses and add a supplement to the petty ones. We are seized with the praiseworthy courage, and the yet more laudable scruple, of Major Macpherson—

> "Major Macpherson heaved a sigh—
> Major Macpherson could not tell why."

As soon as he had deciphered the cause, he resolved to cut his throat; and changing his purposes, applies the deadly weapon to the callosities on his nether digitals. Imitating the gallant officer, we are very unhappy till we have done something to cure our State melancholy; we prepare for great things—we out with the razor—we flourish it in the air—and we then, with inconceivable bravery, gently pare the corns of the evil, in order that it may walk and strut about more firmly than ever. Look at the magnanimous pother we have been making for so many years about our Criminal Code, all ending in the "judicious ameliorations" of Sir Robert Peel. Just consider our virtuous resolutions about the Game Laws, and note how softly they have melted away into the new Bill; and while all London was clamouring against the horrors of Burking, see how dexterously we have applied to the little toe of that Cimmerian Association, the razor of Mr. Warburton's solemn modicum of inefficiency.

All these little improvements charm us; under the appearance of being practical, we quite forget that they never work. We emasculate Amendment, and then wonder—and cry out—and bless ourselves, because it does not produce a large family!

Supposing a man were now solemnly to bring forward in the House of Commons a motion for a Committee to inquire into the state of Female Education—would not there be "shouts of laughter?" What would the "Times" say indeed! Could that man ever become Secretary for the Home Department? He would be thought even too

silly to be called theoretical. Yet the man would only have made a mistake as to the place of investigation: the inquiry ought to be made, but perhaps morally, rather than legislatively—by writers, rather than senators: but this is a problem:—a committee even of legislators, boobies as they generally are, might do much. Reports upon the schools about Sloane Street would contain "a vast mass of interesting matter." But there is one little phrase which would alter the whole tone of the motion—it might cease to be ridiculous. Let the legislator say, "the state of Female Education *among the lower orders!*" We are delighted directly we can meddle with poor people, especially in a parliamentary committee, which mankind certainly invented in order to prove how far the science of doing nothing might be carried. But the state of education among the higher orders? No! that must not be meddled with at all! We Gentlemen and Ladies are beyond the reach of amelioration. Committee the Unwashed as much as you will. Great-cry them, and little-wool them, to their hearts' content, but leave *us*, as some Whig philosopher would profoundly remark, "to the natural disposition of human events!"

Turning ourself somewhat more seriously to this subject, it is certainly a fact that the mental powers of women, in all classes, from the highest to the lowest, are not brought under their fair share of cultivation. There are some things which, on a bad system, are done well; others which are done ill, but on a good principle—but with regard to Female Education, both the principle and the practice are equally wretched. Our principle is, that women should be educated in order to marry,* and our practice is to give them such an education as would, if the bounty of Nature were not so great as to counterwork the evils of Art, utterly unfit them for being good wives. Do we teach them knowledge? God forbid! that would be masculine!†—we teach them accomplishments. They are ignorant of the laws of their country, but they can speak French with the most unconscious inaccuracy! They do not know if there's such a thing in the world as Public Virtue, but they've an excellent notion of putting cows into water-colours! They never talk wisdom—that would be, indeed, unwomanly: they give up their souls altogether to scandal; they conceal affections with the most feminine modesty; but as for their dislikes, they are too sincere not to paint them as glowingly as possible.

Is this severe on *them?*—not at all; it is severe on the education we give them. Singular it is, indeed, that, despite of all the pains we take to teach them hypocrisy in feeling, and to terrify them from advances in knowledge, the pure and noble nature of the sex should shine out so often, and through so many disadvantages. "But," cries out a gentleman whom I have in my eye; a sober, solemn gentleman, who intends to marry an "English" wife, and who pares his nails

* See what our amusing Correspondent says, lightly but significantly, on this subject, in "What will our Spinsters do?"

† Masculine! We certainly meet with a vast deal of knowledge among men!

every Monday morning—*cognovi hominem tanquam te*—"but I want *no* knowledge, Sir, in my wife. A Blue is my aversion—Learning is not the province of Woman! Let her be domestic and economical; and make baby-linen, and so forth."

Be it so. But can she not discharge her "duties" the better for knowing those principles on which all duties are founded?—is she likely to be less moral for knowing the great elements of the science of Morality? But we must not take this small and petty view of a vast subject. No individual has a right to dictate to us on a matter on which all society is most deeply interested; it is the State of Mind among Women by which the *social* frame of the world is formed. Women, in all modern countries, give the tone to the moral existence of men. With women three parts of our life are passed—to please women, the greater part of our habits is formed. We are bound therefore, for our own sakes, to inquire what qualities we impart to women?—what criteria we establish in their minds in order to judge of us? If we suffer, if we encourage, if we oblige them to be frivolous, we make ourselves so—we make Society so!

Does not the mother give the stamp and colour to the minds of her children? Has the wife no influence over her husband? The mistress over her lover? He knows little of the influence of custom who will not confess how inconceivably we are all swayed by those with whom we confidentially and intimately live. There was a certain painter, who, on being asked when at his easel what subject he was painting, and who found it often convenient to turn a dog into a wolf, or a man into a donkey, used discreetly to answer—"*as may happen.*" History says the painter was but a dauber. Are we in our social system to imitate the painter, and suffer Human Nature to receive its finish only "*as it may happen?*" If so, we cannot be surprised to experience the same results. In this country I am apt to believe that one great cause of the rarity of striking examples of Public Virtue is owing to the perfect unappreciation they would receive from the other sex. All that women know of public life is, that it may afford a provision by and by for little Augustus. It is remarked in the present fervour for Reform, that the Women by no means share the enthusiasm of the men—from the palace to the cottage this difference holds good. Why? because Women not being taught to look beyond externals, are necessarily aristocrats at heart—fond of the glitter of life rather than sensible of the dignity of its true aims, and more susceptible to all that addresses their vanity, which is incessantly cultivated, than their reason, which has been left implicitly to chance. In small matters that reason avails them—their common sense is more steady than that of men from the very circumstance of their inquiring less—that is to say, of their entering less into the speculative and analysing; but common sense is a dangerous quality when not allied with a loftier knowledge than itself. Common sense, if not elevated to true wisdom, leans to self-interest, and the woman advises well for the fortunes of her husband or her son rather than for his nobler interest. She advises well for the individual exactly because it is not well for the community. And this is the reason why the community have a right to inquire into the formation of an

influence so vast in itself, and yet so seldom excited in behalf of the higher objects of society.

The great mistake which the more philosophical opponents to true female education incur is, that they fancy we wish to *increase* the influence of women, and believe that that influence is nugatory at present. We do not wish to increase that influence, but to direct it to loftier and more salutary purposes. That influence at present is singularly, almost fearfully, extensive. It is not only the tone of society, of conversation, that is formed by them, but how great is their power over that of literature; and, through literature, (the main moral lever) over the world. In a country like ours, where active pursuits, commerce, politics, professions, engage so vast a proportion of our men, the women, as every publisher well knows, are the great dictating portion of the reading world. And to this, coupled with their education which enables them only to appreciate the lighter and more brilliant order of letters, we owe the great preponderance in point of sale and circulation which novels bear over every other class of composition. Few women will read a history—a moral treatise—even a grave poem, or an elaborate tragedy; and if they do not read, and do not praise, cold indeed is the success of the generality of publications—excepting only such as come home at once to some particular body of men, and obtain their attention by addressing their interests. I grant that the work of the true poet, and the true historian, and the true philosopher finds its ultimate road to fame, and an "audience fit though few;" but how much greater would be the competition—how much more stirring the desire—how much more lively the ambition that hoped for what nine men in ten under fifty years of age will always consider the most dazzling of literary rewards—the approbation of those who give its glory to youth, and will (till Nature herself be no more) sway our earliest hopes and colour our most aspiring visions.

The influence is great—let it be directed nobly: instead of debasing our ambition to the externals of dress, and wealth, and rank—the mere coral and bells of the Baby Fashion—why may it not stimulate us to independence—to a disdain of the selfish Deities we now adore—and make Love, which we at present do right in confusing with Vice, the aliment, the support, the inspiration of Virtue? To be the "Idol of a Drawing-room!" what praise so equivocal?—what distinction can imply qualities so frivolous?—why should it be so? Hereafter it may not. Even in France, which always dandling the true principles of social improvement, has never suffered them to grow so strong as to reject swaddling-clothes, and walk erect and alone—even in France, there was a time when that phrase was bestowed on the most brilliant wit, on the deepest author, as well as on the wealthiest Peer, or the most accomplished gallant. This was only because women could appreciate wit and genius according to its true dignity; here they do not appreciate—they affront—they make lions, not deities—think of the oddity of talent, not its value, and rather ask a man of genius to be stared at than to be honoured. With women, whose organization renders them so susceptible to new impressions—who are ever the first to recognize the truth

of the nobler sentiments—who are ever prone, when their emotions are deeply roused, to forego and forget self—who, in all great revolutions of mind, from the uprising of a new genius in letters to the promulgation of a new doctrine in religion, are the earliest to catch the inspiration and lead on opinion—with women it will always rest to expedite and advance the career of Social Reform—may they be sensible to the benefits that such reform promises for themselves as for us! But to do this they must first examine those prejudices they at present acknowledge, and by acknowledging, maintain—they must first examine what is the true sphere of woman; and if convinced that it extends to a broader circle than that which limits them

"To suckle fools and chronicle small beer,"

they must resolutely dismiss those jealousies of superior endowment in their own sex which at present make it perilous for women to cultivate talent or acquire knowledge. With us, as a woman exalts herself in genius, she recedes in reputation. What social position can be so pernicious as that which, in proportion as a woman adorns society, excludes her from the advantages that (for her) society deems the highest? In a free country like ours, women should know something of the science of politics; for their ignorance of its principles does not prevent them from engaging in its intrigues. Women are Tories and place-hunters, for they know no other object in politics—they might as well be taught what other objects that glorious study teaches and proposes; and thus the influence, now evil, may be made salutary. As to domestic virtues, such knowledge will not lessen attention to *them*. A king's tea can be equally sweetened by a woman who knows that kingdoms rest on the opinions of the people, as by one who believes they are preserved by combating their resolve; and we have yet to learn that by studying the principles of Morals, women incur any risk of impairing their morality.

When Illo is urging Wallenstein to his ruin, that magnificent dreamer answers somewhat in the terms that man's pride loves to apply to his helpmate:—

"The common—the terrestrial, thou mayest see
With serviceable cunning knit together
The nearest and the meanest; and *therein*
I trust thee and believe thee; but whate'er
Full of mysterious import Nature weaves
And fashions in the depths—the Spirit's ladder
That from this gross and visible world of dust
Builds itself up—"

that, Wallenstein, with a very sounding solemnity, implies that *he* alone is acquainted with; nevertheless the "common," the "terrestrial" Illo obtains his object, and Wallenstein is tempted: it might have been otherwise had the great man chosen his advisers only from those to whom the "Spirit's ladder" in its true sense was not denied.

A.

CONVERSATIONS WITH AN AMBITIOUS STUDENT IN ILL HEALTH, NO. VIII.

Concluded.

It was a fine morning at the end of last August, and I rode leisurely to L——'s solitary house; his strength had so materially declined during the few days past that I felt a gloomy presentiment that I was about to see him for the last time. He had always resolved, and I believe this is not uncommon with persons in his disease, not to take to his bed until absolutely compelled. His habitual amusements, few and tranquil, were such that he could happily continue them to the last, and his powers of conversation, naturally so rich and various, were not diminished by the approach of death; perhaps they were only rendered more impressive by the lowered tones of the sweetest of human voices, or the occasional cough that mingled as it were his theories on this world with a warning from the next. I have observed that as in old people the memory becomes the strongest of the faculties, so it also does with those whom mortal sickness equally with age detaches from the lengthened prospects of the future. Forbidden the objects from without, the mind turns within for its occupation, and the thoughts, formerly impelled towards hope, nourish themselves on retrospection. Once I had not noted in L—— that extraordinary strength of memory—the ready copiousness of its stores—that he now seemed to display. His imagination had been more perceptible than his learning—now every subject on which we conversed elicited hoards of knowledge, always extensive and often minute—of which perhaps he himself had been previously unconscious. It is a beautiful sight, even in the midst of its melancholy, the gradual passing away of one of the better order of souls—the passions lulled as the mind awakens, and a thousand graces of fortitude and gentleness called forth by the infirmities of the declining frame. The character assumes a more intellectual, a more ethereal complexion; and our love is made a loftier quality by our admiration, while it is softened by our pity.

Full of these reflections I arrived at the house of my dying friend. "My master, sir," said the old servant, "has passed but a poor night, he seems in low spirits this morning, and I think he will be glad to see you, for he has inquired repeatedly what o'clock it was, as if time passed heavily with him." The old man wiped his eyes as he spoke, and I followed him into L——'s study. The countenance of the invalid was greatly changed even since I last saw him. The eyes seemed more sunken, and the usual flush of his complaint had subsided into a deep transparent paleness. I took his hand, and he shook his head gently as I did so. "The goal is nearly won!" said he faintly, but with a slight smile. I did not answer, and he proceeded after a short pause —"It has been said that 'life is a jest;' it is a very sorry one, and unlike jests in general, its dullness is the greater as we get to the close. At the end of a long illness it is only the dregs of a man's spirit that are left him. People talk of the moral pangs that attend the death-bed of a sinner—as well might they talk of the physical weakness of a dying wrestler. The mental and the physical powers

are too nearly allied for us fairly to speculate on the fidelity of the one while the other declines. Happy in my case that the endurance if not the elasticity of my mind lingers with me to the last! I was looking over some papers this morning which were full of my early visions, aspirations of fame, and longings after immortality. I am fortunate that time is not allowed me to sacrifice happiness to these phantoms. A man's heart must be very frivolous if the possession of fame rewards the labour to attain it. For the worst of reputation is that it is not palpable or present—we do not feel, or see, or taste it. People praise us behind our backs, but we hear them not: few before our faces, and who is not suspicious of the truth of such praise? What *does* come before us perpetually in our career of honours is the blame, not praise—the envy, not esteem. Every review, if in letters, —every newspaper, if in politics, erects itself into—not our worshipper, but our censor. We receive justice as one believed guilty is discovered to have been innocent—only after death."

"Ay," said I, "but after a little while the great man learns to despise the abuse which is not acknowledged to be just."

"In proportion as he despises abuse," answered he, "he will despise praise—if the one gives no pain, the other will give no pleasure; and thus the hunt after honours will be but a life of toil without a reward, and entail the apathies of obscurity without its content."

"But consider, there is the reward of our own heart which none can take away—our proud self-esteem, and, if you will, our fond appeal to the justice of an after-age."

"But our self-esteem—our self-applause may be equally, perhaps more securely, won in obscurity than in fame; and as to posterity, what philosophical, what moderately wise man can seriously find pleasure for the present in reflecting on the praises he can never hear? No, say what we will, you may be sure that ambition is an error:—its wear and tear of heart are never recompensed—it steals away the freshness of life—it deadens its vivid and social enjoyments —it shuts our soul to our own youth—and we are old ere we remember that we have made a fever and a labour of our raciest years. There is, and we cannot deny it, a certain weary, stale, unprofitable flatness in all things appertaining to life; and what is worse, the more we endeavour to lift ourselves from the beaten level, the keener is our disappointment. It is thus that true philosophers have done wisely when they have told us to cultivate our reason rather than our feelings—for reason reconciles us to the daily things of existence—our feelings teach us to yearn after the far, the difficult, the unseen,

> 'Clothing the palpable and the familiar
> With golden exhalations from the dawn.'

But 'the golden exhalations' last not—our fancies make the opium of our life, the rapture and the vision—the languor and the anguish. This is an old remark. Poets eternally complain of the same truth. But what, when we come deeply to consider of it—what a singular fatality is that which makes it unwise to cultivate our divinest emotions! We bear within us the seeds of greatness; but suffer them to spring up, and they overshadow both our sense and our happiness! Note the errors of mankind! how mysteriously have they sprung from the

desire to be higher than we are. As the banyan tree springs aloft only to return to the mire—we would climb to the heaven and find ourselves once more in the dust. Thus, looking up to the starred and solemn heavens,* girt with the vast solitudes of unpeopled Nature—hearkening to the 'live thunder,' or suffering the nightly winds to fill their hearts with a thousand mysterious voices—mankind in the early time felt the inspiration of something above them; they bowed to the dark *afflatus;* they nourished the unearthly dream; and they produced—what?—SUPERSTITION! The darkest and foulest of moral Demons sprang from their desire to shape forth a God, and their successors made earth a Hell by their efforts to preserve the mysteries and repeat the commands of Heaven!

"How beautiful, how high were those desires in man's heart which lifted it up to the old Chaldæan falsehoods of astrology. Who can read at this day of those ancient seers, striving to win from the loveliest and most glorious objects given to our survey, the secrets of men and empires, the prodigies of Time, the destinies of the Universe, without a solemn and stirring awe, an admiration at the vast conception even of so unwise a dream? Who first thought of conning the great page of Heaven?—who first thought that in those still, and cold, and melancholy orbs—our chronicles were writ? Whoever it was, his must have been a daring and unearthly soul; but the very loftiness of its faculties produced ages of delusion, and priestcraft, and error to the world. Leave for one moment the chain of the petty KNOWN—give wings to the mind—let the Aspiring loose—and what may be the result? How rarely gain!—how rarely aught but a splendid folly! As the fireworks that children send forth against a dark sky—our ambition burns, and mounts, and illumes for one moment the dim vault of the uncomprehended space, but falls to the earth quenched of its lustre—brilliant, but useless—ascending, but exploring not—a toy to all, but a light to none."

"There is one ambition," said I, "which you do not mean thus to characterise—the ambition of philanthropy—the desire more

'To raise the wretched than to rise;'

and you, I know, who believe in human perfectibility, can appreciate at a higher value that order of ambition."

"You kindly remind me," said L——, "of one of the greatest consolations with which a man, who has any warmth or benevolence of heart, can depart this world—the persuasion that he leaves his species gradually progressing towards that full virtue and generalized happiness which his noblest ambition could desire for them. Night, according to the old Egyptian creed, is the dark mother of all things; as ages leave her, they approach the light. That which the superficial dread, is in reality the Vivifier of the World—I mean the everlasting Spirit of Change. And figuring forth unconsciously to themselves this truth, the Egyptians, we are told by Porphyry, represented their demons as floating upon the waters—for ever restless and

* 'She, mid the lightning's blaze and thunder's sound,
When rocked the mountains and when groaned the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray
To powers unseen and mightier far than they.'—POPE.

evoking the great series of Mutabilities. Yet who lightly cares to take upon himself the fearful responsibility of shaking the throned Opinions of his generation, knowing that centuries may pass before the good that is worked shall compensate for the evil done? This fear, this timidity of conscience it is that makes us cowards to the Present, and leaves the great souls that should lead on Reform inert and sluggish, while the smaller spirits, the journeymen of Time, just creep up inch by inch to what Necessity demands, leaving the world ages and ages behind that far goal which the few, in heart, and eye, and speculation, have already reached."

A. One of the strange things that happen daily is this—men who the most stir the lives of others—lead themselves the most silent and balanced life. It is curious to read how Känt, who set the mind of Germany on fire with the dim light of mysticism, himself lived on from day to day, the mere creature of his habits, and performing somewhat of the operations of the horologe, that in its calm regularity, leads the blind million—to portion out in new and wild dreams the short span of existence. So with *all* philosophers, all poets—how wonderful the contrast between the quiet of their existence and the turbid effects they produce! This, perhaps secretly to ourselves, makes the great charm in visiting the tranquil and still retreats from whence the oracles of the world have issued — the hermitage of Eremonville — the fortress of Wartenburg; the one where Rousseau fed his immortal fancies—the other whence burst, from the fiery soul of Luther, the light that yet lives along the world:—what reflections must the silence and the mouldering stone awaken, as we remember the vivid and overflowing hearts of the old inhabitants! Plato and his Cave are, to all ages, the type and prophecy of the philosopher and his life.

L. Few, my friend, think of all the lofty and divine hopes that the belief in immortality opens to us. One of the purest of these is the expectation of a more entire intelligence—of the great gift of conversing with all who have lived before us—of questioning the past ages and unravelling their dark wisdom. How much in every man's heart dies away unuttered! How little of what the sage knows does the sage promulge! How many chords of the lyre within the poet's heart, have been dumb to the world's ear! All this untold, uncommunicated, undreamt-of hoard of wisdom and of harmony, it may be the privilege of our immortality to learn. The best part of genius, the world often knows not—the Plato buries much of his lore within his Cave—and this, the High Unknown, is our heritage. "With these thoughts," continued L——, "you see how easy it is for the parting soul to beautify and adorn Death! With how many garlands we can hang the tomb? Nay, if we begin betimes, we can learn to make the prospect of the grave the most seductive of human visions—by little and little we wean from its contemplation all that is gloomy and abhorrent—by little and little we hive therein all the most pleasing of our dreams. As the neglected genius whispers to his muse, 'Posterity shall know thee, and *thou* shalt live when I am no more,' we find in this hallowed and all promising future, a recompense for every mortification, for every disappointment in the present. It is the belief of the Arabs, that to the earliest places of

human worship there clings a guardian sanctity—there the wild bird rests not, there the wild beast may not wander; it is the blessed spot on which the eye of God dwells, and which man's best memories preserve. As with the earliest place of worship, so is it with the latest haven of repose — as with the spot where our first imperfect adoration was offered up, our first glimpses of divinity indulged, so should it be with that where our full knowledge of the Arch-Cause begins, and we can pour forth a gratitude no longer clouded by the troubles and cares of earth. Surely if any spot in the world be sacred, it is that in which grief ceases, and from which, if the harmonies of creation, if the voice within our hearts, if the impulse which made man so easy a believer in revelation, if these mock and fool us not with an everlasting lie, we spring up on the untiring wings of a pangless and seraphic life—those whom we loved, around us; the aspirings that we nursed, fulfilled; our nature, universal intelligence; our atmosphere, eternal love!"

In discourses of this sort, the day wore to its close, and when will the remembrance of that day ever depart from me! It seemed to me as we sat by the window, the sun sinking through the still summer air, the leaves at rest, but how full of life, the motes dancing upon the beam, the birds with their hymns of love, and every now and then the chirp of the grasshopper—

> "That evening reveller who makes
> His life an infancy and sings his fill;"—

as we so sat, and looking upon the hushed face of our mother Nature, I listened to the accents of that wild and impassioned wisdom, so full of high conjecture and burning vision, and golden illustration, which belonged to him for whom life was closing, I could have fancied that the world was younger by some two thousand years, and that it was not one of this trite and dull age's children that was taking his farewell of life, but rather one of the sage enthusiasts of that day when knowledge was both a passion and a dream, when the mysteries of the universe and the life-to-come were thought the most alluring of human themes, and when in the beautiful climates of the West, the sons of wisdom crept out to die, among the trees they had peopled with divinities, and yielded their own spirit to the Great Soul of which it was a part, and which their mysterious faith had made the Life and Ruler of the world.* For I think, nay, I feel assured, that those, the high sons of the past philosophy, have neither in their conduct nor their manner of thought been fully appreciated by that posterity that treads lightly over the dust of what once was life. They wandered wildly, but their wanderings were "not of the earth, earthy;" and they possessed more of that power, and beauty, and majesty, and aspiration, which *are* the soul; they had less of the body and more of spirit, than all the priests have dreamed of while they railed against the earthliness of Paganism, from the cherubic paradise of Tithes. For religion, Christ's religion, the beautiful, the

* But Phornutus, by Jupiter, understands the Soul of the world, he writing thus concerning him, *ὥσπερ δὲ ἡμεῖς*, &c. "As we ourselves are governed by a soul, so hath the world, in like manner, a soul that containeth it, and this is called Zeus, being the cause of life to all things that live," &c.—*Cudworth*, vol. i. p. 529.

saving, is not fenced round with the hedges of glebe land, or doled forth in the cold hypocrisies of pulpited orthodoxy. Religion and priests have the same connexion with each other as justice and attorneys. And now the sun sank, and

"Maro's shepherd star
Watched the soft silence with a loving eye." *

"Above all things deeply interesting to the heart," said L——, as we continued our various thread of talk, "in every time and age, has been the theory of Ghosts and Apparitions—the return of the dead to earth. With the solemn secrets, which the living pine to know, clinging around them—the evidence borne by such return, that the human feeling and the human memory exist beyond the grave—the dread transgression of the customary law by which the dead sleep to sight—and their dreams the eye may follow not—these cannot fail to engross the whole mind of one who once admits the possibility of such an event."

A. I have met with a man who not only deposes to have seen the ghost of his dearest friend at the hour in which he died, at the distance of several hundred miles, but who also brings a second eye-witness of the same apparition. The story of Sir John Sherbrooke is well known and authenticated. It is rather strange that these tales do not die away equally with those of sorcerers and witches, but that they occur to the present age, with enlightened men to vouch for their truth.

"And I," said L——, solemnly, "might almost be classed among such witnesses. Listen! About the time when I became first aware that my doom was fixed, I had been reading some old letters of *hers*—you know whom I refer to—and with my heart full of them, it was some time before I could fall asleep. I did so at last—and she came to me in my dreams, wan, yet not as with death's hues—but exceeding fair and lovely, fairer than in life—and she spoke to me of a thousand things that had passed between us, and told me (for I was yet a doubter) that Love lived beyond the grave; and then methought that her voice changed, and it was rather as the strain of some tender but solemn music, such as we hear in cathedrals, than the sound of a human voice; and in this strain she went on, telling me of what she now felt and knew, and of the mysteries of her present life. I strove, while I listened, to impress these upon my memory; but the words were *like* an air heard the first time, that leaves a delicious indistinctness on the soul, which haunts us, but which we cannot ourselves repeat. Yet since, as I have sate alone at night, and thought of what may *be*, certain broken and fitful images, as of recollection, have come across me, and I have fancied I could trace them to that night. And I thought that when she had done, I said, in the tumult and impatience of my heart, 'This is but a dream!' and she answered, 'It is more.' And I exclaimed, 'Give me a sign that it *is* more, and that to-morrow I may still believe so!' And I thought that she smiled, and assured me of a certain sign; and—and—on the morrow, I woke, and the sign WAS given me!"

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* Milton, a poem. By the author of "Eugene Aram," &c.

"Of what nature was it?" said I, curiously though incredulously.

"That," replied L——, speaking with great agitation, "that I cannot reveal. I know what you are about to say—you think you could resolve it to natural and ordinary causes. Probably; but I, seeking diligently—*cannot!* nor would I now, in the last hours of my life, have it so explained away. It has been to me a comfort and a hope—I have nursed it fondly—I have linked around it many pleasant dreams:—it may be a superstition; but when a man's life is at its last sands, such harmless superstition can injure none—not even himself. Nor," said L——, speaking more collectedly, "would I relate the secret to you, impressed as it is with my faith, lest, if you could *not* reason away its possibility, it might hanker restlessly in your mind, the parent of a thousand other superstitions. As it is, you will naturally suppose me unduly credulous; and even in wondering and guessing, will not believe."

I endeavoured to persuade L—— out of his resolution, but could not succeed—and it gave him pain my endeavouring; in fact, I could see that he was, when the glow of narration had died away, a little sorry and a little ashamed of a weakness not worthy of him, though natural to his imaginative and brooding temperament of mind.

"Do you remember," said L——, drawing me away from the subject, "a story in one of the old English Chronicles, how a bird flew into the King's chamber, when the King was conversing with some sage upon the nature of the soul? 'Behold!' said the sage, it is like that bird while within this room; you can note its flight and motions, but you know not whence it came ere it entered, nor can ye guess whither it shall fly when it leaves this momentary lodging.'"

It chanced, somewhat curiously, that, as L—— spoke, a small bird—I know not of what name or tribe, for I am not learned in ornithology—suddenly alighted on the turf beneath the window, and though all its fellow-songsters were already hushed, poured forth a long, loud, sweet lay, that came, in the general silence, almost startlingly on the ear. "Poor bird!" said L——, musingly, "it is thy farewell to one who, perhaps, has given thee food for thy little ones, and whose hand is wellnigh closed. And," continued he, after a short pause—and lifting up his eyes, he gazed long and earnestly around the scene, now bathed in all the darkening but tender hues of the summer night—"and shall I be ungrateful to that Power which has, since my boyhood, fed my thoughts—the wanderers of the heart—have *I* no farewell for that Nature whom, perhaps, I behold for the last time? O, unseen Spirit of Creation! that watchest over all things—the desert and the rock, no less than the fresh water bounding on like a hunter on his path, when his heart is in his step—or the valley girded by the glad woods, and living with the yellow corn—to *me*, thus sad and baffled, thou hast ministered as to the happiest of thy children!—thou hast whispered tidings of unutterable comfort to a heart which the World sated while it deceived! Thou gavest me a music, sweeter than that of palaces, in the mountain wind!—thou badest the flowers and the common grass smile up to me as children to the face of their father!—Like the eye of a woman first loved to the soul of the poet, was the face of every soft and never-silent star to me! Nature! my mother Nature! as the infant in the harsh slavery

of schools pines for home, I yearned within the dark walls of cities, and amidst the hum of unfamiliar men, for thy sweet embrace—and thy bosom whereon to lay my head, and weep wild tears at my will! I thank thee, Nature, that thou art round and with me to the last! Not in the close thoroughfares of toil and traffic—not tethered to a couch, whence my eyes asking for thee, would behold only those dim walls which are the dying man's worst dungeon, or catch through the lattice the busy signs and crowded tenements of the unsympathizing herd—not *thus* shall my last sigh be rendered up to the Great Fount of Life! To the mystic moment when the breath flutters and departs, thy presence will be round me, and the sentiment of thy freedom bathe my soul like a fresh air! Farewell thou, and thy thousand ministrants and children!—every leaf that quivers on the bough—every dew-drop that sparkles from the grass—every breeze that animates the veins of earth, are as friends, that I would rather feel around my death-bed than the hollow hearts and ungenial sympathies of my kind! O Nature, farewell! if we are re-united, can I feel in a future being thy power, and thy beauty, and thy presence, more intensely than I have done in this?"

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When I was about to take leave of L—— for the night, he asked me, in a meaning voice, to stay with him a little longer: "The fact is," said he, "that Dr. —— implies a doubt whether I shall see another day; so be with me, at least till I fall asleep. I mean," added he, smiling, "not in the metaphoric, but the literal sense of the word."

Accordingly, when he retired for the night, I sat by his bedside, and we continued to converse, for he wished it, though but by fits and starts: he gave me several instructions as to his burial, and as to various little bequests, not mentioned in his formal testament. While indifferent to the companionship of men, he had never been ungrateful for their affection: the least kindness affected him sensibly, and he was willing in death to show that he had not forgotten it. Indeed I have observed, that the more we live out of the world, the more little courtesies, such as in the crowd are unheeded, are magnified into favours—true that the same process of exaggeration occurs in respect to petty affronts or inconsiderate slights. The Heart never attains the independence of the Mind.

Before the window, which looked out into the garden, the dark tops of the trees waved mournfully to and fro; and above, in deep relief, was the sky, utterly cloudless, and all alive with stars. "My eyes are very heavy," said L——; "close the curtains round my head." I did so, and crept softly into the next room, where the Nurse sate dozing in a large chair by the fireside.

"Does he sleep, Sir?" said she, waking up as I approached.

"He will shortly," said I; "he seems inclined to it."

"Poor gentleman! he will soon be out of his sufferings," said the Nurse; and she therewith took a huge pinch of snuff.

Yes! this is the world's notion. With what wondrous ingenuity they shift off the pain of regret! A friend, a brother, nay, a son dies —they thank God he is out of his afflictions! In one sense they are right. They make the best of their own short summer, and do not ask the cloud to stay longer than sufficient to call up the flowers or refresh the soil. Yet this is a narrow view of the subject of death. A bright genius disappears—a warm heart is stilled, and we think only (when we console ourselves) of the escape of the individual from his bed of pain. But ought we not to think of the loss that the world—that our whole race sustains? I believe so. How many thoughts which might have flashed conviction on the universe will be stricken for ever dumb by the early death of one being! What services to earth might the high purity, the deep knowledge, the ardent spirit of *L*—— have effected! But this we never think of. "Poor gentleman!" quoth the Nurse, "he will soon be out of his sufferings!" and therewith she took a huge pinch of snuff.—My God! what shallow self-comforters we are!

"He is a good gentleman!" said she again, turning round to the fire; "and so fond of dumb animals. Cæsar, Sir, the dog Cæsar, is it at the foot of the bed, as usual?—ay, I warrant he lies there, Sir, as still as a mouse. I am sure them creturs know when we are sick or not. Ah! Sir, how the dog will take on, when——" and the Nurse, breaking off, applied again to her snuff-box.

I did not feel at home in this conversation, and I soon stole again into the next room. What a stillness there was in it! It seemed palpable. Stillness is not silent, at least to the heart. I walked straight up to the bed. L——'s wan hand was flung over the pillow. I felt it gently; the pulse was almost imperceptibly low —but it fluttered nevertheless. I was about to drop the hand, when L—— half turned round, and that hand gently pressed my own. I heard a slight sigh, and fancying he was awake, I bent over to look into his face. The light from the window came full upon it, and I was struck—appalled, by the exceeding beauty of the smile that rested on the lips. But those lips had fallen from each other! I pressed the pulse again. No—the fluttering was gone. I started away with an unutterable tightness at my heart. I moved to the door, and called (but under my breath) to the Nurse. She came quickly; yet I thought an hour had passed before she crossed the threshold. We went once more to the bed—and there, by his master's face, sat the poor dog. He had crept softly up from his usual resting-place; and when he saw us draw aside the curtain, he looked at us so wistfully, that—no, I cannot go on!—There is a religion in a good man's death that we cannot babble to all the world!*

* As these papers have been fortunate enough to attract a more than usual degree of favourable attention, it is the Author's design to collect, revise, and reprint them in a separate shape.

POLITICAL CONVENIENCES; OR, THE RESULTS OF THE REFORM BILL. A DIALOGUE.

"Alter et idem."

SCENE.—St. James's Street.
TIME.—Five o'Clock P.M. 20th August, 1832.

A. WHAT! Boroughby, in Town? returned already?

B. Quite unexpectedly—and, as you know, contrary to my original intentions. I was very late in the field.

A. I believe it; you never were a break-of-day sportsman. But are the birds shy already? You can scarcely have had six days of it.

B. *Six* days! why, you know they only allow us *two* now, and quite enough of it. You may have seen in the John Bull a specimen of the treatment I received. But the editor stood by me; a good ally and true is Bull when an old friend is in a scrape. Yes, it cost me three new coats in two days, and much excoriation of the right hand; but I've been returned these three weeks, and in town since we met.

A. Returned these three weeks—and in town since we met! why, we have not met these three months! But let me hear this adventure which you allude to in Scotland—for, clever as Bull is, I marvel what his assistance would be worth in a sporting dilemma.

B. Sporting dilemma! Scotland! Why, it took place in my own town—where else should it? In the market-place—the Guildhall would not hold the ten-pounders.

A. At cross purposes indeed! Grouse-shooting in the market-place of Rottenborough! Why, my dear fellow, I'm inquiring how the new Forsyth behaved, and you answer me—I know not what—about ten-pounders!

B. Oh! I understand—excuse my dulness, but really I am so overburthened with business, even at this early period of the Session. I thought you were inquiring about my election.

A. Election! Business of the Session! What! Boroughby a member of the Reformed House of Commons! or, as he himself described it, in the last speech of his that I had the pleasure of hearing, "a delegate to the National Convention." And then all that pathetic passage about—"bidding adieu, more in sorrow than anger, to an ungrateful country, whose service hitherto had been perfect freedom—but in whose councils, ruled, as they must henceforward be, by the collective prejudices of small shopkeepers and low attorneys, no man of honest purpose and unbending integrity would condescend to share—" and something more which the Times report had about "the truckling slave who could stoop to crawl into the House under the rod of a ten-pound constituency." That expression "stooping to crawl," by the by, puts one too much in mind of the "narrow portals."

B. Why, yes, very true, you cannot be more surprised at my present position than I am myself. But there are circumstances—there are duties, my dear friend, which supersede all personal feelings. I did my best, as you know, to avert the Bill, and to preserve the town of Rottenborough, to which I am sincerely attached by long

family connexion—by a long interchange of mutual good offices, from the degradation of a Liverpool or Dublin constituency, with all its attendant corruption. My efforts, and those of better men than myself, were unavailing; and now that the Bill is upon us, the next duty of one who wishes to preserve the institutions of the country is, not, like the self-denying dupes of Cromwell and Robespierre, to abandon the helm to those who raised the storm for the purpose of obtaining the command of the vessel; but to keep the deck as long as I may, and strive to avert the perils of the season—the too probable results of the Bill. How strongly I have been confirmed in the truth of the apprehension which I have all along entertained of those results, you may guess from the unexpected, and to myself astonishing, fact, of my having accepted a seat;—with extreme reluctance however, and not until after repeated solicitations from all the respectable portion of my new constituency.

A. You speak, I presume, of the corporation of Rottenborough, and the seven other honest and independent freemen, who, in conjunction with a majority of the Aldermen, have been in the habit of returning you.

B. Not exclusively; no. To do them justice, some of the ten-pounders are far from violent men—far more tolerant of reason than I could have supposed.

A. Tolerant of reason! Yes, I always told you so. But I never said that I would answer for the extent of their toleration, if experimented upon by so hot a Tory as yourself.

B. Nay, my dear friend, excuse me—I must correct you. "Liberal Tory" you know I always professed myself. Tory by birth and connexion, rather than by principle or conduct.

A. Well, well! On previous occasions, I suppose, the habits of the Nursery prevailed over the conviction of the Senate; or, to paraphrase the apology of the Athenian dramatist, "My tongue was in the presence-chamber, but my heart was on the hustings.' *

B. Nay, my dear friend, this is scarcely polite. But I never could break you of that prejudice which stamps with the name of bigotry every shade of opinion less Jacobinical than your own.

A. Well, be it so. Liberal Tory shall henceforth be your political style and title, for any gainsay of mine in dispute thereof. But what could induce you, even in that character, to solicit the representation of seven hundred "small shopkeepers," "low attorneys," "sour sectarians," and "countinghouse clerks," including, I believe, some score or two of radical weavers, "with politics as bilious as their countenances," as their *virtual* representative used to describe them.

B. *Solicit* the representation! no! I never should have lent myself to that. I was solicited, as I said before, to accept the representation, by a numerous and respectable deputation, who assured me that the political opinions expressed in my late address would be satisfactory to a great majority of the electors.

A. Your *late* address! Why, I remember reading it. Yes, surely, you spoke about "opposing with your last breath the innovations of the Revolutionary Bill;" and was there not something about "Ra-

* ἡ γλῶσσ' ὀμώμοχ', ἡ δὲ φρὴν ἀνώμοτος.—Euripidis Hippolytus.

dicals in Politics and Infidels in Religion;" and "throwing away the scabbard?" Were all these things quite "satisfactory" to a constituency who are, almost to a man, the creatures of that Bill?

B. Oh! you mistake—I allude to a farewell address, which I put forth to my late constituents, the day after the Royal assent, wherein I explained at length the reasons which had compelled me to opp—— that is, which had prevented me from giving my support to Lord John Russell's Reform Bill—desirous as I had always been of such a change in the constituency as might, without violation of existing rights, place the representation more in harmony with the growing intelligence of the people. I told them in fact on the hustings, as I have all along told you, that nothing but the obstinate refusal of the Ministerial majority to listen to any proposal of amendment could have prevailed upon me to vote against a measure to which I have always been friendly in principle.

A. Indeed! And was this quite satisfactory? I thought the Political Union of your town had passed a resolution, pledging themselves that when the Reform Bill should be the electoral law of England, no one of its members who might thereby obtain the franchise, would ever vote for one of its former opponents?

B. 'Tis true—they did so; and some of them, I am sorry to say, who had set up a candidate of their own, carried their malignant hostility to all established reputation so far, as to ask me to my face on the hustings for an explanation of that former address, to which you at first alluded, and of which they had actually reprinted and circulated copies.

A. But that of course was of no consequence. Secure in the support of all the respectable inhabitants, you told them that the address sufficiently explained your principles, which, if they disliked, they were free to oppose. I only hope, that in expressing yourself firmly, you did so with urbanity; for, "Liberal Tory" though you be, permit me to remind you, my dear friend, that your "liberal" opinions were sometimes inculcated in rather an aristocratic manner, and in rather uncompromising language.

B. I heard no complaints on that score; nor was it probable that I should give cause for any. You would have seen, if you had bestowed sufficient attention on my former address, that their conduct originated entirely from a misapprehension, on their part, of the meaning of some passages thereof, of minor importance, and in some of which, perhaps, I had not been sufficiently careful in the choice of my expressions.

A. But you satisfied them?

B. Entirely—that is, the reasonable and more intelligent among them. Some incurable Cobbettites went away grumbling about "sudden sunshine soon overcast;" and I overheard the red-haired lad of that radical apothecary in North Street muttering something about "the effects of the Purge," and "Lord John's prescription operating quickly," but I couldn't catch his meaning. His master voted against me—on account of my opposition to the Bill, he said on the hustings; but I know the real motive—mere personal pique—I turned away a groom last year for sending to his shop for some blisters.

A. But then, your known opinions on other subjects? If I remember right, the dissenters were very violent about "immediate emancipation" of the Negroes; and I suppose the Rev. Doctor Tything has taken care that they should not fall off, either in zeal or numbers. He was fond of saying that "the best policy for a church militant, as well as for a state, was to carry the war into the enemy's quarters;" and you used to suspect the wife of that red hot preacher at Salem chapel—the pretty blue-eyed girl, I mean—of being the person who put it about the town, that the Rector had caught his favourite dictum from the oracular lips of their High-Church Member.

B. Doctor Tything has been my intimate friend since we were at Oxford, and a more honest supporter of existing institutions does not breathe. But he was always extreme in his opinions, and sometimes indiscreet in his mode of inculcating them. I have had frequent differences with him on the subject of his conduct towards the very powerful body of men of whom you speak, and without whose support no candidate can be sure of his election for Rottenborough; at least, their opposition is not to be wantonly provoked. I confess that I myself have perhaps been in the habit of thinking and speaking of them more harshly than I see reason to do, now that I have become acquainted with some of the wealthier and more respectable among them. They are, I assure you, taken as a body, far less fanatical in their principles, and more rational in their conduct than their brethren of other places.

A. Then they allowed you to act in the House ——?

B. "*Allowed?*" pardon me—I never did, nor ever will submit to dictation from any set of constituents.

A. I beg pardon—I only meant that they approved of your former line of conduct with regard to the Slave Question, and are content to leave it, as before, in the hands of the Government, subject to the surveillance of the House of Commons?

B. Why, yes, upon the understanding that the Government is one in which they have confidence.

A. But the immediate emancipation—was there not a split among them on that point?

B. That is a vulgar error. They assured me that none but a few of the less intelligent among them demanded any such perilous experiment.

A. Well, but surely the great body of them were scarcely content to go on at the snailspace of negro improvement which had satisfied the old Parliament?

B. My dear friend, I have often told you that the political puritanism, which you have imbibed from the works of Bentham and others of the *abstract* school, has totally unfitted you—not only for taking any share in the practical business of political life, but of even appreciating the conduct of those whom a sense of duty compels to encounter its toils. In popular representation there must be confidence on both sides—much must be mutually taken on trust. I told them that I would not submit to have my future line of Parliamentary conduct chalked out before my face; but I confessed at the same time, (as I had always said in private society,) that I thought

the Planters had not followed up with sufficient alacrity the suggestions of the Colonial office, and that the negroes were now arrived at that state of moral and religious cultivation that the ensuing Parliament might hope to witness the completion of the hallowed work of freedom.

A. I see I have hitherto, in common with the rest of the world, done you injustice. The abolitionists must have been so agreeably surprised at finding your sentiments in harmony with their own on this great question, that they would probably defer to your opinions on the Church Establishment; and the more readily, as that article in the Quarterly, which is known to be yours, on "the Inviolability of Church Property," must have rendered any the slightest difference with you on this subject an insurmountable impediment to their any longer having the honour and advantage of your services. You know I always regretted, as a great imprudence, those observations you made that night in reply to Hume, about "Tithes being a divine institution, in their mode of collection as well as in their principle," and that "*Equitable Commutation* was only an hypocritical euphemism for *Sacrilegious Spoliation*." You must have been lucky if no reader of the Examiner remembered its leading article on that speech.

B. I am not in the habit of reading "The Examiner," and I do not, at this moment, precisely recollect the expressions you allude to; but I am sure you have mistaken their meaning. I have always been of opinion that the best interests of Christianity would be promoted by a Reform of our Church Establishment, provided it be undertaken with feelings of devotion and reverence, and conducted in a spirit of moderation and prudence. I only opposed such a Reform when proffered by the hands of infidels and sectarians.

A. Oh! of course. As a "liberal Tory," I am not surprised to find you willing to go thus far. My fear was, that not only among the sectarians, but even in Doctor Tything's flock, there were to be found some few black sheep, who would never acquiesce in the existence of an endowed hierarchy; and still more who affected a belief that the Word of God was strong enough to prevail against the assaults of the Devil without the assistance and encouragement of tithes?

B. And may not a man profess such belief without incurring a charge of affectation?

A. Undoubtedly; though I am free to confess that I am not prepared to give my old friend Boroughby credit for so much toleration.

B. And why not? I have written in defence of the Protestant religion, and have spoken in defence of the Established Church; but both the religion and the Establishment may exist without tithes or Bishops.

A. Unquestionably; and if the readers of the Quarterly were unable to perceive the moderation of your views, the fault was with their own dulness. On the Corn Law Question, of course, you dusted the eyes of the rustics;—rode through the difficulty on the back of a slashing common-place—that most approved "fencer" for a "rough hustings country."

B. I scorn to blink any question. My opposition to any relaxation of the prohibitory system was, as you know, solely induced by a zeal

for the interests of the British farmer; and therefore I felt myself justified in telling them, that if proper attention was paid to the security of the agricultural interest, I was ready to vote for the immediate abolition of all restrictions on the importation of foreign corn.

A. In what part, then, did you suffer by that baiting of which you speak so sorely; for at present I am unable to discover an inch of hide in which the sharpest radical teeth could fix? On the above questions, you must have found the opinions of the Political Union pretty much in harmony with your own. The Ballot, of course, was suffered to stand over until another Parliament; and then, I trust, it will be required of every candidate. Forgive me, my dear friend, for saying so; but the very horror which you seem to feel at the mention of this "revolutionary lever," this "democratic patent for the protection of hypocrisy," as you used to call it, when you wanted to tease me—that very horror, you must be aware, will place the representation of Rottenborough beyond the reach of even your talents, until the question be finally disposed of.

B. Of the impertinence and vulgarity which every one who comes forward to discharge a public duty must be prepared in these times to encounter, I have, perhaps, no reason to complain that I have suffered more than my share, especially when you consider the moderation of my views with regard to the multifarious changes which our new constituencies are everywhere demanding, and the uncompromising firmness with which you will give me the credit of having, at all times, maintained my opinions. As for the Ballot, it is true that I have hitherto opposed its introduction, as an instrument incompatible with the good working of that machinery which we have just destroyed; but you must be aware that the application of the Ballot to a reformed, and an unreformed constituency, is a very different thing; that may be a necessary protection to the needy ten-pounders of Rottenborough which would have been an useless insult to the respectable individuals by whom I was formerly chosen.

A. Respectable! Hem! Then I may congratulate you on being actually pledged to the Ballot—my own darling Reform?

B. Pledged, sir!—but I forget—with your opinions, the question is not an affront. No. I was asked to give such a pledge by that spouting attorney's clerk, who nearly lost his master the Corporation business, and got himself turned adrift for attending a meeting of the Union. Of course, I indignantly refused, but took the opportunity of saying, that, as the question *had* been mooted, I did not wish to shrink from the avowal of my opinions; and therefore, since the reinvigoration of the constituency, by the extension of the elective franchise to the great bulk of the wealth and intelligence of the country, I had no hesitation in avowing, that it had been for some time my intention, in case I succeeded in obtaining that highest of public honours—a seat in a truly British House of Commons—to embrace the earliest opportunity of bringing in a Bill to provide for the taking of polls by the method of secret suffrage.

A. Euge! Why, it's well that you kept the pith of the sentence till the end, or you must have concluded it from the shoulders of the

populace! Brought forward by the High Street, the Close, and Prospect Place; conciliating the prejudices of Mount Salem and Paradise Row; and professing the opinions of Mill Lane, Waterside, and Back Alley, your return must have been unanimous!

B. I had a sufficient majority to bear out the promises by which I was induced to come forward. But you cannot suppose that I was able to enjoy the gratifying consciousness of Political Consistency, without incurring the hostility of many who objected to my former opinions; nor will I presume to say that I may not have given offence to some, by that uncompromising manner in political controversy, for which you have so often taken me to task; though, in the eyes of a man of your opinions, it is a fault on the right side. I lost many votes by my firmness about the Ballot. But few minds are equal to the "*suaviter in modo*" in conjunction with the "*fortiter in re.*"

A. Upon my word, judging from your very pictorial description of the scene, I should be inclined to pronounce you as great a master *now* of the *former* precept, as you *used to be* of the *latter*.

B. You flatter me. But my friends at Rottenborough have remarked in me a change for the better in this respect.

A. You must expect in public, as in private life, to find some who will never be satisfied. What might your majority be above your colleague—the third man, I suppose, scarcely kept his poll open?

B. I carried my return by, I think, fifteen; but of course I could not expect, coming forward so late as I did, to beat my new colleague, who was prepared long before the dissolution.

A. You say your refusal to compromise your opinions on the Ballot materially impaired your expected majority?

B. Yes. A considerable number of the wealthier inhabitants opposed me solely on this account. Old Cheesman, the retired grocer, who lives at Muscovado Park, said to be worth 50,000*l.* voted against me, to mark, as he said, his disapprobation—*his disapprobation!*—of my cond—, that is, of my opinions on this question.

A. Only one vote lost between himself and his "disapprobation!"

B. Unfortunately, you are in error. "His disapprobation" is backed with as many plumpers as an Archbishop's proxies. I have reason to think that he has an eye to the representation himself next Parliament.

A. Apropos of Archbishops! What was the exact point on which "Bull" stood your friend?

B. On the question of Church Reform.

A. Indeed! The Bull stand by you on this subject! In what way?

B. Why thus. One of those political Paul Prys, who, under the signature of "Scrutator," or "Anti-humbug," "beg leave to ask" impertinent questions in newspapers, took upon himself, through the medium of Bull's hebdomadal columns, to call the attention of the clergy, and other inhabitants of Rottenborough, to a former speech of him whom the scurrilous scribbler chose to describe as "their late Tory member, and would-be radical representative;" the which speech contained those observations in defence of the existing state of Church property to which you before alluded; and then the said

"Scrutator" "begs leave respectfully to request an explanation," at the hands of the speaker, of a sentence in his canvassing address, which "seemed to imply a modification of his previous sentiments on that subject." Oh! the delicate phraseology of anonymous malignity!

A. Yes; our forefathers, when in a fit of literary spleen, used a common goose-quill, dipped in gall; *our* ink is half "bouquet;" but then, to be sure, the pen is *iron.* Yet I do not exactly see how the admission of such a letter into the columns of a paper, which sprawls over the Sunday breakfast-tables of all the clergy of Rottenborough and vicinity, was likely to assist your canvass among them?

B. Yes! for had Bull refused it, it would have gone to "The Record," and done more harm in Paradise Row than it was likely to do in the Close, accompanied, as it there was, with its antidote.

A. And what was that?

B. An admirable leading article, to which I must refer you, if you are unable to see the difference between a Church Reform, originated in the proper quarter, and the same measure, proffered, as I before said, by the hands of infidels and sectarians. But I will send you the paper, for—bless me! it is near six o'clock! If there should be an unexpected division on that petition!

A. Why this haste? You never went down formerly until after dinner—seldom till ten.

B. "Tempora mutantur!"

A. "Nos et ——— ?"

B. Even so! The representative of the seven hundred ten-pounders of the rising town of Rottenborough, is another man than the member for its close corporation.

A. So it appears! But still, I do not exactly understand this defence of you by "The John Bull." They might explain away—I mean they might show, that the idea of inconsistency in your conduct was altogether a misapprehension, founded on a narrow view of the case: but still, to tell *their* readers "that you had *always* been an advocate of Church Reform," was only handing you gently over the edge of the frying-pan!

B. By no means. "The Bull" knows the necessities of its customers; and its customers, though not celebrated for knowledge of the world, or of mankind, have yet sense enough of the signs of the time, to sacrifice their tastes to their necessities. A Church Reform, and that a pretty extensive one. will be taken up by the same hands, and from the same motives, as the "Infant Schools." But I'll send you "The Bull" to-morrow morning. Good night!

A. Good night.

(*Solus.*) "Nos et mutamur in illis."* The apothecary's boy was right!

ITALIAN HUMOROUS POETRY.*

We resume the subject of the *rime piacevole*, or *rime burlesche* of the Italians, and if we have some difficulty in deciding, on this occasion, where to begin, we shall have much more in determining where to end, it is so full (to us, at least, and we hope to make it so to the reader) of interest and variety. We are much in the condition of Marino, who has been often called the great corrupter of Italian poetry by his sugar-candy *Adone*, but who had a great deal of natural satirical humour, and who, being set down very hungry to a fine dinner, (as he himself tells in very pleasant rhime,) did not know on which dish to commence, and still less with which to conclude.* This must have been after his father had turned him out of house and home for liking poetry better than law, and when he was happily sheltered and fed for three years by the Duke of Bovino. Marino was not born until 1569; but, as chronology is out of the question in an article of this kind, it may be as well to examine a little what he has done in this department of letters, especially as it will present him in rather a new view to many English readers. Although his fame now rests solely on his *Adone*, (which, by the way, we may be allowed to remark, has been somewhat underestimated,) he enjoyed, while living, an extraordinary reputation as a writer of *poesie giocose*, and was elected President of the Academy of the *Umoristi*, at Rome.

Doubtless, a great deal that he produced in this style has perished; but still, without adverting to the ridiculous contest in which he engaged regarding Rabbia's poem, (in which he confounded the Lernæan hydra with the lion killed by Hercules, and on which much learned dust was raised, and as much satirical ink spilt,) we may notice, in proof of his talents for humour, the whole of the remarkable literary strife, in which he was involved at Turin, with Gaspar Murtola, Secretary to Duke Charles Emmanuel. The origin of this dispute has been doubted; but it may very safely be attributed to the jealousy of Murtola, who could ill endure that Marino, who had written an applauded panegyric on the Duke, should suddenly rise so high in the favour of that Prince. However, the cause of quarrel is of little import, although the consequences were amusing enough; and the year after the death of Marino, in 1625, a collection was made and published of the sonnets on both sides; for Murtola, who flattered himself he had talents, did not take his castigation patiently, and endeavoured to meet his opponent at his own weapons. The same little volume, which purports to be printed at Frankfort, to avoid giving offence, also contains some *terzetti* and *canzone* by Marino, but of inferior merit to his sonnets against Murtola. He calls the latter *Fischiate*, or *Hisses*, to denote his contempt for his adversary, while Murtola denominates his replies *Risate*, or *Derisions*. It seems, that besides keeping Murtola as his Secretary, Duke Charles Emmanuel had a large menagerie of wild beasts and birds, which is the foundation of the subsequent sonnet, where the unfortunate Murtola is treated as a newly-discovered nondescript animal:—

" Most serene Prince, I've seen with great delight
  You have collected, chiefly for diversion,
  Wild animals, or tam'd by hard coercion,
In cages, each of different size and height,
Bears, lions, tigers, panthers fierce and bright,
  Eagles, goats, monkeys, ostriches and boars,
  With stags and deer and gentler things by scores,
And altogether a most varied sight.
But there 's one monstrous beast, than all far rarer,
  I do not yet observe among the rest;
And now, perhaps, there 's no occasion fairer
  To catch him and to cage him, as is best—
A Murtola—I may describe him soon :—
Between a man, a hog and a baboon."

* Concluded from page 65.

The next specimen is a piece of mere broad fun, a sort of production that, we apprehend, has no parallel in any language: but it is necessary to introduce it by observing, that Murtola, who is addressed in it, had written a long heroic poem, entitled *Il Mondo Creato*, of the merit of which, not having seen it, we must be content to take Marino's opinion. Marino says:—

"The cow, whene'er she lows, exclaims *moo, moo,*
And horses, in their neighing, say *whe, he:*
The cricket chirrups, and its note *cre cre;*
And the hog's grunt we needs must write *groo groo.*
The cuckoo, in the spring-time, sings *cuckoo;*
The dog, in barking, treats us with *bow, wow:*
The hen cries cluck, and makes a mighty row
With but one chick: the cock cries *doodle doo.*
The duck has one unvaried note, *quack, quack;*
The goose, satirical, can only hiss;
The cat cries *mew*, when we should say *alack:*
The crow is heard with everlasting *caw;*
The hoarse night-raven croaks; and after this
I 'll only hint the jackass says *eeh-aw.*
Thus by Almighty law
All beasts have notes.—I have read many a line
Of thy long work, yet still can't find out thine."

The next is still better, and, though in a different style, is upon the same subject—the poem by which Murtola fancied he had made himself immortal: if he be so, it is with the help of Marino. We cannot pretend to have transfused more than a small quantity of the volatile spirit of the original, which opens thus:—

Pape Satan, Pape Satan, Aleppe!
Chi è costui, &c.

"Why who the devil, and all the saints beside,
Is he, who, rising high in either stirrup,
Seems bent up steep Parnassus' hill to ride,
And writes a style as sweet as any sirup?
Who is so bold to try as high a track as
Even Pegasus before has seldom gone,
Though his poor spavin'd beast can scarce get on
Faster or better than St. Joseph's jackass?
Give him the spade—'twill suit him well enough—
Instead of pen, which now we see him brandish,
Nor let him write of God such wretched stuff.
Apollo! let him not abuse a standish,
Nor longer to strange meanings let him rack words,
But douse him on the chops and knock him backwards."

Here the words "give him the spade," do not at all adequately convey the double meaning of the original; for *dare la zappa*, in Italian, is also as much as to say, "give him his deserts." Whatever he might receive at the hands of Marino, Murtola shall have justice at ours; for it would be most unfair not "to give him an opportunity (as 'The Literary Gazette' has it every week) of speaking for himself." We will, therefore, translate one of his sonnets; and, if we mistake not, having read it, the reader will not wish for any more. Yet we stake our good faith, that it is the best we could select from the whole thirty *risate:*—

"Sooner, Marino, shall I see thee turn
A pious Christian—sooner see slow snails
Fly through the air, as the brave falcon sails,
Or one in Naples born, sweet Tuscan learn:—
Sooner behold cock-pheasants without tails,
Or eagles in an instant change to owls,
Or rarer transformations 'mong the fowls;
Or melons grow where now the turnip fails:—
Sooner see pigs' backs grow the softest ermine,
Or bulls and cows exchange the horn for ear,
And become asses; or the cats by vermin
Devour'd, and run from rats and mice in fear;

Or stranger things might happen, did I know 'em,
Ere thou should'st ever write a real poem."

The severest thing that Murtola seems to have thought he could say of Marino was, that he was born in Naples, and he repeats it over and over again, in different ways. Murtola was at last so exasperated, not being able otherwise to revenge himself, that he attempted to assassinate Marino in Turin; and it is a fine trait in the character of the latter, that he was the immediate means of saving the life of his implacable enemy.

The Italians are, and have been, for many centuries, mere sensualists; yet all travellers bear testimony to their extreme cleverness, and to the quantity of waste talent displayed in every company. All their literature, since the revival of learning, with almost the solitary exception of the works of Dante, has been devoted to pleasure, and their novels and romances are not only endless in number, but interminable in story. There is no reason why such fables as those relating to Orlando and his compeers should not be continued for ever. Zinabi began them in his *La Spagna;* Pulci renewed them in his *Morgante;* Boiardo continued them in his *Orlando Innamorato;* Aretin in his *Angelica;* and Ariosto in his *Furioso:* we might bring them down, in regular succession, even later than Fortiguerri's *Ricciardetto.* All these authors seem to have written for the pleasure of writing, quite as much as for the pleasure of being read; and it would have given them a needless degree of trouble to have taken the pains, as Tasso did, of constructing a systematic story, or of confining themselves, even by the laxest rules of poetical composition. To have done so would have interfered materially with the delight they took in versifying, in throwing the reins upon the neck of Pegasus, and of wandering through creation without limit and without purpose. Their *poesie giocose*, their *rime piacevole*, and their *rime burlesche*, had the same origin and the same end; and just in proportion as their personal actions were controlled by the tyranny of petty and absolute princes, the authors of such poems seem to have exercised their intellectual faculties with the most lawless freedom. As long, too, as their subjects were submissive, and did not meddle with politics, the Princes of the small Italian States cared little about morality; and the consequence was, that mixture of the gross and obscene with the spiritual, which often renders productions of the highest talent utterly untranslatable.

Francesco Berni, although not the inventor of this species of poetry, carried it to so much perfection in the opening of the sixteenth century, that it was afterwards called from him the *Poesia Bernesca.* Nothing can exceed the exquisite grace of his diction, as may be seen from the opening stanzas he furnished to Boiardo's *Orlando Innamorato,* and as indeed is witnessed by the most trifling of his productions. On this point few Englishmen can be competent judges, but it is a fact to which all his countrymen bear testimony: it seems as impossible that his style should be ungraceful, as that the antelope should be clumsy; and his lines run with the most fascinating ease. He is, however, one among the many proofs of the axiom in letters, that no writing is so hard as that which appears the most easy. The celebrated Magliabecchi was in possession of a few of the original manuscripts of Berni's poems, and in some places the erasures and alterations were so numerous that it was hardly possible for the most practised eye to make them out. This fact we have upon the authority of Mazzuchelli. Nevertheless, in print the lines of Berni run with a polished facility that is perhaps utterly unattainable in English, and we have therefore many apologies to make for our translations: taken by themselves they may be not amiss, and all we request is that the reader, at least as far as style is concerned, will not give himself the trouble and us the pain of comparing them with the Italian. Without more preface we will make a comparatively short extract from Berni's highly celebrated burlesque poem (so to call it) "In praise of the Plague," which in his time often visited Italy and other parts of Europe. It will be seen with what fun and fancy he treats the subject, addressing himself to Maestro Piero Buffeto, a cook, to whom Berni, (who doated upon good eating and drinking as well as upon good verses,) acknowledged himself under singular obligations for many of the happiest hours of his life.

"I 'll fill the vessel of your intellect
  Till it o'erflows, if you have no objection :
Though, as St. Thomas, you are circumspect,
  You shall admit, the season of infection
Throughout the year the pleasantest of all—
The rest, compar'd with it, not worth a Paul.

Don't it get rid of all the rogues and thieves,
  Or driven away, or losing their existence,
Like swallows at the falling of the leaves ?
  Then, too, at church folks keep their proper distance :
None crush one's toes or shove one like a post
To see the elevation of the Host.

For loans or debts we are not then arrested ;
  To be in debt no longer is a curse :
By creditors you 'll never be molested,
  If when they call you cry ' I 'm rather worse !'
Only hold out your pulse for them to feel,
And see how they will turn upon their heel.

Under new laws you seem to live right glad ;
  All sorts of pleasures may by you be boasted,
As they 're allow'd to men stark staring mad :
  You live upon the best of boiled and roasted.
You 've nought to do but gratify each sense
You want no money and cry ' D—n the expense !'

But above all, observe, one shuns fatigue :
  I am the plague's most humble slave for this :
Labour 's a foe with whom I make no league.
  One therefore leads a life of perfect bliss :
We ride, walk, talk, drink, sit upon our crupper,
And having dined, with joy look out for supper.

Nature 's most happy when she 's making fools,
  And in the plague the boy each lesson loses ;
For they are sure to shut up all the schools,
  And each may then play truant as he chooses.
For genuine liberty this is the season,
Which all the world delights in, and with reason.

The plague your person and your goods secures ;
  For if folks only cast their eyes upon you,
They 'll take care not to touch a thing that 's yours.
  Thus free, thus joyous, with full justice done you,
It may be call'd the age most truly golden,
As innocent and happy as the old one."

The person to whom this piece of paradoxical pleasantry was addressed was the same skilful and gossiping *cuoco Maestro Piero*, whom Berni immortalizes in the opening of Canto LXVII. of the *Orlando Innamorato*, where he describes the life of luxury he led, when he had nothing to do but to lie upon his back in a bed six yards square, to eat and drink and count the rafters of the ceiling. No wonder he thanked the plague for enabling him to avoid all kinds of fatigue, a sentiment he repeats in a humorous poem addressed to Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici, whose portrait, if our memory serves, Raphael had introduced into his Transfiguration. In the same Canto of the *Orlando Innamorato*, Berni mentions his *Capitoli d'orinali e d'anguille*, and other facetious pieces which he was accustomed to recite ; they were no doubt the amusement of the convivial meetings of poets and painters of that day. Here we may easily imagine that his *rime piacevole* on the advantages of being in debt, *In lode del debito*, would be highly relished, and we hope it will not have lost all flavour in our version, which strives to imitate the *terza rima* of the original. He begins very learnedly—

"How often have we seen what worlds of trouble
  Certain philosophers and authors take
(Anaximander 's one, but nearly double

Cleombrotus' vast labours) for the sake
Of showing us the *summum bonum;* which is,
What will man's life most worth enjoying make?

Some say the chiefest happiness is riches;
Some say good cheer, and living in despite
Of this base mother earth, its dirt and ditches.

Others contend it is sound sleep at night;
Making no needless difference in matters,
Nor caring whether black be black, or white.

Virgil declar'd (since copied in some satires)
That peasants are most happy, if they could
But know their happiness amid their tatters:

Which only means, as I have understood,
To give a man a loaf, dry, hard and crusty,
Who has nor teeth nor knife, yet call it food."

This is a very happy illustration of the *O fortunatos nimium,* after which Berni lashes the clergy for their idleness, insolence, and ignorance, and after invoking Platina, Suetonius, and Plutarch, to listen to, and to take a lesson from him, he thus proceeds:—

"The happiest life of all 's to be a debtor,
Ruin'd, undone, broken, and desperate!
Grand Turk to him 's a convict in a fetter.

Of him we may pronounce without debate,
(Matters self-evident need no inquiry)
His and his only is a blissful state."

Then he goes to work logically to show that every man is bound to get into debt. A debt, he tells us, is what is due, what is due is a duty, duty and debt are the same, and as we are required by every moral precept to do our duty, so we are equally called upon to get into debt. This position is incontrovertible, and having asserted that the noblest of human beings have been those who best discharged their duty, he breaks from his syllogistical shackles, and launches out as follows:—

"A debtor, then, must have a generous mind,
So highly gifted 't may be truly boasted
He is for greatest purposes design'd:

How oft, in fact, we see his virtues posted;
How well he 's known, and every man befriends him!
He lives at others' cost on boiled and roasted.

Besides, what fame, what real fame attends him;
For tradesmen's books are truer, I 'll engage,
Than all the fables lying history sends him.

There stands he registered from age to age,
And gains a glorious immortality,
While his great deeds are writ on every page."

Reader! if you do not like this, it is our fault. Learn Italian and look at the original; and if you do not like it then, forswear all books but those which register the deeds of debtors. Go and secure yourself a place behind some haberdasher's counter, or in some tailor's cutting-room. We declare that from reading Berni's praise, we almost long to be more over head and ears in debt than we are; and we think that the mere reading of this *capitolo* would be deemed by any jury of gentlemen a sufficient answer to an action for "goods sold and delivered." There is more in the same strain, but we refrain from quoting it, principally because we are unwilling in these insolvent-act-white-washing times to encourage too much confidence in shopkeepers and too much extravagance in their customers. We may add the conclusion with greater safety, and it is not a whit inferior to the rest of the poem.

"All I have said of debtors is most true:
The very worst thing that can happen to him
Is like an idol to be borne in view

Of an applauding crowd. The bailiffs do him
The highest honours, and upon him wait
As if to bed, or they in triumph drew him.

When in this plight I saw a man of late,
With such a following crowd, I said, they do well
To make no odds 'twixt his and the Pope's state.

Some idly seem'd to think his treatment cruel,
Though I could not: they shut him under key,
As in a casket a most precious jewel.

When to the gates he comes, why, don't we see
How friends will welcome him!—with what a grace
They shake him by the hand and with what glee!

And what's a prison, truly, but a place
Where we may be most resolutely idle,
A bless'd retreat, where mind has double space,

Because our bodies we are forc'd to bridle:
Where all that we require is given, not bought—
I mean all good things, and are but denied ill.

When to this happy rest we once are brought,
It verifies the words of Aristotle—
'Gross sense decays and we have time for thought.'

There luxury ends, the table and the bottle.
When once I'm in, Oh! let me long remain!
For a poor poet such a place is not ill,

And 'tis the *summum bonum* he must gain."

When the reader has sufficiently paused to enjoy the fancy, wit, and sprightly turns of this extract, we may take occasion to remark on the blunder committed by Doctor Pelegrini Rossi, when he published his edition of the somewhat over-rated poem, (if an Englishman may venture to judge,) by Tassoni, called *La Secchia Rapita:* he there assigns the preceding *Capitolo, in lode del delito*, to Orazio Toscanella, on the authority of a MS. in the archives of the Cathedral of Toscanella, (vide *Secchia Rapita*, c. xi. edit. Ven. 1747,) whereas the poem was printed by Grazzini, as the undoubted production of Berni. However, we have neither space nor inclination for bibliographical and antiquarian dissertations. Berni has a number of exquisitely humorous sonnets among his *rime burlesche*, but some of them, in parts at least, are hardly intelligible from their local, personal, or temporary allusions. Such, for instance, as that fanciful piece of badinage addressed to a friend who lent him a sorry mule, and which sonnet has as long a *coda*, or longer, than the beast whose mock praises it celebrates. No objection of the kind can be urged against the subsequent enumeration of some of the minor miseries of human life, summed up by the most calamitous affliction by which our nature can be visited.

"When hungry, to have victuals under-done,
To eat a carbonado without drinking,
Not to sit down when weary—almost sinking;
To be too near the fire and liquor none,
To receive slowly, yet with many a dun
Who rob us of our substance while we're winking;
To see a feast, but smell the viands stinking,
To sweat in winter as in August's sun:
To get a stone in through one's slipper's crack;
To have a flea, that can't be caught or seen,
Running like courier up and down one's back:
To have one dirty hand, the other clean;
To find one stocking and the other lack;
With hope and disappointment to grow lean,
Are miseries enough, I ween:
Though more and worse to others' lot may fall,
To have a wife is still the worst of all!"

Hence we may, perhaps, infer that Berni was married, although his biographers say nothing on the subject: he seems to speak with all the sad conviction of experience. He probably did not make a very domestic husband, and the reader will, no doubt, be mistaken if he supposes from the line—"To have one dirty hand, the other clean"—that the nuisance to Berni was having a dirty hand: the cold, raw, uncomfortable sensation of a clean hand, must have been that to which he objected. He has a special chapter on the advantages of being dirty, written "with all the fervour of strong love."

When Italians, Quadrio, Tiraboschi, Mazzuchelli, &c. mention Berni as a writer of *poesie giocose*, they invariably couple with him Giovanni Mauro, and some notice of him must not be here omitted, although we are not inclined, in point of learning, humour, or facility of versification, to put him on a level with Berni. In severity of satire, in loftiness of tone, and sometimes in depth of reflection, he exceeded him; but Mauro was too apt to dilate and expand, and did not keep closely enough to his subject. When treating a paradox, he not unfrequently breaks out in a higher strain of poetry, as in the following apostrophe to Rome, in his *Capitolo* in praise of Famine.

"Ye noble hills, ye ruins that of old
Have seen those men whose deeds are faintly told,
O'er which I trample, thoughtless of my way!
Ye mighty spirits of an elder day,
Hear ye my song, and let no due applause
Be wanting here—I plead in Famine's cause!
Fain would I see among the piles around,
Or rais'd by ancient art, or skill profound
Of modern times, some mighty temple rear'd
For Famine's worship, now but idly fear'd;
Where all her honours might be justly paid
Through thousand years of sunshine and of shade.
Peace, Fortune, Piety have temples high,
In every realm their votaries multiply;
But Famine has no fane and no regard,
First in desert and latest in reward."

It must be owned that these lines are hardly of a piece with the rest of the poem, which is often weak, diffuse, and rambling.

Mauro has an entertaining chapter addressed to Pietro Pontesecchi, to dissuade him from taking so much physic, which (passing over many other claimants to notice, ancient and modern, for brevity's sake) brings to mind a humorous production by Pignotti, a comparatively recent author, who was successful in many different kinds of writing, but whose name, at least as a poet, is little known in this country. He seems to have entertained a strong dislike to physic and physicians, and consequently, perhaps, died at a very advanced age. The production we refer to is a satire upon the medical profession, and it is called "Death and the Doctor," but it will be observed that Pignotti takes care to introduce a *salvo* for physicians at the end, lest possibly he should stand in need of a *salvo* from physicians at his end.

"Grim Death one day, fatigued with slaughter
Of human kind in every quarter,
  Peers, beggars, and 'the Lord's anointed,'
Resolv'd that toil no more should grieve him,
And that some person, to relieve him,
  Prime Minister should be appointed.

For, as he every day grew older,
The weight lay heavy on his shoulder;
  Of part he meant to make disposal:
He therefore issued proclamation,
That candidates for such a station
  Should in due time send their proposal.

In which they should not fail to mention
On what was founded their pretension
To hold an office so important.
With hope meanwhile they all might warm them,
Till he in council should inform them,
Whom he preferr'd, and so make short on't.

The claims were numerous, as expected:
On the day nam'd they were collected,
And for the issue many trembled.
All the Diseases there were present:
Well might their breathing make unpleasant
The hall where they were so assembled.

All these the Plague was at the head of,
Whom some have seen and more have read of,
From top to toe most foully spotted.
Consumption was not far behind him,
And Dropsy had a place assign'd him;
In short all took their seats allotted.

'Twixt Rheumatism and red Fever
Sate one who 'd been a gay deceiver,
His nose by full one-half diminished:
He made a French bow on advancing,
And though he limp'd, he feign'd it dancing,
In all respects a courtier finish'd.

As soon as Death his throne ascended,
Their breathing was almost suspended
To listen what he might deliver.
Then rolling round his empty sockets
He pull'd some papers from his pockets,
And gave a hem that made them shiver.

Because he saw an empty seat there,
And wonder'd that he did not meet there,
One of his Council most respected:
No other than the sage Physician,
Who had not sent in his petition
To be for such a post selected.

Death said in voice the most tremendous,
'Why did not the Physician send us
His claim? his absence is the oddest.
Far more than War or Plague he slays men:
The proverb 's true, I find, that says men
Of highest merit are most modest.

Shall he, that so incessant labours
To rid all folks of friends and neighbours
By me remain thus unrewarded?
No—he alone shall be Prime Minister.'—
Th' assembly at the word was *in* a stir
To find their merits disregarded.

The trump Tartarian loud proclaim'd it.
At first though the Diseases blam'd it,
They own'd the Doctor's claim the greater.
Rage not, Physicians!—I speak merely
Of the old school—the new are really
Not Ministers of Death, but Nature."

And thus we conclude, although many other productions of this class are pressing for admission. It is necessary to put some limits to an article, the materials for which are drawn from so many volumes of choice Italian poetry, that had we written five times as much, the subject would not have been exhausted. As it is, there are not a few authors of *poesie giocose* whose names even *we* have not been able to mention, and of those of whom we have spoken our notices are necessarily imperfect. C. R.

THE COFFIN-MAKER.

I AM the most miserable being on the face of the earth; and what to me is worse to bear than the misery itself, no one will believe, no one will sympathise with it. I have done my duty as far as the weak and wavering resolutions of mortality will allow. I have been faithful and industrious to my employer; an affectionate and devoted son; I have never wronged poor or rich of a penny; I have secured a competency by my own labour, depending on no one, and receiving the bread of sloth from no one. My neighbours respect me; my master praises me; my mother, poor old soul! thinks me a phœnix, a hero, a specimen of the perfection to which human nature can be wrought by care and education. My old schoolmaster is constantly boasting that I owe my advancement in life to having been placed by him at the head of my class when older boys stood below me. Many love me, many admire me, all trust me: and yet—I am miserable!

While I was yet a little infant, I recollect watching my father, who was a carpenter, when he was at work; begging for shavings, bits of wood, nails that had been thrown aside as unfit for his purpose, and any other trifle I thought he could spare. To unite these irregularly-shaped materials, to cut and shape the fragments of wood, and form little awkward-looking useless boxes, was my great delight. I had a box for my chips, a box for my nails, and a box for my two knives, which were at first my only tools, but to which my father afterwards added a gimlet and old hammer. I used also occasionally to make things for my schoolfellows, and was much delighted at overhearing the master say to the rector one day, pointing to a little clumsy desk: "Tom Collins made that without any assistance from his father."

I recollect that my father loved me very much, and that I was his favourite out of seven children: that strangers used to notice me and make me small presents of money, and that my mother and the women who used to gossip and drink tea with her, were loud in praise of my beauty. I was much coaxed too by my brothers, (most of whom were grown men,) and my sister Sarah would never stir without me. I was, as my companions termed it, "a lucky fellow." I was never ill, never in disgrace, never beaten in a fight: if an old gentleman dropped his cane, I was sure to be there to pick it up; if an eager huntsman lost his hat, while engaged in the sport, I was standing breathless at the next gap to present it to him. If a poor woman's goose or hen strayed, *I* was always the person who found it and brought it back to her; if the crippled and infirm old man who kept the turnpike at the end of the village, was too deaf to hear the wheels of a carriage in time, *I* was there to fling open the gate, and stand waiting for the toll; and often when I have been so employed, a smile and a sixpence have reached me from the carriage window, with a half-heard exclamation, caught as the wheels rolled away in the distance. *I* was appealed to when there was any suspected unfairness in a game at marbles. *I* was chosen from among my companions as the trusty bearer of a basket of fine fruit to the rector's lady, or a petition for redress from some petty grievance, to the squire. I was a very happy child; every one loved me, and I heartily loved everybody; rich or poor, it was all alike to me; I felt as cheer-

ful and contented when I helped a sickly, cross girl, who lived next door to us, to sweep out her bed-ridden mother's room, as when my mother dressed me in my best to go and drink tea with the rector's little boys; an honour which, in my early childhood, was often conferred upon me. I never walked through the village without a kind word or nod from every open door I passed. "Come in here, Tommy, and let us look at your rosy face," was the address of a comely matron, sitting at her little round table with four gossips, all talking together. "Oh Tom Collins, *do* come and hold baby a minute, while I get Richard some dry things against he comes home," was the speech of some young and anxious wife, whose eye was directed to the lowering heavens, while she dandled her child at the door. "I say, Tom, will you come in and mend grandmother's spinning-wheel?" shouted some urchin who was probably himself the cause of its requiring my skilful hand. "Oh Tom! *dear* Tommy Collins!" mournfully and coaxingly entreated a little girl who stood leaning over the garden gate of one cottage; "do be kind, and read *one* chapter in the Bible to my aunt, for she scolds me so much, and says I stammer and spell my words so, that I can't read for crying; and she's almost dying, I am sure she is;"—while, "Halloo! Tom! we want you on the top of the hay-rick here!" assailed my ears from another quarter, drowning with a cheerful shout the lingering tones of complaint I had been listening to. And all these things I generally found time to do; not, perhaps, exactly in the order set down, but to the perfect satisfaction of all parties; and found time besides to present a slice of gingerbread or a ripe apple in exchange for a kiss from Violet Wells, a little girl, daughter to the nurseryman, who, while shy to every one else, used to twitch me by the pinafore as I passed, and say "Have you got anything to-day for me, pretty Tom Collins?"

My father died; my sister Sarah went into service in a neighbouring county-town; my brothers dispersed different ways; the house and shed, with all my father's tools, were sold, and my mother worked early and late to continue my schooling, and save up money enough to apprentice me to some profitable trade. In these hopes she was, however, disappointed. An idle scheming man, who had been a friend and favourite companion of my father's, persuaded her to lend him almost all the money she had hoarded for this purpose; and failing in his speculations, went to America without repaying her a single farthing. This was a great blow to us; and to add to our misfortunes, the kind old rector (who had always promised to assist me in my onset in life) died. The living was given to a clergyman too rich or too proud to attend to the duties of the situation; and a poor curate was put in, who for a sixth part of the sum paid to his employer, preached a sermon twice on Sundays, and buried or baptized the inhabitants, according as was required of him; but with five children and a sickly wife, it was impossible for him to afford assistance to the villagers as his predecessors had done. The old man at the turnpike ceased to receive his weekly allowance and broken meat from the parsonage; the bedridden woman who lived next door to us could no longer send her pale whining girl to beg a little brandy, or tea and sugar, to comfort her heart; and my mother with a heavy sigh expressed her conviction that I should have to go

out as a day-labourer after all. To me however, full of youth, hope, and strength, things wore a less discouraging aspect. I knew that it was customary to pay a fee on being bound apprentice, but I did not see that it was necessary. I was perfectly acquainted with my father's trade, and thought it not unlikely that many men would be glad of so able-bodied an assistant. I wrote to my sister Sarah begging her to see what might be done in the town where she was at service, affirming that I never wished to eat a meal which I had not fairly earned, and that I would willingly *promise* to remain a certain number of years in the service of my employer, which was all that could be gained by binding me apprentice. My sister Sarah's answer was as follows:—

"Dear Tom:

"This comes hoping my mother and you are well. As to your wish to engage with some master in a trade such as father's, I have done what I could; or rather Henry Richards (a very decent young man and very kind) has made inquiry for me. Most of the persons he applied to, laughed at that part of your letter where you *promise* to stay with them, and even Henry Richards smiled when he read it. I am afraid you will not think we have been very successful. There are no carpenters in the town except very poor men; all but the very rough part of my father's work is done by cabinet-makers and upholsterers, and Henry Richards tried very hard to persuade one of these to take you, but they refused for no other reason that I could learn, except that it was unusual (your way of offering yourself) and that plenty of clever apprentices and workmen could be had, without making it a matter of favour. This is very discouraging, but there is one man who would very willingly engage with you, on your own terms; and said your letter was the letter of an honest spirited lad, which was a great pleasure to me after the others had sneered so at it; but his trade is a disagreeable one; so much so that I intended not to have mentioned it to you, but Henry Richards advised me by all means to tell you, and then you could judge for yourself. I had almost forgot to say what the man's trade was. He is a coffin-maker.

"Ever your truly affectionate sister,

"Sarah Collins."

Dark be the memory of the day when, full of the buoyant hope and fearlessness of youth, and smiling inwardly at my sister's prejudice against the *name* of the trade I was about to follow, I left my kind old mother and the little village where I was born, never again to know what real happiness was. The last person I saw was Violet Wells. She was waiting for me at her father's gate, and as I drew near, dashed away the tears which dimmed her eyes, and gave me a smile of welcome. I bounded forward, and, taking her hand, I said "Come, Violet, you are not surely going to send me away sadly; when you should rejoice that I have now a chance of earning my bread and supporting my mother who has so long toiled for me." "No, I ought not, and I am not exactly sad, but I was thinking of the days when we were little children together and used to play in my father's garden," and a half sob concluded the sentence. "Why then, Violet, you should say to me as you used to do, 'Have you got anything for *me* to-day, pretty Tom Collins?'" She turned her slim figure away from me with a blush and a laugh, but her countenance darkened again immediately. "And I was thinking that in the town where you are going, there may be many other girls quite as pretty as I am, and better scholars, and more to your liking, Tom; and that

when you *do* come back, I may be more—that is, I may be less—that is, I may not be such a favourite of yours as I used to be." "Oh! never, Violet, never! there never can be any one half so dear—half so lovely as you are—and see, I *have* brought you a present to-day, a handkerchief for your neck; will you wear it when I am away? and will you put it on the day I come back, that I may know at once whether my little Violet is changed or not?" Violet made no answer, but she took the handkerchief, and after some hesitation said, "And I have a little present for you." She put it into my hand; it was a little glass seal with my name upon it. Both our love-tokens had, I believe, been purchased at the last fair; both were of so little value, that it might have drawn a smile from an uninterested spectator to see them exchanged as pledges of affection; but well-assured I am that no young bride ever received the costliest set of diamonds with a greater feeling of their value, than my gay-coloured handkerchief was received by Violet; nor could the richest miniature have brought that sweet face more visibly before me, than the impression cut on the little seal she gave.

The first few weeks of my employment passed pleasantly enough; my master was satisfied with me, and on Sunday evenings I was able occasionally to enjoy a walk in company with my sister and Henry Richards, who was a remarkably free-spirited kind-hearted youth, with much of that gaiety for which I was myself distinguished. We soon became great friends; he discussed his hopes of one day being independent enough to support a wife, and that wife my sister Sally; and I told him the story of Violet Wells. But my spirits soon became less buoyant, and even my health began to suffer; I entirely lost the florid look which was my poor mother's admiration; my very step grew slower, and there were Sundays when I declined the evening walk, which had been my only recreation, merely because the happy laugh and continued jests of Henry Richards annoyed and distressed me while contrasted with my own heaviness of heart. Evening after evening, sometimes through a whole dismal night, I worked at my melancholy employment; and as my master was poor, and employed no other journeyman, I worked most commonly alone. Frequently as the heavy hammer descended, breaking at regular intervals the peaceful silence of night, I recalled some scene of sorrow and agony that I had witnessed in the day; and as the echo of some shriek or stifled moan struck in fancy on my ear, I would pause to wipe the dew from my brow and curse the trade of a coffin-maker. Every day some fresh cause appeared to arise for loathing my occupation; whilst all were alike strangers to me in the town where my master lived, I worked cheerfully and wrote merrily home; but now that I began to know every one, to be acquainted with the number of members which composed different families, to hear of their sicknesses and misfortunes; now that link after link bound me as it were by a spell, to feel for those round me, and to belong to them, my cheerfulness was over. The mother turned her eyes from me with a shuddering sigh, and gazed on the dear circle of little ones as if she sought to penetrate futurity and guess which of the young things, now rosy in health, was to follow her long lost and still lamented one. The doting father pressed the arm of his pale con-

sumptive girl nearer to his heart, as he passed me: friends who were yet sorrowing for their bereavement, gave up the attempt at cheerfulness, and relapsed into melancholy silence at my approach. If I attempted (as I often did at first) to converse gaily with such of the townspeople as were of my master's rank in life, I was checked by a bitter smile, or a sudden sigh, which told me that while *I* was giving way to levity, the thoughts of my hearers had wandered back to the heavy hours when their houses were last darkened by the shadow of death. I carried about with me an unceasing curse; an imaginary barrier separated me from my fellow men. I felt like an executioner, from whose bloody touch men shrink, not so much from loathing of the *man*, who is but the instrument of death, as from horror at the image of that death itself—death, sudden, appalling, and inevitable. Like him, I brought the presence of death too vividly before them; like him, I was connected with the infliction of a doom I had no power to avert. Men withheld from me their affection, refused me their sympathy, as if I were not like themselves. My very mortality seemed less obvious to their imaginations when contrasted with the hundreds for whom my hand prepared the last narrow dwelling-house, which was to shroud for ever their altered faces from sorrowful eyes. Where *I* came, *there* came heaviness of heart, mournfulness, and weeping. Laughter was hushed at my approach; conversation ceased; darkness and silence fell around my steps—the darkness and the silence of *death*. Gradually I became awake to my situation. I no longer attempted to hold free converse with my fellow men. I suffered the gloom of their hearts to overshadow mine. My step crept slowly and stealthily into their dwellings; my voice lowered itself to sadness and monotony; I pressed no hand in token of companionship; no hand pressed mine, except when wrung with agony, some wretch, whose burden was more than he could bear, restrained me for a few moments of maddened and convulsive grief, from putting the last finishing stroke to my work, and held me back to gaze yet again on features which I was about to cover from his sight. It is well that God, in his unsearchable wisdom, hath made death loathsome to us. It is well that an undefined and instinctive shrinking within us, makes what we have loved for long years, in a few hours

"That lifeless thing the living fear."

It is well that the soul hath scarcely quitted the body ere the work of corruption is begun. For if, even thus, mortality clings to the remnants of mortality, with "love stronger than death;" if, as I have seen it, warm and living lips are pressed to features where the gradually sinking eye and hollow cheek speak horribly of departed life; what would it be if the winged soul left its tenement of clay, to be resolved only into a marble death; to remain cold, beautiful, and imperishable; every day to greet our eyes; every night to be watered with our tears? The bonds which hold men together would be broken; the future would lose its interest in our minds; we should remain sinfully mourning the idols of departed love, whose presence forbade oblivion of their loveliness; and a thin and scattered population would wander through the world as through the valley of the shadow of death! How often have I been interrupted when about

to nail down a coffin, by the agonized entreaties of some wretch to whom the discoloured clay bore yet the trace of beauty, and the darkened lid seemed only closed in slumber! How often have I said, "Surely *that* heart will break with its woe!" and yet, in a little while, the bowed spirit rose again, the eye sparkled, and the lip smiled, *because the dead were covered from their sight;* and that which is present to man's senses is destined to affect him far more powerfully than the dreams of his imagination or memory. How often, too, have I seen the reverse of the picture I have just drawn; when the pale unconscious corse has lain abandoned in its loveliness, and grudging hands have scantily dealt out a portion of their superfluity, to obtain the last rites for one who so lately moved, spoke, smiled, and walked amongst them! And I have felt, even then, that there were those to whom that neglected being had been far more precious than heaps of gold, and I have mourned for them who perished among strangers. One horrible scene has chased another from my mind through a succession of years; and some of those which, perhaps, deeply affected me at the time, are, by the mercy of Heaven, forgotten. But enough remains to enable me to give a faint outline of the causes which have changed me from what I was, to the gloomy joyless being I am at length become. There is one scene indelibly impressed upon my memory. I was summoned late at night to the house of a respectable merchant, who had been reduced, in a great measure, by the wilful extravagance of his only son, from comparative wealth to ruin and distress. I was met by the widow, on whose worn and weary face the calm of despair had settled. She spoke to me for a few moments, and begged me to use dispatch and caution in the exercise of my calling:—"for indeed," said she, "I have watched my living son with a sorrow that has almost made me forget grief for the departed. For five days and five nights I have watched, and his bloodshot eye has not closed, no, not for a moment, from its horrible task of gazing on the dead face of the father that cursed him. He sleeps now, if sleep it can be called, that is rather the torpor of exhaustion; but his rest is taken on that father's death-bed. Oh! young man, feel for me! Do your task in such a manner, that my wretched boy may not awake till it is over, and the blessing of the widow be on you for ever!" To this strange prayer I could only offer a solemn assurance that I would do my utmost to obey her; and with slow creeping steps we ascended the narrow stairs which led to the chamber of death. It was a dark, wretched-looking, ill-furnished room, and a drizzling November rain pattered unceasingly at the latticed window, which was shaken from time to time by the fitful gusts of a moaning wind. A damp chillness pervaded the atmosphere, and rotted the falling paper from the walls; and, as I looked towards the hearth, (for there was no grate,) I felt painfully convinced that the old man had died without the common comforts his situation imperiously demanded. The white-washed sides of the narrow fireplace were encrusted with a green damp, and the chimney-vent was stuffed with straw and fragments of old carpet, to prevent the cold wind from whistling through the aperture. The common expression, "He has seen better days," never so forcibly occurred to me as at that moment. He *had* seen better days: he had toiled cheerfully through

the day, and sat down to a comfortable evening meal. The wine-cup had gone round; and the voice of laughter had been heard at his table for many a year, and yet here he had crept to die like a beggar! I looked at the flock bed, and felt my heart grow sick within me. The corpse of a man, apparently about sixty, lay stretched upon it, and on his hollow and emaciated features the hand of death had printed the ravages of many days. The veins had ceased to give even the appearance of life to the discoloured skin; the eyelids were deep sunken, and the whole countenance was (and none but those accustomed to gaze on the face of the dead can understand me) utterly expressionless. But if a sight like this was sickening and horrible, what shall I say of the miserable being to whom a temporary oblivion was giving strength for renewed agony? He had apparently been sitting at the foot of the corpse, and, as the torpor of heavy slumber stole over him, had sunk forward, his hand still retaining the hand of the dead man. His face was hid; but his figure, and the thick curls of dark hair, bespoke early youth. I judged him at most, to be two-and-twenty. I began my task of measuring the body, and few can tell the shudder which thrilled my frame as the carpenter's rule passed those locked hands—the vain effort of the living still to claim kindred with the dead! It was over, and I stole from the room, cautiously and silently as I entered. Once, and only once, I turned to gaze at the melancholy group. There lay the corpse, stiff and unconscious; there sat the son, in an unconsciousness yet more terrible, since it could not last. There, pale and tearless, stood the wife of him, who, in his dying hour, cursed her child and his. How little she dreamed of such a scene when her meek lips first replied to his vows of affection! How little she dreamed of such a scene when she first led that father to the cradle of his sleeping boy! when they bent together with smiles of affection, to watch his quiet slumber, and catch the gentle breathing of his parted lips! I had scarcely reached the landing-place before the wretched woman's hand was laid lightly on my arm to arrest my progress. Her noiseless step had followed me without my being aware of it. "How soon will your work be done?" said she, in a suffocated voice. "To-morrow I could be here again," answered I. "To-morrow! and what am I to do, if my boy wakes before that time?" and her voice became louder and hoarse with fear. "He will go mad, I am sure he will; his brain will not hold against these horrors. Oh! that God would hear me!—that God would hear me! and let that slumber sit on his senses till the sight of the father that cursed him is no longer present to us! Heaven be merciful to me!" and with the last words she clasped her hands convulsively, and gazed upwards. I had known opiates administered to sufferers whose grief for their bereavement almost amounted to madness. I mentioned this hesitatingly to the widow, and she eagerly caught at it. "Yes! that would do," exclaimed she; "that would do, if I could but get him past that horrible moment! But stay; I dare not leave him alone as he is, even for a little while:—what will become of me!" I offered to procure the medicine for her, and soon returned with it. I gave it into her hands, and her vehement expressions of thankfulness wrung my heart. I had attempted to move

the pity of the apothecary at whose shop I obtained the drug, by an account of the scene I had witnessed, in order to induce him to pay a visit to the house of mourning; but in vain. To him, who had *not* witnessed it, it was nothing but a tale of every-day distress. All that long night I worked at the merchant's coffin, and the dim grey light of the wintry morning found me still toiling on. Often, during the hours passed thus heavily, that picture of wretchedness rose before me. Again I saw the leaning and exhausted form of the young man, buried in slumber, on his father's death-bed: again my carpenter's rule almost touched the clasped hands of the dead and the living, and a cold shudder mingled with the chill of the dawning day, and froze my blood. I had just completed my work, and the afternoon was far advanced, when the loud cheerful voice of Henry Richards struck my ear as he bounded up stairs, and flinging open the door of the work-room, invited me to come and spend the rest of the day at his father's, adding, that Sarah promised to come too, if I would be there to see her home. I turned away from him with a peevish sigh, and pointing to my work, replied, that I was obliged to finish and carry it home in an hour. "I should have thought," said he, "that the people you worked for were less likely to be inconvenienced by delay than any I know, being past all feeling for themselves." At any other time, or in any other situation, I might, perhaps, have thought less of this speech; but in the mood in which I then was, it struck me as arising, not from thoughtlessness, but from the most brutal and unfeeling levity. "Richards," said I, striking the coffin with my hammer, "God only can tell how soon one of us may require such a couch as this, instead of resting our heads on our pillows, as we do now." "Pshaw!" answered the young man, with a half laugh, "you are really growing quite gloomy, Tom. It 's three weeks to-day since you, and I, and Sarah have had a walk, or drank tea together; and now, just as she and I have agreed to make a half-holiday of it, you make a solemn speech, and refuse to be one of the party. Come, come, lay by your work, and listen for an hour or two to her voice, which is as sweet as a blackbird's. Why, the very sight of her smile will do you good—come." I resisted this pressing invitation, however, and Henry Richards left me to my own reflections. As I passed up one of the streets which led to the merchant's lodgings, my head bending under the weight of the coffin I was carrying, I saw my sister Sarah and her young lover a little way before me. I could even hear the sound of her laugh, which was clear and pleasant, and see her pretty face, shaded by her dark hair, when she turned to answer her companion. At every step I took, the air seemed to grow more thick around me, and at length, overcome by weariness, both of body and mind, I stopped, loosed the straps which steadied my melancholy burden, and placing it in an upright position against the wall, wiped the dew from my forehead, and (shall I confess it?) the tears from my eyes. I was endeavouring to combat the depression of my feelings by the reflection that I was the support and comfort of my poor old mother's life, when my attention was roused by the evident compassion of a young lady, who, after passing me with a hesitating step, withdrew her arm from that of her more elderly companion, and pausing for an instant, put a

shilling into my hand, saying, "You look very weary, my poor man; pray get something to drink with that." A more lovely countenance (if by lovely be meant that which engages love) was never moulded by nature; the sweetness and compassion of her pale face and soft innocent eyes; the kindness of her gentle voice, made an impression on my memory too strong to be effaced. *I saw her once again!* I reached the merchant's lodgings, and my knock was answered as on the former occasion, by the widow herself. She sighed heavily as she saw me, and after one or two attempts to speak, informed me that her son was awake, but that it was impossible for her to administer the opiate, as he refused to let the smallest nourishment pass his lips; but that he was quite quiet, indeed had never spoken since he woke, except to ask her how she felt; and she thought I might proceed without fear of his interruption. I entered accordingly, followed by a lad, son to the landlady who kept the lodgings, and with his assistance I proceeded to lift the corpse, and lay it in the coffin. The widow's son remained motionless, and, as it were, stupified, during this operation: but the moment he saw me prepare the lid of the coffin so as to be screwed down, he started up with the energy and gestures of a madman. His glazed eyes seemed bursting from their sockets, and his upper lip, leaving his teeth bare, gave his mouth the appearance of a horrible and convulsive smile. He seized my arm with his whole strength; and, as I felt his grasp, and saw him struggling for words, I expected to hear curses and execrations, or the wild howl of an infuriated madman. I was mistaken. The wail of a sickly child, who dreads its mother's departure, was the only sound to which I could compare that wretched man's voice. He held me with a force almost supernatural; but his tongue uttered supplications in a feeble monotonous tone, and with the most humble and beseeching manner. "Leave him," exclaimed he, "leave him a little while longer. He will forgive me; I know he will. He spoke that horrible word to rouse my conscience. But I heard him and came back to him. I would have toiled and bled for him; he knows that well. Hush! hush! I cannot hear his voice for my mother's sobs; but I know he will forgive me. Oh! father, do not refuse! I am humble—I am penitent. Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee—father, I have sinned! Oh! mother, he is cursing me again. He is lifting his hand to curse me—his right hand. Look, mother, look! Save me, O God! my father curses me on his dying bed! Save me, oh!——" The unfinished word resolved itself into a low hollow groan, and he fell back insensible. I would have assisted him, but his mother waved me back. "Better so, better so," she repeated hurriedly; "it is the mercy of God which has caused this—do you do your duty, and I will do mine," and she continued to kneel and support the head of her son, while we fastened and secured down the coffin. At length all was finished, and then and not till then we carried the wretched youth from the chamber of death, to one as dark, as gloomy, and as scantily furnished, but having a wood fire burning in the grate, and a bed with ragged curtains at one end of it. And here, in comparative comfort, the landlady allowed him to be placed, even though she saw little chance of her lodgers being able to pay for the change. Into the glass of water

held to his parched lips, as he recovered his senses, I poured a sufficient quantity of the opiate to produce slumber, and had the satisfaction of hearing his mother fervently thank God, as still half unconscious, he swallowed the draught. I thought he would not have survived the shock he had received; but I was mistaken. The merchant was buried and forgotten; the son lived, and we met again in a far, far different scene.

It was early in the summer of the ensuing year that my heart was gladdened by the intelligence of my sister Sarah's approaching marriage. Henry Richards himself was the bearer of this welcome news. An uncle of his, who had been a master builder and stonemason, had, in dying, bequeathed to him nearly all the little property he had realised; and this, with his own exertions, Richards assured me would support Sally in comfort. "No more drudgery, no more service for her now," said he, a flush of joy rising on his fine countenance; "she is to leave her place on Monday week, and the Sunday following we are to be married. It shall not be my fault, Collins," continued he, grasping my hand, "if she is not happy." That evening was spent in the company of my sister and her lover, and never were plans for the future laid with so eager an anticipation of complete happiness as those discussed by the young couple. Monday came, and with it came Sally, blushing and smiling, to ask if I would walk with her to the house of Henry's father, where she was to remain till the wedding. The old man greeted her with pride and fondness, and my steps homeward were lighter and quicker than for many months past. Days rolled on; there remained now but *one* to pass before they should be united for ever. I was working with cheerfulness and alacrity on the morning of that day, when a labouring man pushed open the shop door, and calling me by my name, said, "You're wanted up at Mr. Richards, sir." "Very well," said I carelessly, resuming my occupation. "Beg pardon, sir," added the man, "you'll be wanted, too, in *the way of business.*" I caught the expression of his eye as he turned and left the threshold, and felt an unaccountable chill at my heart. "The old man is dead!" thought I, and the hammer falling from my hand on the lid of the coffin, sent a hollow sound to my ear, like a dying groan. I reached the house—inquired for my sister—she was shopping with a female friend—I asked for Henry Richards; they flung open the door of the little parlour where we had all spent that evening together. On a shutter, disfigured, bleeding, lifeless, lay the gay-hearted, high-spirited young man, whom another sunrise was to have made my brother! My head swam—I staggered, and fell back senseless. To my inquiries, when I recovered consciousness, they gave short and bitter answers. He had been inspecting an unfinished house, and had fallen from the scaffolding on a heap of bricks and rubbish. No sound escaped his lips; no movement was perceptible when the workmen reached the body, except that a convulsive thrill agitated the limbs. As he fell, so he remained, till they lifted him and carried him to his father. When I was admitted to the old man, his calmness and resignation appeared wonderful: to my broken ejaculation of sympathy he replied, "God's will be done! he was the last of five; the Lord pity the girl who loved him!"

As he spoke the words he wrung me by the hand, and I left him. "God pity her, indeed!" I repeated unconsciously, as I descended the stairs. Before I could leave the house I met her, and as she stood in the narrow doorway, she bent forward, as if to kiss me; smiles played on her lips; love lighted her eyes. I rushed past her into the street; I felt that I could not bear to tell her what she must bear to hear. My master's wife kindly volunteered to go to her, and bring her away, if possible. My master himself was ill in bed; I had, therefore, to prepare, with my own hands, the bier of my ill-fated friend. Oh! that dreadful night! How like a dream, and yet how fearfully distinct are its terrors, even to this day! I had made some progress in my labours, when, overcome with weariness, I fell asleep. I was awakened by a cold pressure on my hand, and I heard the words repeated, "It shall not be my fault if she is not happy." In an instant I started up, and beheld seated opposite to me—Henry Richards! He was frightfully pale, and the unwashed wound on his crushed temple seemed still to bleed. He smiled at me, and pointing to the unfinished coffin said:—"I shall be glad to rest there; see how my wrist is shattered!" I looked, and, sickening at the sight, I rose with the intention of rushing from the room. The figure rose too, as if to prevent my departure, and, in a mournful voice, exclaimed;—"Am I already so loathsome to you?" As it spoke, it pressed onwards, and onwards, till it touched me; it sank into a seat by my side, and when I recovered consciousness, the rich light of a summer's morning beamed on the empty place it had occupied. The wealth of worlds would not have bribed me to touch *that* coffin again; it was in vain I repeated to myself the common arguments against nocturnal terrors; in vain I condemned my own feelings as the result of an excited fancy; I *felt* that he had been there, and a feverish desire possessed me to see the corpse, and convince myself of the truth of the vision by the circumstance of his arm being broken or otherwise. The body had been washed and laid out since my visit on the previous day, and the countenance seemed less disfigured. I gazed on it with silent agony for a few minutes, and then slowly, and with shuddering dread, I lifted his arm; it was swollen and discoloured, and the hand hung nervelessly from it. *The vision was true!*

I was interrupted in some incoherent exclamation by a wild shriek, and, with convulsive sobs, my sister Sarah flung herself on my bosom.

That evening, as we sat together, she pressed me for an explanation of the words I had spoken over the body of Henry Richards. I know not how it was, and I have always attributed it to some strange infatuation, but as the horrors of the night returned to my mind, I forgot all besides, and I described my vision to the shuddering girl, ending with these words;—"Yes, I beheld him as in life, and he pointed to the coffin I was working at—the coffin in which he was to lie." Never shall I forget the expression of my sister Sally's face when I had concluded. She parted her dark hair with a bewildered look, as if she doubted having heard me aright, while, with her other hand she grasped my arm. "His coffin—*his!*" gasped she, "Oh! Tom, had you the heart to work at *that?*" Slowly she relaxed her hold, and remained with her eyes riveted on my hand. I spoke to her, but she did not answer; I addressed her in the endearing terms familiar

to her ear in childhood, but it produced no impression. At length her eyelids slightly quivered; her strained eyes grew dim, and she sank in a swoon at my feet.

From that hour, even *to her*—my sister—the pride of my heart—my consolation in the city of strangers—whose laugh had cheered me in the gloomiest hour, the touch of whose lips on my haggard forehead had soothed me into loving life, when all was dark round me—even to *her* my presence became fearful. Strange as it may appear, the manner and suddenness of her lover's death, the fact of its having taken place so soon before the ceremony which was to make them one—all this was nothing in comparison of the horror she felt that *my* hand should have prepared *his* coffin. She shrank from my touch; she averted her eyes from my gaze; she shivered and wept when I spoke to her. I ceased to leave my master's house, except when forced by my calling, and as I mechanically pursued my toil, I felt—how gladly I could die! That master-line of the master-poet, which expresses far, far more of the weariness of misery than pages of lamenting, rose to my lips:—

"Oh! for a good sound sleep, and so—forget it."

It was in the midst of reflections such as these, that *one* bright thought flashed on my brain, and startled me with a vision of happiness. Violet! *my* Violet! I had not forgotten her; I had treasured her letters next my heart, and her image had gladdened my dreams; but that image was ever in the distance; her presence was a blessing which belonged to the future only. But now, in the extremity of my loneliness, I fancied her by my side; and, after a week of feverish longing to behold again my native village, and *her* innocent countenance, I asked and obtained from my master a term of holiday. I returned; I was again with the friends of my youth; I was again greeted with eager joy; laughing eyes were lifted to mine; my hand lingered in the hearty pressure of those which had given a farewell grasp at my departure; and the companions of my boyhood gathered round me, and disputed the pleasure of conversing with me. I went through the village, and found all as I left it, peaceful, simple, and quiet. Few were the changes which had taken place; the paralytic woman in the house next our own was dead; another rosy child or two played round the open doors of the cottages; a few more graves were scattered in the little churchyard. I paused at the wicket-gate which opened into the nursery-garden belonging to Violet's father; I lifted the latch, and the familiar sound made my heart beat rapidly; I leaned against the wicket, and gazed round me. The sun was sleeping on the gay autumnal flowers, which seemed to wear the faces of old friends; Violet's image, from infancy to girlhood, rose before me; I lifted my eyes to the quiet sky, and wept. A timid, stealing hand took mine, and the lips which, for an instant, lightly pressed it, quivered as they pronounced my name—"Tom! *dear* Tom!" That evening saw her pledged to become my wife.

Intoxicated with present happiness, I asked myself a thousand times why I had ever suffered my spirits and health to be destroyed by imaginary evils, for such they appeared, now that I had ceased to suffer. Then, as the death of poor Richards, and the subsequent con-

duct of my sister Sally smote on my heart, I thought of forsaking the trade necessity had compelled me to follow, and a vague dread of inflicting the gloom and misery it had entailed upon *me*, on the heart of my young wife, confirmed me in my resolution. I wrote to my master, informing him of my intentions, and considered the matter at an end. But what was his reply? He wrote, slightly yet kindly, reproaching me with having led him to believe that he had secured in me a permanent assistant, and yet leaving him as soon as I was master of my trade. He touched on the probability of my finding some difficulty in supporting a wife and family as a journeyman, even in a flourishing business; and concluded by offering to take me into partnership with himself. He was old, he said, and had neither chick nor child to provide for; he had begun to love me as a son, and if I consented to this arrangement, his house should be a home for Violet and myself, and at the death of himself and his wife we should inherit all he had saved, and the good-will of the business. The perusal of this letter, which I received in the presence of my poor mother, of Violet, and of her father, caused a change in my plans, sudden and unexpected. The pride and satisfaction of my aged parent, the joy of Violet, the hearty approbation of my future father-in-law, the happy consciousness of being able to place her I loved beyond the possible reach of want—could I forego all these? And yet my hand trembled as I signed my name to the acceptance of his offer, and I half regretted that I had never explained my feelings on the subject to those connected with me.

Our wedding-day rose bright and unclouded; and the little party who attended agreed to spend the afternoon at some tea-gardens which had been established in the immediate vicinity of the bowling-green in the village. Thither we accordingly proceeded in all the buoyant spirits youth, love, and hope could furnish.

Amongst the many little tables laid out for the accommodation of the different guests, there was one which attracted the attention of most of the visitors whom idleness or curiosity had brought to the gardens. It was occupied by three young men, strangers in the village, one of whom was said, by the landlady, to be an artist of great talent. They appeared above the middle rank of life, and indulged in the most riotous merriment; drinking, laughing, jesting loudly, and singing glees; apparently forgetful of the presence of any beside themselves. Violet. with the utmost simplicity, begged me to walk near them, that she might hear the singing, which was different from any thing she had been accustomed to. Unwilling to refuse her, I took two or three turns within a short distance of the strangers' table. As we passed I was struck with the features of a young man who had just risen from his seat to commence one of the popular ballads of the day. It appeared to me that I had known him previously, but where or when I could not recollect. As we repassed, the song being just concluded, he addressed himself to Violet in a manner which made her shrink back upon my arm, and I turned fiercely to resent the insult. His eye caught mine, and he became, as it were, paralysed; the glow forsook his cheek; the glass fell shattered from his hand, and a convulsive trembling agitated his limbs. A wondering and simultaneous pause took place among the spectators and his com-

panions. With a ghastly smile he pointed to me, and laughing wildly, exclaimed;—"He is here again—to remind me that my dead father cursed me!—cursed me for days and nights spent like this; and the curse of hell *is* clinging to me! Take care of him; he will bring death among you—death and horrible dreams; and when you would kneel for pardon to those you have offended, he will drag them from your sight, and nail them down for ever, to be food for the creeping worm. Look!" shouted he, while the big drops stood on his forehead; "look! my father is standing behind him, dressed in his shroud—the dead amongst the living!" He sank back as he spoke, and the confusion became general. Women screamed and fainted; children caught the infection of terror; some of the guests hurried from the garden; others crowded round the fainting man; *all* drew back from *me* with common dread; a stare of loathing curiosity was hastily cast on me, and they passed, till I remained alone with Violet, bewildered, pale as death, and hanging on my arm.

I was forced in self-defence to make some explanation of this strange scene to my own family; in so doing I was involuntarily led into bitter and melancholy expressions, and these had their effect upon Violet, who, with a heavy sigh, regretted the necessity I was under of following such a trade.

Sarah returned to live with my mother for awhile; and I resumed my old occupation, made lighter, it is true, by the hire of two journeymen, but still sufficiently dreary. A thousand melancholy stories were told to Violet by the neighbours, the effect of which I in vain endeavoured to counteract. A thousand times I was forced to struggle for an appearance of cheerfulness, after a day of heavy trial, because I *dared not* be sad in her presence. It was a relief to me when the intelligence that my poor mother had been seized with a paralytic stroke, allowed me to indulge in the gloominess which overpowered me, and which gradually communicated itself to my young wife. Poor Violet! sorrow stole over her brow like shadows on a sunny spot, and the dimple in her laughing cheek contradicted the seriousness of those sweet fond eyes: yet she *was* sad, and I felt it, and never more deeply than when she sought with stealing caresses, or the snatch of a favourite song, to win me to the mirth of my younger days. Months rolled on, and the prospects of becoming a father had given a new interest to my existence, and created a fresh cause for anxious tenderness and caution towards the partner of my lot; when my heart was again sickened by one of those strange events which seemed inseparable from my calling.

A damp and unhealthy autumn had carried off a great number of our townspeople, and we worked night and day to complete the orders we received. I accompanied one of the journeymen to Mead-park, a place in the vicinity of the town, belonging to a gentleman of property and weight in the county. The man informed me that the coffin was for a very young lady, and that she appeared to have died of a "wasting disease," for she was a mere skeleton, and for all *he* had seen, was little missed by the family. We entered the house by a back door, and as we passed the entrance of the servants' hall, the loud merriment which issued from it, and glimpses of gay-coloured liveries, seemed little consonant with a scene of mourning. As we proceeded, more refined, but equally decisive symptoms of careless

and heartless gaiety smote my ear—several different tones in earnest and laughing conversation were audible; and the sound of a clear light voice, with a harp accompaniment, floated and swelled along the vaulted corridor through which we passed. We were ushered to the chamber of death by a young girl on whose feeling countenance was depicted that she, at least, remembered the departed. We knocked, but a hollow silence told that no one watched the forsaken corpse. The girl then tried the door, and finding it fast, called to a fellow servant, who replied that the housekeeper had the key in her pocket, and was showing the grounds to a party of friends, but was expected in every minute; and *the men might wait.* We waited accordingly: no one spoke, and the faint echo of the harp from below—the confused sounds of doors opening and closing, of voices, and all the murmur of *life* which resounded through the habitation, seemed to mock our stillness. At length the girl, wiping away the tears which had gathered in her eyes, said as if half to herself—"And she has played on that very harp many's the time; and sung to it too, as sweetly as any of them. Ah! what would Mr. Henry say if he knew it." —"Who was she?" asked I.—"No one knows, Sir," replied the girl.—"Some say she was the Colonel's daughter, and some say his niece; but she was here as a teacher to the youngest of the ladies. She told me herself she was an orphan—*I* am an orphan too," and the girl again wept.—"And Mr. Henry?"—"He's the Colonel's son, and they sent him away because—"

The arrival of the housekeeper, flushed with haste and curaçoa, and jingling a huge bunch of keys, interrupted her communication: the door was opened, and we proceeded to lift the corpse. It was the desire of the family that the funeral should take place as speedily as possible; this was but the third day after death, and the morrow was appointed for interment. I paused to take one look at the fair neglected thing, whose young life had been of so little value in the eyes of those around her. A sudden gush of blood from my heart to my temple veins—a cold and horrid shivering, succeeded the gaze. I had seen her but once—and what was she to me, or I to her?—nothing!—but it was the suddenness of the forced remembrance which smote me. I recognised her in that single glance, as though years of acquaintance had made her features familiar to me, and my heart was wrung as I gazed. Again I beheld her passing me, as, worn out alike in mind and body, I leaned against the wall of that narrow street; again the hesitating pause—the timid kindness of her manner—returned with the melancholy distinctness of a dream from which we have but just awakened. Could she indeed be dead? Her pale, calm face had suffered no perceptible change—her lips were slightly parted, and I almost listened for the gentle tones which had uttered the words, "You look weary!" the day I had watched Richards and my sister in their walk. Alas! where was the echo that could bring me the sound of her voice?! She was gone "where the weary are at rest!"

As we left the room a chaise drove furiously up to the house—a young man leaped from it, and I heard the girl who had before spoken of him, exclaim in a tone of agony, "Oh! God! it is Mr. Henry!"

That evening, as I was sitting with my beloved Violet, who full of

the anticipations of maternal joys, talked gaily and incessantly to cheer me after the day's toil, I heard a confused noise of hurried steps and loud and alarmed voices—the door was flung open—the journeyman and his companion—two of the servants I had seen in the morning at Mead-park—and several other persons, crowded in. All spoke at once, and none were intelligible. At length I collected that the being on whom the world was supposed to have closed for ever, had been heard to move, to moan in her coffin, and I was required to be on the spot, in the shortest possible space of time, with the requisite tools for breaking open her narrow dwelling-house. Struck with intense horror, I rushed from the house, seizing the implements of my trade which lay nearest my hand.

Passing groups of terrified domestics, I made my way into the room where the corpse lay. The young man I had seen arrive in the morning stood by the coffin, and turning from his mother, who was condemning the whole scene as the effect of heated fancy, he said to me, in a smothered voice, "Quickly, quickly! but don't hurt her—don't harm her—I will make you rich!—I ——" Unable to say more, he remained heavily panting, till as the coffin lid rose a little he rushed forward, and with hands nerved by love's deep agony burst it open. She lay partly turned round, and a nail, which had caught in the shroud, and removed it partially from her throat and shoulder, had also inflicted a wound, from which the blood still oozed. All shrank back but *him*: he raised her in his arms—he kissed her lips, her cheek, her forehead—he staunched the blood on her fair attenuated shoulder with his handkerchief—he watched—yet why should he watch?—he *felt* what we all *saw*—that she *had* lived! Slowly he laid her down, and suffered his arms to fall listlessly by his side, while he gazed from one awe-stricken countenance to another. No one moved—no one but *he*, dared even to breathe audibly. Suddenly his wandering eyes fixed on mine, with a glaring expression of horror and hatred. I shrank instinctively from the meditated violence which that look conveyed, and the action seemed to recall him to himself. He laid one hand on the edge of the coffin, and lifting the other solemnly, said in a hollow voice:—"Not I—though I forsook her in the long trial of a breaking heart—not *I*, have done this; nor you, cold, cruel mother, whose pride denied me an obscure happiness; but you—*you*, whose coarse hand shrouded her from Heaven's air, while she yet breathed—it is on you, that the blood of the innocent lies for ever!"

Was there aught left on earth to endure that could be bitter after this? A feeling, which might have shaped itself into such a question, had I been capable of a connected idea, rose in my mind as I reached my home; but my cup was not yet full. Overcome with the horrors detailed to her, with every exaggeration which vulgar terror and superstition could add, Violet had, after my departure, fallen into an hysterical fit, which was followed by convulsions—and the hour which made her prematurely a mother, robbed me at once of wife and child.

What was death, or the pomp of death, to me afterwards? My mother, my poor helpless mother, still lives—and I am still a coffin-maker!

C. E. N.

WHAT WILL OUR SPINSTERS DO? OR, WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR SPINSTERS?

The question which was so pithily and pointedly addressed to the Lords, becomes of much more momentous import when applied to the ladies, at least, to the unmarried ones, vulgarly yclept Spinsters. Paltry in number, not very formidable in influence and intellect, and receiving only rare and trifling additions to their order, the Peers were scarcely worth the inquiry either way; but when the interrogatory (oh! the happy polygamist!) embraces all the fair sex of the middling and upper classes, it behoves every member of society to weigh deeply and maturely what answer shall be given to it. Why do the political economists waste their precious time upon rent, tithes, and corn-laws, discussions in which so few comparatively are interested, when there is a grievous defect in our social institutions that may be termed a Catholic, or universal evil, since it tends to reconvert the larger portion of our genteel population into monks and nuns, so far, at least, as compulsory celibacy can effect that object? Why do these economists instruct Ministers how to husband the national resources, when they should be rather showing our distressed damsels how to put the Church ministers in requisition, and to husband themselves? Here, in the very heart of polite life, there is an over-supply, an absolute glut of female youth, beauty, and accomplishments, with little or no demand for those once desiderated articles. Our brightest belles set no church bells pealing; drives round the park-ring end not, as of yore, in affixing a gold ring round the finger; white favours are out of favour; nuptial bans are under ban and interdict; wedding-cake is not cut, because weddings are; no matches are made but those of wood and brimstone; and our clergymen, who used to know the marriage ceremony by heart, are now obliged to turn to the fresh and unthumbed leaf in their Prayer Books, whenever they are called upon to join man and wife together. The age of matrimony, like that of chivalry, is gone, and the clerks who lived upon the fees for issuing general and special licences, have been so long out of work, that they may, probably, be heard of at the work-house.

Is there any exaggeration in these melancholy averments? I appeal to every reader who moves in genteel society. Does he not, in each successive season, see hundreds of rose-buds unfolding their charms, who are destined, as inexorable time revolves, to be metamorphosed into wall-flowers, and finally to constitute a portion of the human tapestry with which our ball-rooms are decorated, or, at least, lined. Our girls keep getting in, just when they ought to be getting off: they put forth all their attractions—they work hard to become wives, but, alas! they are only serving a long, irksome, and heart-withering apprenticeship to spinsterism! For waltzes, quadrilles, mazurkas, and galopades, partners may be found easily enough; but where are they to find the partner for life? He is either undiscoverable, like the unicorn and the phœnix, or only to be seen once in a hundred years, like the flower of the aloe. Strange, that amid the myriad unmeaning inquiries with which our dancing beaux pester their partners, they should never once delight them by popping *the* ques-

tion! From any part of speech that might bear a construction of this nature, they refrain with a cautious and most unrelenting precision. Well may they be termed shrewd, though fantastical grammarians, for they had rather decline than conjugate. Neither dress, address, nor undress will win them. Gowns, transparent as tinder, catch no sparks, and raise no flame; the fashionable *nude* only diminishes her own chance of ever becoming a *femme couverte;* and the best and most becomingly attired beauty may find a hundred candidates eager to lead her out to dance, but not one who will lead her up to the altar. In the good old times, a handsome, clever girl seldom failed to flirt herself into favour, to act the coquette with good success, to ogle till she was eyed with tenderness, to court till she was courted, and ultimately to bridle herself into a bridal. But such triumphs are not to be achieved in these anti-nuptial days. Impenetrable as the nether millstone is the heart of a modern bachelor: you might as well pelt a rhinoceros with a pea-shooter. Neither change of scene, nor the most tempting opportunities can throw him off his guard. Bath, Brighton, Cheltenham, pic-nics, sailing parties, rides, drives, shooting visits to the park-enclosed mansion; and Christmas festivities, united by the kiss-sanctioning misletoe, used, in the days of our fathers, to be provocatives to matrimony that few could resist. But these talismans have lost their charm. In vain do our belles redouble their attentions; the beaux still remain single; celibacy is the order of the day; we have no husband-men, but those who hold the plough; no yoke-fellows but the collar-makers;—the honeymoon is in eclipse; Cupid may turn his bow into a fiddle-stick, and play a solo, (though we have beaux enough who are mere sticks, without any such metamorphosis); and Hymen, with his extinguished torch, may fly to that heaven where they marry not, neither are they given in marriage.

The fact is, Mr. Editor, that the present generation, both male and female, is in a false position. We, that is to say, the younger and marriageable portion of the community, are the results of twenty years' fictitious prosperity, commercial monopoly, boundless profusion, artificial excitement, and almost universal corruption. Every body flourished, from the writing-master to the budget-announcing Prime Minister. By means of an artificial currency, Pactolian streams were made to inundate the land—an Eldorado sprang up in every province, and matter-of-fact plodders out-dreamed the reveries of Alnaschar. Rents, tithes, prices, every thing rose. Posts, places, and pensions were showered on all sides; "it rained eringoes and kissing-comfits." What wonder, therefore, that every fortunate youth married and had a family, or that a habit of luxury and expense was introduced into every household establishment, and became an indispensable criterion of genteel life? Well, the goose has been cut up, and no more golden eggs can be laid; the bubble has burst; the day of reckoning has arrived; Reform and its sure concomitants, economy and retrenchment, are about to lop off the last remaining snug berths and sinecures; and here we are—the present generation of youngsters—performing penance for the mistakes of our spendthrift parents, brought up to do nothing, accustomed to all sorts of expensive indulgences, and unable to afford a single luxury, except that of living single. A trim reckoning, but, unfortunately, a true one! To per-

petrate matrimony, under such circumstances, where both parties are afflicted with impecuniosity, were to realize what the French call the marriage of hunger and thirst. It is not our fault; we are more sinned against than sinning; more to be pitied than condemned; nay, we may be justly proud of our single blessedness, since it enables us to say with truth, that we are a *matchless* race.

Malthus is quite right; that is to say, where prudential considerations and moral restraint, as in the better classes of society, are allowed to apply the proper and only remedy to the evil of over-population. Of the present genteel generation none but the rich will or can marry. Twenty years hence the polite world will consist, with these few exceptions, of old maids and old bachelors, who, in due time, will disappear, and the surplus supply of both sexes, under which we are now labouring, will be no longer a subject of complaint.

To beguile the tedium of their involuntary bachelorship, the male sufferers have devised sundry expedients, whereof the most notable is the institution of those splendid clubs which continue to spring up in the metropolis, and are rapidly spreading into the provinces. Their pleasures and compensations, such as they are, should be restricted to the victims of celibacy; for I would seriously counsel every married man to imitate the gallant and doughty Hercules, who, when he took Omphale to his bosom, gave up his club. Dr. Johnson was not altogether right when he said, that a married man may have many cares, but that a single one can have no pleasures. I deny the latter clause, so long, at least, as the celibate is juvenile and nubile. In the present scarcity of conjugating gentlemen, I know not the animal, biped or quadruped, that is so much courted and caressed, feasted and fondled, petted and patronised, as the young bachelor, provided always that he be not notoriously branded as a pauper and a *detrimental*. The fortunate youth is the spoiled child of society. *He* never keeps a fast-day, not even if he live at Camberwell, and be related to Mr. Perceval. For him are balls perpetually given, in the hope that he may take for life the hand of that daughter whom he selects for the first quadrille. His days are a round of *fêtes* and entertainments, and for him do the corks of long-necked champagne-bottles pop into the air, as if to remind him that he should lose no time in popping the question to the long-necked girl beside him. Thus he roams from *fête* to *fête*, and from flower to flower, sipping sweets, like the bee, and like him, too, humming his entertainers, since he has never cherished, perhaps, a single marital thought, and even piques himself upon the address with which he can gather the lime from the twig, or the bait from the hook, without being caught or compromised. Whether this be honourable or not, I will not determine. There is a well-known character going about town, and often brought up before our magistrates, who is in the habit of seating himself at his ease in taverns and coffee-houses, gormandizing upon rare viands and rich wines, and declaring, when called upon to discharge the reckoning, that his very narrow circumstances will not allow him to pay a shilling, a fact which his empty pockets unanswerably confirm. Woe, however, to this swindling epicure, and to the dinner-cozening bachelor, too, *when he is found out*. When the latter is no longer young, or is discovered to be a decidedly non-marrying

man, the community of mammas and misses take their revenge upon him. Adieu to the feast, the favour, and the ball, the smiling welcome, and the perfumed, three-cornered billets of invitation. He has received his *congé*, he is civilly dismissed, put upon the "not at home" list, and gradually dropped as an acquaintance.

Now is it that our forlorn bachelor, who has sacrificed the latter half of his life for the better enjoyment of the first, who has given his birthright, as it were, for a mess of pottage, retires to his club, and congratulates his furrowed brethren, that they have secured to themselves such a comfortable and luxurious home. How dare they profane that hallowed and delightful name? They have formed, indeed, a little world of their own, but it wants the cheering sun that should impart to it warmth and light, and give efflorescence to the charities and affections of its inmates. Their frame-work of domesticity is like the cold, inert, though comely and well-proportioned figure of Prometheus, before it was animated with the fire stolen from heaven. So long as the statue of which Pygmalion was enamoured remained mere marble, the *studio*, where his friends met to eat and to converse with him, might be termed his club. But when the image was converted into a breathing, beautiful, and warm-hearted woman; when he took her to his bosom, as the sweetener of his joys, the alleviator of his cares, the companion of his solitude, the charm of his social hours; when she became the mother of his children, and the delight of his whole life, then, and not till then, Pygmalion had a home.

Dark-orbed damsel! and you, her fair-haired, but not less beautiful companion, whose sighs have been wafted to mine ear, as I saw you, with my mind's eye, bending over the page, and regretting that you had little chance of enjoying such a home as I have described, I invite you to be reconciled to your lot. There was such sound philosophy in the dictum of the fox, as to the sourness of the unattainable grapes, that I respectfully counsel you to draw consolation from the same source. You might have been heiresses, you timidly whisper. Most sincerely do I congratulate you that you were not. Recall the fate of all those whom you have known. Marked as the prey and the victims of spendthrifts, profligates, and fortune-hunters, they have found the favours of the blind goddess the bitterest and the most besetting curse of their lives. But you might have married, and been happy, you timidly suggest, upon a mere competency. True, and you might also have been miserable. Blanks as well as prizes may be drawn from the matrimonial lottery, and it is a losing game to throw away a certain, for a doubtful and precarious happiness. Certain I call it, for the single blessedness of a female has, at least, many exemptions in its favour. And why should not our spinsters extend their privileges and enjoyments, by forming themselves, not into huge monastic institutions, like the clubs of the men, but into little societies and partnerships, of three or four, thus securing to themselves a household establishment and pleasant society, while, by combining their funds, they may command a larger share of the comforts and luxuries of life? For my own part, I have such a respect for the whole sisterhood of spinsters, and am so well convinced of the advantages they enjoy in their present state, that if polygamy were allowed, and I had a fortune adequate to the daring enterprise—I would marry them all myself! A Compulsory Bachelor.

A FEW PLAIN AND PRACTICAL REMARKS ON CHOLERA. BY A PHYSICIAN.

There can be but very few of our readers who are not aware that medical opinion as to the essence of this much thought of, and much talked of, and much written about malady, is threefold.

Some suppose an importation of the disorder from the Continent, and others deride this belief as altogether unfounded; while a third party, although they consider Cholera to be of indigenous or spontaneous origin in Britain, still conceive that it is propagated or communicated from one individual to another in the way of a contagious distemper.

Into the grounds of these opinions I do not here propose to enter; sufficient for my purpose will it be to assume that Spasmodic Cholera, in a degree at least, is now, while I am writing, present with us; and this being the case, I am called upon to offer a few remarks, first on its nature and character, secondly on the plans which should be pursued for its prevention in individual cases, and lastly on the methods which should be adopted in the event of its individual occurrence. The public has a right to expect from medical authorities some general intimation and instruction during the prevalence of an epidemic, and beyond such intimation it is not, as above hinted, my design to advance a single step.

What is Cholera? All who know any thing of the human frame in its structure and economy, know that a large mass, if I may so express myself, of nerves is found just at the region of the stomach; and it is known, further, that the wide sympathies of the stomach, with every part of the body, are manifested through the medium of this nervous peculiarity. Does the heart cease to act according to its wonted order? it is, in nine cases out of ten, from the connection of the heart nerves with this great central mass of the stomach. Is the brain dull and are the thoughts confused after a full meal? the cause of this distress and confusion is, in very great part, the nervous power being drawn upon too largely for the purposes of digestion. Are the secretions or excretions locked up, as it is expressed, or do they pour out more than their usual quantity? the rationale of the disturbance is this, that the nervous supply from the centre is irregularly distributed to the vessels concerned in secretion. Is the skin cold, and pale, and contracted? such surface condition is induced by the nerves of the stomach, and those of the skin not acting with harmonious consent. Lastly, and as especially applicable to our present inquiry, Do the muscles of the abdomen, or of the legs and feet, or of the arms and hands fall into what are called cramps? These cramps very generally originate in the supply from the centre being impeded or interrupted by the stomach condition.

Such then, and I have endeavoured to make myself understood, by employing technical phraseology as little as possible—such is the theory of Cholera. The stomach nerves are affected in a particular way by the disease-creating causes—stomach irregularities, often of the most distressing kind are produced—these irregularities extend to the bowels, to the secreting organs, to the moving powers, and all is perturbation, or collapse, or cramp.

From these brief and cursory statements, the sources, and therefore the preventives of the disorder may be easily traced. It may be inferred how much is in an individual's power to prevent the morbific agency from mounting up to the effect of serious malady. And in the first place (as to preventives) I would say, knowing, as we all do, the amazing influence of mental affections on stomach condition: Be fearless without being presumptuous or careless. Whether Cholera be contagious or infectious, atmospheric or imported, its attacks, it will have been observed, are almost confined to the poor, and ill-fed, and half-naked, and filthy, and spirit-drinking inhabitants of ill-ventilated courts and alleys, where carelessness in the first instance, and a superstitious terror in the second, foster the stomach affection; and I am bold to say that no one who is careful in his habits and moral in his conduct, who eats what is wholesome and drinks what is salubrious, who clothes himself warmly, and keeps the surface of his body in

state of cleanliness, will be at all likely ever to be seriously affected or capable of communicating the disorder to another, unless the malignancy of the disposing cause or causes, prove much greater than at present appears, even in threat. And here I must take occasion to complain of those among our medical brethren, whom I would call *alarmists.* But while I complain of them, I at the same time give them every credit for the best intention.

"What is it to live after nature?" was a question put to the philosopher in Rasselas, and I may expect to be asked, what is "wholesome food and salubrious drink?" I reply, that all things *now* should be especially avoided which are generally found in any way to disorder the stomach. Meat to one is poison to another; but for the most part, pork and veal should, at present, be steered as clear of as possible. Boiled beef, too, is highly objectionable, as are all made dishes, and articles of confectionery, and dessert fruits and preserves. Indeed dessert ought to be a thing entirely done away with, until Cholera is less common among us. Malt liquor, in the general way, is objectionable, unless the cellar inscription be acted up to—

> "Man wants but *little* here below,
> But wants that little *strong.*"

Table-beer, British wines, and even the lighter and wishy-washy wines from France, should not be much on the table during the present winter and spring. Coffee is not very good for the biliously disposed, unless it is boiled with a large quantity of milk and taken in the morning. Green tea is of course pernicious, and the best morning and evening beverage in the general way is good black tea with a large proportion of milk. For dinner beverage, cold brandy and water without sugar is for the most part to be preferred to any thing. It is not now the time for the port-wine drinker to break into his habits, but let him be aware of taking more than his daily quantum under the plea of more support and defence being required, and let him send down to his cellar for the oldest and least "fruity" that is to be found. Marshy districts and localities must be shunned. Clergymen, who are susceptible, may conscientiously change, if they can, their residence from lower and damp to higher and dryer parts; if they are compelled to keep where they are, and that *where* be a swampy spot, or clayey soil, let the fuel of the yard crackle away in all the fire-places in the house. Good clothing, as an absolutely necessary thing, follows of course. No matter how coarse the material, so as it serve the purpose of preventing the exit of heat from the surface too rapidly.

"Broad-cloth without, and a warm heart within," will be entire sureties against the invasion of Cholera to any hurtful degree.

In regard to remedies, I shall be exceedingly brief, since I have supposed all along the efficacy of preventives, and I more than suppose that almost every part and portion of this favoured land is now well-furnished with scientific and efficient advisers. But I may say thus much, that no house ought to be without brandy, opium, and tincture of rhubarb. Is a person taken ill in his stomach in the night-time, or at a distance from a medical man, let him be made immediately to swallow a table spoonful of tincture of rhubarb, with twenty drops of tincture of opium in a wine glass of cold water. If cramps and spasms accompany the stomach affection, let hot water be forthwith procured, and the stomach be well fomented with flannels immersed in it, and then afterwards well rubbed with castor oil made a little warm by holding it before the fire; if equal parts of this oil and camphorated spirits be shaken together for the friction material, it would in the general way be an improvement upon castor oil merely. Indeed camphor is an excellent antispasmodic in stomach cramps. Hot water must also be freely applied to the cramped limbs. I have seen these cramps so violent that the patient could not endure the pain from them without the hands being immersed in water so hot that I could scarcely touch its surface. If there are convenient materials for it, the whole body ought to be immersed in a hot bath; the alpha and omega of the remedial process being that of diffusing heat, and circulation freely through every part of the body, and thus freeing the sub- [illegible] at once from the grasp and gripe of death. So rapid is the attack and so

speedy the subsidence of the disorder, that patients half dead with collapse and cramp on one half of the day, will be free from all pain and panic on the other. In one of the most violent attacks (so far as feeling was concerned) that I have seen, I was summoned from my bed to attend, and upon visiting my patient early in the forenoon, I found her in the drawing-room plying her needle and thread, as if nothing had happened. But here I must stay my hand, and I will conclude with a brief extract from a spirited article that has just fallen under my notice in a medical journal, entitled "The London Medical and Surgical Journal," published weekly. "Will the Cholera," say the editors, "attack the affluent who live in open and airy situations, whose aliment, comforts, and habits, are of a superior description? • We fearlessly answer in the negative; it will be, and hitherto has been, confined to the poor, the distressed, the badly fed, the badly clothed, the filthy, and the intemperate. Among these, and these alone, will it prevail to any extent. All the statements made in this and the other European countries in which it has appeared lead to no other conclusion. It will be chiefly confined to low, damp, and ill-ventilated districts, and will visit only a few of the effeminate luxurious inhabitants of our squares."

I cannot resist the temptation of adding another paragraph from the same article, although by so doing I may be considered as violating the restrictions which I imposed upon myself at the commencement of my paper. "Could the Government," the article goes on to say, "be convinced of the accuracy of these conclusions, they would remove their baneful quarantine regulations, and not destroy the commerce of this great country, and further pauperize the lower classes of the community, or in plain language, predispose them to the disease."

THE LAW OF ARREST. A TALE FROM FACTS.

ONCE upon a time there lived at Hamburgh a certain merchant of ...e of Meyer—he was a good little man; charitable to the ... hospitable to his friends, and so rich that he was extremely ...pected, in spite of his good nature. Among that part of his pro...rty which was vested in other people's hands, and called debts, was ... sum of five hundred pounds owed to him by the Captain of an English vessel. This debt had been so long contracted that the worthy Meyer began to wish for a new investment of his capital. He accordingly resolved to take a trip to Portsmouth, in which town Captain Jones was then residing, and take that liberty which in my opinion should in a free country never be permitted, viz. the liberty of applying for his money.

Our worthy merchant one bright morning found himself at Portsmouth; he was a stranger to that town, but not unacquainted altogether with the English language. He lost no time in calling on Captain Jones.

"And vat?" said he to a man whom he asked to show him to the Captain's house, "vat is dat fine veshell yondare?"

"She be the Royal Sally," replied the man, "bound for Calcutta—sails to-morrow; but here's Captain Jones's house, Sir, and he'll tell you all about it."

The merchant bowed, and knocked at the door of a red brick house—door green—brass knocker. Captain Gregory Jones was a tall man; he wore a blue coat without skirts; he had high cheek bones, small eyes, and his whole appearance was eloquent of what is generally termed the bluff honesty of the seaman.

Captain Gregory seemed somewhat disconcerted at seeing his friend—he begged for a little further time. The merchant looked grave—three years had already elapsed. The Captain demurred—the merchant pressed—the Captain blustered—and the merchant, growing angry, began to threaten. All of a sudden Captain Jones's manner changed—he seemed to recollect himself, begged pardon, said he could easily procure the money, desired the merchant to go back to his inn, and promised to call on him in the course of the day. Mynheer Meyer went home, and ordered an excellent dinner. Time passed—his friend came not. Meyer grew impatient. He had just put on his hat and was walking out, when the waiter threw open the door, and announced two gentlemen.

"Ah, dere comes de monish," thought Mynheer Meyer. The gentlemen approached—the taller one whipped out what seemed to Meyer a receipt. "Ah, ver vell, I vill sign, ver vell!"

"Signing, Sir, is useless; you will be kind enough to accompany us. This is a warrant for debt, Sir; my house is extremely comfortable—gentlemen of the first fashion go there—quite moderate, too, only a guinea a-day—find your own wine."

"I do—no—understand, Sare," said the merchant, smiling amiably, "I am ver vell off here—thank you—"

"Come, come," said the other gentleman, speaking for the first time, "no parlavoo Monsoo, you are our prisoner—this is a warrant for the sum of 10,000*l.* due to Captain Gregory Jones."

The merchant stared—the merchant frowned—but so it was. Captain Gregory Jones, who owed Mynheer Meyer 500*l.*, had arrested Mynheer Meyer for 10,000*l.*; for, as every one knows, any man may arrest us who has conscience enough to swear that we owe him money. Where was Mynheer Meyer in a strange town to get bail? Mynheer Meyer went to prison.

"Dis be a strange vay of paying a man his monish!" said Mynheer Meyer.

In order to wile away time, our merchant, who was wonderfully social, scraped acquaintance with some of his fellow-prisoners. "Vat be you in prishon for?" said he to a stout respectable-looking man who seemed in a violent passion—"for vhat crime?"

"I, Sir, crime!" quoth the prisoner; "Sir, I was going to Liverpool to vote at the election, when a friend of the opposite candidate's had me suddenly arrested for 2,000*l.* Before I get bail the election will be over!"

"Vat's that you tell me? arrest you to prevent your giving an honesht vote? is that justice?"

"Justice, no!" cried our friend, "it's the Law of Arrest."

"And vat be you in prishon for?" said the merchant pityingly to a thin cadaverous-looking object, who ever and anon applied a handkerchief to eyes that were worn with weeping.

"An attorney offered a friend of mine to discount a bill, if he could obtain a few names to indorse it—*I*, Sir, indorsed it. The bill became due, the next day the attorney arrested all whose names were on the bill; there were eight of us, the law allows him to charge two guineas for each; there are sixteen guineas, Sir, for the lawyer—but I, Sir—alas my family will starve before *I* shall be released. Sir,

there are a set of men called discounting attorneys, who live upon the profits of entrapping and arresting us poor folk."

"Mine Gott! but is dat justice?"

"Alas! No, Sir, it is the law of arrest."

"But," said the merchant, turning round to a lawyer, whom the Devil had deserted, and who was now with the victims of his profession; "dey tell me, dat in Englant a man be called innoshent till he be proved guilty; but here am I, who, because von carrion of a shailor, who owesh me five hundred pounts, takes an oath that *I* owe him ten thousand—here am I, on that schoundrel's single oath, clapped up in a prishon. Is this a man's being innoshent till he is proved guilty, Sare?"

"Sir," said the lawyer primly, "you are thinking of criminal cases; but if a man be unfortunate enough to get into debt, that is quite a different thing:—we are harder to poverty than we are to crime!"

"But, mine Gott! is that justice?"

"Justice! pooh! it 's the law of arrest," said the lawyer, turning on his heel.

Our merchant was liberated; no one appeared to prove the debt. He flew to a magistrate; he told his case; he implored justice against Captain Jones.

"Captain Jones!" said the magistrate, taking snuff; "Captain Gregory Jones, you mean?"

"Ay, mine goot Sare—yesh!"

"He set sail for Calcutta yesterday. He commands the Royal Sally. He must evidently have sworn this debt against you for the purpose of getting rid of your claim, and silencing your mouth till you could catch him no longer. He 's a clever fellow is Gregory Jones!"

"De teufel! but, Sare, ish dere no remedy for de poor merchant?"

"Remedy! oh, yes—indictment for perjury."

"But vat use is dat? You say he be gone—ten thousand miles off —to Calcutta!"

"That 's certainly against your indictment!"

"And cannot I get my monish?"

"Not as I see."

"And *I* have been arreshted instead of him!"

"You have."

"Sare, I have only von vord to say—*is* dat justice?"

"That I can't say, Mynheer Meyer, but it is certainly the law of arrest," answered the magistrate; and he bowed the merchant out of the room.

MITIO.

LETTER FROM THE SAINT SIMONIAN ENVOYS IN ENGLAND, TO THE SUPREME FATHER ENFANTIN AT PARIS.*

SUPREME FATHER,

YOUR children have obeyed your voice. They have quitted the beautiful France, and commenced the Apostolate in England. Fortified by the consciousness of a sublime mission, we have torn ourselves from the smiling meadows of Calais: we have braved those stormy waves which opposed, and almost baffled Cæsar. More fortunate, because more deserving of fortune, we traversed in safety the desert plains of Kent. We are here, at last, in London—in that London, the object of our distant sighs; and already that spark of truth which St. Simon brought down from heaven is shedding a welcome ray over the moral darkness of the capital of merchandise and aristocracy.

We shall speak with the simplicity becoming the apostles of those wonderful truths which we teach. We shall not pretend to a greater success than that which we have a right to claim. You well know, Father, that the sublime doctrine of the "fusion" of goods makes but too slow a progress in this age; and it is certainly exceedingly difficult to secure it a favourable attention among the people of shopkeepers. We find, too, that the English are very averse to speculations of so abstract a nature as those involved in our philosophy. We have received several inquiries respecting the St. Simonian stocks; but these have proceeded from persons who showed little attraction towards our tenets, and who were particularly disinclined to the doctrine of the "fusion." We have heard speak of a certain philosopher, called "Swing," who has of late been preaching with considerable success, in the south of England, a creed, which is said to have a rude resemblance to our own, with a melange of tenets and rites adopted from those of the ancient fire-worshippers. The peasants of that part of the country have become converts to this new faith, and obtained wages proportioned to their *capacities*, though, it is said, not exactly to their *work*. One named "Terry Alt" has announced a similar revelation to the peasantry of Ireland; and it is said that that proud and generous people has adopted the new faith with an impetuous avidity, which has given great uneasiness to a cold and narrow-minded Government. As for M. Owen, he is at present in London, and actively employed in organizing his numerous disciples. He has established an Association for removing the Causes of Ignorance and Poverty, for which purpose he has taken a large room, where the elytes of London dance before him, and listen to singing and an music. It is said he has converted M. Rothschild. If this be true, it is a great pity, Supreme Father, that our Society had not been beforehand in effecting so valuable a conversion to the doctrine of a "fusion." But on all these matters we propose to make farther inquiries, and give you a digested report of the truths which we may discover.

* The gentleman who translated for us the following letter, which was sent us with a huge packet of Le Globe, (evidently put up in mistake) has rigidly adhered even to the gallicisms of the envoys.

The English mind is at present vividly engaged in religious discussions. They are a people sensitively alive to religious impressions. It must be confessed, that their faith appears a little backward. To us, disciples of St. Simon, the English seem to have clung a little too long to antiquated symbols; but nevertheless, in the actual state of European thought, it is a little consoling to find a people so earnestly believing. We collect this from their public acts. We cannot say that we observe anything peculiarly Christian in their morality to distinguish it from that of other European nations. Perhaps we have observed here a singular prevalence of those very vices which are most dissonant to the spirit of Christianity: but the English compensate this by a manifestation of zeal in all matters which are generally supposed to be beyond the sphere of religious contemplation. We have been astonished to observe how large a portion of the time of the Chambers is occupied with the discussion of spiritual subjects. To such a pitch has this been carried, that a zealous Puritan Deputy, named James, has actually proposed that the House of Commons devote the Sunday to religious meditation and discussion, under the Presidence of M. the Almoner of the Chamber.

Nevertheless, Supreme Father, we cannot help lamenting that there appear to be parties in these religious questions, as well as in those of a mundane nature. The Anti-reform party appear to have had their hearts touched by their late reverses, and to direct their thoughts to Heaven. The celebrated M. Percéval, a great champion of the rotten boroughs, has succeeded in procuring the appointment of a General Fast. This young man has a very large pension, or place of the kind called a sinecure, and it is very probable that a Reformed Chamber will either deprive him of his income, or make him work for it. This state of things he regards as very calamitous, and he proposed to the Chamber that the people should observe a Fast, in anticipation of that which he considers his own destiny. As he seemed very intent upon gaining this point, Lord Althorp, who is furiously conciliatory, appeased him by assuring him that the King should command his subjects to fast. The Ministers, however, though they kept their promise literally, played M. Perceval a sad trick. For the reason which they assigned in their proclamation is simply the coming of the Cholera, without any mention of the Reform Bill, or of M. Percéval's borough, or his sinecure. It is generally supposed that the Ministers were averse to M. Percéval's proposition *in toto*; but that gentleman having declared, that in case it were opposed, he should divide the House, in order to bring down the vengeance of God on the "Noes," and the rest of the country, Lord Althorp was terrified at the idea of exposing his country and his friends to such a calamity. The Opposition have lately carried a question respecting the Cholera Bill by means of the same threat; *parce q'on croit ici que le bon Dieu se range toujours du côté des Toris.* It is said that M. Perceval means to move in the Committee on the Reform, that it is the will of God that Old Sarum should continue to return Members to Parliament; and I don't doubt that, if he speaks for that motion, as if he were under an influence, Lord Althorp will concede the whole, or at least half of what he asks.

Unhappily, however, this precaution has not answered, for the Cholera has just arrived in London. Whether this be owing to the Fast having been fixed for so late a day as the 22nd of March, we cannot say. This is M. Perceval's opinion, apparently, for he has invited Lord Althorp in the Chamber to approximate the Fast; and truly, if the Fast is a precaution which ought to be used at any time, we think the English should act on their own proverb, which recommends them to shut the door before the steed is stolen. M. Perceval will, in consequence, bring the question again before the Chamber; and we propose to ourselves the pleasure of assisting at a discussion to which, we think, the rest of the civilized world would not be able to produce a parallel. It must be confessed that the recommendation of a Fast, as a preventive of the Cholera, appears singularly opposed to the medical theories prevalent on the Continent. But you must not be deceived by words. When the English say that they fast, they do not mean that they go without food, or even that, according to the Catholic mode, they confine themselves to fish. In order to fast in England, it is only necessary to eat a dish of salt-fish before the rest of the dinner. Do not, therefore, let the Society be troubled with any fear of our starving. The fish in London is remarkably good, and we shall eat of it according to our capacities.

The Parliament has not neglected to take other precautions against the Cholera, for a Bill has been passed against it by both Houses in great haste. There was little discussion on it, except with respect to the preamble. This gave occasion to another of those religious debates which distinguish the English Legislature. One M. Priskeau, Deputy of Surri, remarked that the House would show great disrespect to Divine Providence in not giving it the credit of having introduced the Cholera into England. Sir Inglis of Oxford was of the same advice; but the Ministry not thinking it necessary to mention the fact in the law, no alteration was made in the wording of it. In order, however, to conciliate the Opposition, Lord Althorp agreed to a compromise, and the introduction of the Cholera into Scotland was ascribed to Divine Providence. The next day, this amendment to the Scotch Bill was urged by Lord Jeffrey, a pious Presbyterian, whose writings in the Edinburgh Review we have often remarked, as giving to that periodical a tone of piety in which it was previously deficient. M. Hume accused Lord Jeffrey and Sir Inglis of humbug, cant, and hypocrisy: but the Chamber ranged itself on the contrary advice.

The House of Lords has remarked the inconsistency between the two Bills, and on the motion of the Bishop of London, has remedied it, by imputing to Divine Providence the calamity which afflicts England, as well as that which has extended itself into Scotland. Here is a discovery of the causes and remedies of the Cholera, which may be regarded as a valuable contribution to medical science by the countrymen of Harvey and Hunter. The Supreme Being has exerted himself particularly to introduce the Cholera into Great Britain, and it is proposed to induce him to adopt other views by eating salt-fish on the 22nd of March.

But there is a question which at present engrosses much more of the attention of the public, a question also of a religious nature, and to which those which we have been mentioning are, in fact, only subsidiary—it

is the question of Tithes in Ireland. Knowing as we know, Supreme Father, the difficulty of obtaining correct information on those complicated questions respecting the policy of a foreign country, on which the inhabitants themselves are much divided in opinion, we have despaired of giving you a complete view of this subject. Fortunately, however, we have been visited yesterday by a dignified ecclesiastic, the Dean of ——, who came to us in order to learn the names of the best restaurateurs of Paris, whither he immediately departs. After giving him the benefit of our lights on this subject, we have taken the liberty of requesting him to communicate to us some knowledge respecting this difficult question, and he readily gratified our wishes. The Brother A—— has taken notes of the conversation which passed between the Dean and our brother B——.

Brother B. Pray, Sir, what is this matter of Irish tithes, about which all the world speaks?

The Dean. The matter is very simple; the rascally Papists will pay no tithes.

Brother B. That is very extraordinary. How can they expect the clergy to work without pay?

The Dean. They don't want them to work at all: there is nothing a bigoted Papist hates so much as contributing to the support of the Protestant Church.

Brother B. Oh! then the Papists only refuse to contribute to the support of the Protestant Church!

The Dean. Only!—why, how the——how, I mean, can the Church get on without the Papists contributing their share? Musn't the Church be upheld?

Brother B. Oh! assuredly; all Churches should be upheld. Of course you make the Protestants contribute to the support of the Catholic clergy?

The Dean. Indeed we do no such wickedness. What! shall we uphold error and idolatry? No, my dear Sir, we have given these miserable, blinded Papists the pure doctrine of the Church of England; and they ought to be too happy to pay for it. It is the law of the land that they should pay tithes, and they must be made to do it, by fair means or foul. Did you not hear Mr. Stanley and Lord Grey?

Brother B. No; but I have heard speak of their discourses. Do they explain this subject?

The Dean. Mr. Stanley's speech should be studied by every true Christian. He is indeed, not only a highly talented, but a well-intentioned, honourable-minded young man. He is the best of the Ministry; and indeed, though he is obliged to vote with them in support of their present mischievous course of policy, we cannot help thinking that he secretly condemns it, and would oppose it, were he not in office.

Brother B. He must indeed be an honourable man.

The Dean. His speech on the Tithe Question did him great honour. We had been much alarmed at the allusion to the subject in the King's Speech; and were afraid that Stanley might have been induced by his colleagues, and the infamous Liberal Press, to look at the question merely with a view to the relief of the distressed peasantry. But he stood firm: he made no sacrifice of principles to

expediency: not a syllable did he say of the distress of the peasantry: he looked after that of the clergy, and proposed only to relieve them.

Brother B. But in France, we have been taught to think that the peasantry of Ireland were even more distressed than their clergy.

The Dean. The state of things is sadly changed. These rascally Papists have effected a combination against the payment of tithes, so that the clergy now get nothing. Can you, my dear Sir, conceive any thing more disgusting than the spectacle of a brutal peasantry rioting in the plunder of an oppressed clergy?—lolling on their flock-beds, quitting their simple fare of sea-weed, and gorging themselves with potatoes—sheltered in cool cottages of mud, where they have the pleasure of seeing their pigs lodged by their side—some of them arraying themselves in garments little inferior to those worn by the beggars in this country, and earning all these blessings by only working sixteen hours a-day—and at the same time grudging the venerable clergy, by whose ministry they refuse to profit, the consolation of a moderate income! They do not indeed openly resist the admirable laws framed by our wise Legislature, and enforced by our unconquerable dragoons, but the hard-hearted peasant cuts out the word "Tithes" on his last blanket, or the hairs of his cow, when they are distrained by the venerable parson; and no men will buy any goods that are branded with this fearful name. I have been warm, Sir, I fear, and spoken somewhat at length; but my indignation at the atrocious conduct of these despoilers of the Church makes me forget myself.

Brother B. I assure you, Sir, I am filled with the deepest disgust at what you have told me. And the clergy are reduced to the brink of poverty?

The Dean. Ah! as we used to say at Eton—

> "Quis talia fando
> Myrmidonum Dolopumve aut duri miles Ulyssis
> Temperet à lacrymis?"

Have you not heard of the woes of Dr. Butler, which were so pathetically described by Mr. Stanley?

Brother B. Not a word. Was he greatly oppressed?

The Dean. Judge for yourself. He is a learned man, who, with all the advantages of a University education, consented to bury himself in Ireland, and devote himself to the people. Such was his energy that he took charge of fourteen parishes, for which he was moderately paid by 3000*l.* a-year.

Brother B. Mon Dieu! he had a great capacity!

The Dean. You may conceive how arduous was his task, when I tell you that in these fourteen parishes he had no congregation, and therefore was forced to labour to convert the whole of the diffident population. But he laboured with zeal in his vineyard. He could not, it is true, convert the misguided Papists, but he took their tithes. Last year some of his officers were killed by the people. This year, by the means which I have described to you, he has been defrauded of his all! His generous hospitality (no one gave better claret) has been entirely stopped: he has been obliged to part with his carriage and horses: his daughters have been forced to sell their piano, and the whole family are now——

Brother B. Starving!—O Dieu!—What horror!

The Dean. No—but are waited on by one maid-servant! This is indeed a state of things which, as Mr. Stanley said, cannot last.

Brother B. And what do you propose to do?

The Dean. Alas! what can we do? Mr. Stanley is well inclined, and says that the clergy must be paid: so say the Lords' Committee; but they both talk of extinguishing tithes! Lord Grey made a noble speech, in which he declared his determination to enforce the payment of tithes; but he has been bullied out of it. Never indeed was there so unfortunate a speech for the Church; it only gave occasion for all the rascally newspapers to run open-mouthed at us, and show that the damned public opinion is set in most confoundedly against us.

Brother B. It would have been rather difficult, would it not, to enforce the payment of tithes, since all the Irish refused to do was to buy the distrained goods? I don't see how the whole army of England could force them to buy.

The Dean. Oh! they should be forced, and shall be forced! We will see whether these Papists shall be allowed to beard the English people with impunity!

Brother B. What then, do you think the people of England will compel the Irish to pay tithes?

The Dean. Ah! I fear I have been too sanguine. Between ourselves, I think the English are but too ready to follow the example of the Irish, and stop the supplies of their own clergy. We live in sad times, my dear Sir, and it is therefore our duty to enjoy the passing hour. I hope to be dining at the *freres provençaux* before the end of the week.

So saying, he wished us good-morning; and we were left to meditate on the practical workings of a religion of peace and good-will to men! The English often boast, with affected humility, of their old-fashioned attachment to religion. Truly, Supreme Father, it is an old-fashioned religion enough! It seems to bear the date of the Crusade against the Albigenses.

But we have already occupied too long your valuable time. Your children salute you, Supreme Father, and desire the good wishes of their brethren:

V. D'A.
E. B.

We have made inquiries respecting the execution of the Bishop, which created so lively a sensation in this country at the beginning of the winter. We find that we were led into an excusable error by the circumstance happening so soon after the rejection of the Reform Bill by the Lords, and the display of popular indignation which marked the catastrophe of the criminals. It was not one of the Bishops who voted in the House of Lords: it was a particular named Bishop, a musical composer, who was hanged for murdering an Italian, of whose superiority he was jealous: and the people hissed him on the scaffold, to mark their disapprobation of his operas—a good sign of the national taste!

SIR RALPH ESHER. BY LEIGH HUNT.

This in many respects is a delightfully written book. It abounds in eloquent passages, in knowledge of history, and in wit which would be more striking if less subtle. The style is not free from many great and wilful blemishes—wilful because they are blemishes designedly made, and the plot, though we are carried on by the charm of the writer's genius, in less able hands, would seem at once insipid and improbable. But they who resort to these volumes for its picture of an age of wit, and gaiety, and humour, will find it given with more vivacity of colouring and accuracy of detail than has been attempted in any work of fiction in our time. We have the accomplished heroes and heroines of the pages of Evelyn, Grammont, and Pepys, drawn down from their book-citadels, and made our familiar companions. We sit down with them to an "ordinary of fine discourse," worked up of the literary anecdotes of the time, given with life, spirit, and connexion, and seasoned with delicate and nervous criticism. On the last-mentioned score Mr Hunt may lay claim to rare excellence, for we believe no man has a better knowledge of the literature of that day, or a finer perception of its beauties And no man uses his knowledge better Out of his hands a literary anecdote comes with the air and value of a novel and important truth

Sir Ralph Esher is a fictitious auto-biography, invested with all the assistance that could be given it in the way of verisimilitude Mr. Hunt deservedly prides himself on having done his best, in the very smallest matters, to go counter to no fact which may be gathered from an attentive perusal of histories and memoirs We scarcely think, however, that the histories will bear Mr Hunt out in the liberties he has taken with Nell Gwynne's early life, at least, not in the colouring he has given it, for we acquit him, with all our heart, of voluntary misrepresentation. But we, and all the rest of the world, have had but one single, indivisible idea of Nell Gwynne, as of a handsome, lively, slatternly, unrestrained, off-hand sort of person, as little encumbered with refinements as Charles the Second could have wished a mistress to be, and though we acknowledge that more delicate men than his Majesty might have seen something to like in her good-heartedness, (which is a sort of natural refinement,) yet we must confess that the *boarding-school breeding* which Mr Hunt has given her, produces an effect on the mind resembling a violation of truth, and disturbs the pre-conceived and popular notions of her, to a degree amounting to the preposterous.

Esher's early life is exceedingly well told We have his fine young hearty enthusiasm for books and authors his visit to Cowley, his readings of Suckling, Carew and Waller, his fancied Chlorises and Dorises, Sacharissas and Venuses, [illegible] a world of love on his hands, and nobody to make it to. We cannot enter into any detailed account, nor dwell on the force, freedom, and fancy, with which the habits and manners of the Court of Charles the Second—are hit off by his young Courtier. Nor is his pen less skilful in blending tears with smiles; for in the midst of the gay licentiousness of a laughing and reckless Court, he keeps up our faith in gentle and innocent affection There is no characteristic in Mr. Hunt's writings more admirable than this He shall describe you an age of unbounded licence—an age in which profligacy takes the lead of every better impulse—an age of versatile lovers and mercurial statesmen—of arrant rogues and hardened libertines, his pages shall flutter with nothing more weighty than gauze, or silk, or ribbands—and yet, in the midst of all this, (trifling in the hands of a less skilful author,) Mr Hunt manages to keep up an undertone of wisdom and goodness, in their best and most engaging assurances H[illegible]est sketches are the result of a fine fancy playing with its sunny beams o[illegible]es of truth and beauty, and bringing them out in an elegant and [illegible] aspect. He works on truth always, and shows it to us in its most [illegible]ful shape. With him humanity is an active principle, alert always, always expecting the fulfilment of its hopes, and anticipating, by the better and healthier instincts of youth, the last wisdom age can come to. He has ever had trust in

the sunny side of life,—his writings have been a continual effort to discover all that is good and pleasant in the world around us; and in the midst of anxieties and troubles which have had no parallel, we believe, even in the history of letters, he has supported this virtuous and manly disposition, and inculcated it with a spirit that no calamity has been able to take away.

Mr Leigh Hunt has been known for upwards of twenty years as a public writer of high and distinguished talents,—he has undergone all the bitter anxieties of a life devoted to letters,—and is now, we regret to hear, borne down by the pressure of ill health, and embarrassed circumstances. An appeal is being made to the friends of literature, not, we hope and believe, in vain. Let Sir Ralph Esher be allowed to plead for its kind-hearted author, to all those who yet want that additional argument to engage in the friendly and benevolent plan. It will speak to the unaffected goodness of feeling—to the tenderness of fancy—to the constant glow of kind and pure affection, which characterise the writings of Mr Hunt. It may induce them to think that it is they who receive, not give, the kindness, in assisting to raise an honest and able man from a hard crisis of undeserved misfortune.

*** The above notice with which we have been furnished affords us an opportunity of stating that a proposal has been set on foot to publish Mr. Leigh Hunt's poetical works by subscription,—they will be corrected by himself, and contain a New Poem, in two cantos, the first of any length he has written for many years. To their honour be it said, men of the most opposite politics have united on this common ground of literary fellowship—the names of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Sharon Turner, and D'Israeli, are to be met in juxta-position with those of Lords Holland, Dover, Mulgrave, and John Russell, Francis Jeffrey, Macauley, Sheil, Bowring, the venerable Godwin, and Thomas Campbell. Yet as *our* work chiefly comes under the notice of men attached to the more liberal politics, we will not scruple to remind them, that one of the firmest, staunchest, most enduring friends to liberty, one true to her cause in poverty and in prison, has been that Man who now appeals—not to charity but to justice. Let us who hail the coming victory of Reform, who "share the triumph and partake the gale," remember those who, in the hour of trial, were staunch when the world was lukewarm, and to whose silent, patient, unbought exertions, we owe that advance in public opinion which we now celebrate. Ours is the victory, but theirs the honour! E. L. B.

SPRING. BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

Again the violet of our early days
Drinks beauteous azure from the golden sun,
And kindles into fragrance at his blaze;
The streams, rejoic'd that winter's work is done,
Talk of to-morrow's cowslips, as they run.
Wild apple, thou art blushing into bloom!
Thy leaves are coming, snowy-blossom'd thorn!
Wake, buried lily! spirit, quit thy tomb!
And thou, shade-loving hyacinth, be born!
Then, haste, sweet rose! sweet woodbine, hymn the morn,
Whose dewdrops shall illume with pearly light,
Each grassy blade that thick embattled stands
From sea to sea, while daisies infinite
Uplift in praise their little glowing hands,
O'er every hill that under heav'n expands.

SONGS FOUND IN A GRECIAN URN.

It was in the Autumn of 1830 that I left Oxford, in company with two friends of my own College, upon a journey I had long meditated through Greece and Asia Minor. I had been reading with incessant earnestness for a double first class, and although I was fortunate enough to obtain the object of my ambition, it was dearly purchased by a melancholy exhaustion of mind, and a still more serious injury to my bodily health. The energies of the understanding had been overwrought, and their relaxation was proportionate to their tension. The reader may easily imagine with what delight I packed up all my college books, without much regard to neatness or regularity, and having selected only an old interleaved Homer — it had been my father's!—and a few leaves of Dr. Clarke's Travels, I bade adieu for some months to the City of the Muses.

It was quaintly observed, I believe by Sir Philip Sidney, "that the best scholler is fittest for a traveller, as being able to make the most useful remarks," and without admitting the truth of the aphorism universally, its justice may be generally acknowledged; but as neither I nor my companions undertook the tour with the intention of publishing an account of it on our return, we neglected to inquire whether or not our learning were equal to our enthusiasm. We did not, like Michaëlis, expect to find the identical tables upon which the laws of Moses were graven, among the ruins of Palestine; nor to bring back, like Ibn Batuta, in a fly leaf of our Journal, the exact length and breadth of our Saviour's footsteps. We had formed humbler hopes and more rational expectations. We did not wander among the plains of Troy, like Lady Montague, with the tale of La Fontaine more vividly in our recollection than the hero's who had consecrated the banks of the Simois and the Scamander. The feelings of my companions fortunately accorded with my own, and we listened to the nightingales singing above the violets of Colonos, and beheld the moonlight breaking in among the reeds of the poet-loved Ilissus, as the wind bowed them to and fro, with equal sentiments of delight. We were absent during several months, but I look back to the time passed in Cyprus as the most grateful in its associations. The heart must indeed "thrill and the pulse quicken at the very names of Paphos and Amathus." Homer celebrates the island in his glorious verse.

"Σιυατ' επι Τροιην, προλιπουσι ευωδεα Κυπριν."

The three days we spent at Baffa, (which is supposed to stand on the site of the ancient Paphos,) where Venus was carried by the Zephyrs from the golden waters, formed a summer 'eam of celestial phantasies. But the principal modern town Nicotia, and here we took up our abode in the house of M. e ——, to whom we had letters of introduction. The worship of the Queen of Love is not yet forgotten among the ladies of Cyprus, and Pococke considered their dresses to be such as ought to distinguish the descendants of the Idalian Enchantress. During his sojourn at Athens, Chateaubriand was waited on by a female clothed in the

drapery of the old Greeks, and distinguished by those very undulating folds which characterise the ancient statues. We had equal reason to congratulate ourselves upon our good fortune while residing in Nicotia. Our fair attendant was in her fifteenth year and exquisitely beautiful; her eyes, which were peculiarly large and brilliant, possessed that extraordinary richness of colour which the Greeks expressed by the word *υγρον*, and to which the Persian poet might have alluded when comparing his love to the golden stag of the morning. The reader, I doubt not, remembers the picturesque account given by Clarke of the women of Cyprus. Their costume has undergone no variation in the course of years, and Ægle, (the name we gave to one beautiful *demoiselle*,) still "dyed her hair of a fine brown colour" by means of the henna, teaching it to fall behind in long braids, while in some of the ringlets near the face she was fond of weaving "blossoms of the jessamine" in a graceful and fanciful manner. Like all Greek women she had wreathed several golden coins in her hair, and we were unsuccessful in all our endeavours to persuade her to part with any of them. We may trace this mode of decoration as far back as the Trojan war. We read in the second Iliad, when Euphorbus falls beneath the spear of Menelaus,

"His locks which e'en the Graces might have own'd,
Blood sullied, and his ringlets wound about
With twine of gold and silver, swept the dust."

The more fashionable young men of Athens used to fasten their curls with golden pins. The soldiers of Ali Pacha had their hair close shaven in front and flowing down behind. But we are wandering from our charming friend, and if the reader could have seen her for an instant in her upper tunic of rose-coloured silk embroidered in gold, and her long scarlet pantaloons, he would readily allow that an absence from such a creature could never be voluntary.

We had been wandering all day among the scenes of beauty which surrounded us, and were ruminating in that delicious state of languor which Thomson paints in the "Castle of Indolence," when we were suddenly startled by the entrance of Ægle, bearing a very elegant vase, which the now practised eyes of myself and companions discovered to be one of the finest specimens of the later manufacturers. But the object which immediately attracted our attention, to the total oblivion of the urn and its makers, was a collection of MSS. which the young Greek assured us had been found in the urn.

The MSS., which seemed to be the production of the second or third century, were in excellent preservation, and I was enabled on my return to Oxford, with the assistance of the learned and benevolent Professor G——, to make a very perfect text, from which the following translations have been made. The poetry, I think, may be assigned to about the second century of the Christian era, and, in one instance, perhaps to a still later period; I allude to the song which I have entitled *The Athenian Lover to his Mistress*, in which we trace the affected yet picturesque features which distinguished the euphuism of the graceful and musical Philostratus. The touching fragment from Euripides, which I found prefixed to it, evinced however that the popularity of the great Master of Tears was then undimi-

nished. The poem itself may be considered indeed an amplification of the idea contained in the very exquisite lines which I subjoin.

" Γυναι, φιλον μεν φεγγος ηλιου τοδε,
Καλον δε τουτου χευμ' ιδειν ευηνεμον,
Γη τ' ηρινον θαλλουσα, πλουσιον θ' υδωρ,
Πολλων τ' επαινον εστι μοι λεξαι καλων.
Αλλ' ουδεν ουτω λαμπρον, ουδ' ιδειν καλον,
Ως τοις απαισι και ποθω δεδηγμενοις,
Παιδων νεογνων εν δομοις ιδειν φαος."—*Eurip. Frag. Danae.*

THE FIRST-BORN.*

" Beautiful, O woman! the sun on flower and tree,
And beautiful the balmy wind that dreameth on the sea;
And softly soundeth in thine ear, the song of peasants reaping,
The dove's low chaunt among the leaves, its twilight vigil keeping.

And beautiful the hushing of the linnet in her nest,
With her young beneath her wings, and the sunset on her breast.
While hid among the flowers, where the dreamy bee is flitting,
Singing unto its own glad heart, the poet-child is sitting.

It stirreth up the soul, upon the golden waves to see,
The galley lifting up her crowned head triumphantly—
Io! Io! now she laugheth like a Queen of Araby,
While Joy and Music strew with flowers the pathway of her Chariotry!

And beautiful unto thy soul, at summer time to wait,
Till Moonlight with her sweet pale feet, comes dancing to thy gate;
Thy violet-eyes uptuin'd unto thy love with timid grace,
He feels thine arm about his neck, thy kisses on his face.

Beautiful, O gentle girl, these pleasant thoughts to thee,
These chosen sheaves, long harvested within thy memory!
But when thy face grows dim, with weariness and care,
Thy heart, forgetting all its songs, awaketh but to prayer!

Thou lookest for a gleeful face, thine opening eyes to greet,
While coldness gathers on thy breast, the shadow round thy feet—
Beautiful, O woman, the green earth and the flowers may be,
But sweeter in that hour the voice of thy First-born Child to thee!"

The next may be taken as a specimen of the quaint, yet in my opinion, beautiful love-songs so universally admired in the decline of Grecian literature. The idea contained in the first stanza is the same we meet with so frequently in the epistles of the erotic writers of the third and fourth centuries. *Ποσακις σοι τους οφθαλμους ανεωξα, οτι απελθης*, which may be rendered—" How often have I opened my eyes that thou mayest depart!"

THE ATHENIAN LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

" The spirit of mine eyes is faint
With gazing on thy light;
I close my eyelids, but within,
Sweet, thou art shining bright,
Sitting amid the purple gloom,
Like a flower-bird at night!

* We cannot resist the temptation of begging the reader, who in these days seldom willingly turns to verse, to note, in despite of a few occasional affectations, the exceeding beauty of some of the following lines.—Ed.

Thy beauty walketh by my side
 By the green-wood, on the sea;
I hear thee in the bird that sings
 Upon the orange tree;
Thy face upon the haunted streams
 Is looking up to me.

Gentle one, in grief I linger
 Beside the glimmering nest,
Till evening sinketh in the flowers,
 Like a weary fawn to rest,
Yea, my heart is sick with longing
 To dream upon thy breast!

From the dark of their golden lids
 Thy singing eyes look out,
Like doves in the olives hearing
 The shepherd's jocund shout,
As he wandereth with his pipe
 The sunny glen about.

I have opened mine eyes—
 Thy beauty will not part,
But thy feet are dancing round me,
 Lovely! that thou art—
The sweet breath of thine eyes doth fall,
 Like odour on my heart!"

The "sweet breath of the eyes," which might have been applied by the euphuist of Queen Elizabeth's time to the eyes of his lady-love, may be traced to the *πνευματα ομματων* of Philostratus, and so may the image which paints the face of his love dwelling in his eyes, to the *ενδον τι*, of the same author. I remember a passage in an Arabic ode almost similar in its sentiment. "Thou declarest that *her abode is in thine eye, and when thou closest it, in thine heart.*" The Indian poets, with a like extravagant imagery, celebrate "the maiden's eyes which played like a pair of water-birds with azure plumage," and in other places by a metaphor equally daring, celebrate "the antelopes of her eyes." I have only space for one more:—

TO AN ARCADIAN CHILD SLEEPING.

"Sleep on—sleep on—the silver flowers
 A pillow for thy head may be,
While Evening with her band of hours
 Sits by thee silently.

From morning in the vine-yards straying—
 Sweet child, so fair and meek!
She lieth down, and tired of playing,
 Darkens the bright grass with her cheek.

One arm upon her eyes she foldeth,
 O'er which her hair is softly fann'd,
And still with fainting grasp she holdeth
 The lilies in her hand.

Oh—wake her not! the forest streams
 With balmy lips are breathing rest;
Nor stir the garland of sweet dreams
 Which Sleep hath bound upon her breast."

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Suicide of Mr. Fletcher—The Delicacy of Affection—Copyright in Music—Ultimus Romanorum: the last of the Jockies—Cholera, or No Cholera—The Banker-Premier—Labours of the Court of Review—Governesses—The Ugliness of Cambridgeshire.

Suicide of Mr. Fletcher.—Everybody knows the physician's receipt to prepare cucumber for the table—the careful paring, the thin slicing, the due admixture of vinegar and pepper, and then the unexpected ejection out of the window. We should give similar instructions for the rearing of an author—let him be carefully trained at school, spare no expense at college, give him every advantage of instruction and society, and then—let him shoot himself. We never gave this admirable recipe to poor Mr. Fletcher, the author of the "History of Poland," but he seems to have had a due sense of its truth and value, and what is more, to have taken it. To be sure he was young, amiable, well-informed, able with his pen, ardent in his temper, and of considerable energy of mind; but who wants these qualities? a little money is far better, a little rank or family connexion is worth a wilderness of such qualities. The bar is overstocked with brilliant talent; every one knows this obvious truth; the church has no demand for education or ability; the public service is content with the offshoots of an ancient line, or a wealthy or titled house. What is a poor man of talent and education to do? the alternatives presenting themselves to the mind of Mr. Fletcher were, to become usher in a school or to write a book; the situation of coal-whipper on the Thames is not to be had without a recommendation from the Trinity House, and the post of ticket-porter is by no means so easily procured as some may imagine. Mr. Fletcher chose book-writing, followed naturally by long labour on his own part, and bills at long dates on the part of his publisher. The alternatives then were changed in character and multiplied in number; starvation, pistols, prussic acid, a halter or a handkerchief, and the chilly Thames, "sullen and slow," as it darkles under the gloomy arches of Westminster or Waterloo. Pistols were the readiest, and the author of the generous history of the struggles of Poland ended all his own earthly trials by the payment down on the nail of one ounce of lead. Education is a famous thing, but the art of getting a livelihood is really a subject that ought to be attended to in this world. It is the duty of "parents and guardians," to teach youth that they may as well hope to get a living by blowing soap-bubbles or shooting at a mark, as by literature as a profession. The errors and fatal mistakes committed on this head are painfully numerous, and to discuss them would carry us far beyond the limits of a note.

Suicide is, however, to say the least, a foolish thing; let any young man similarly situated, sell his books and instruments, buy a short jacket and an axe and cut his way to the backwoods of America. He had better be a squatter than a bill sticker, or even than a corpse.

The delicacy of Affection.—Reflection is so little able to keep pace with publication, and people are so much more given to writing than thinking, that when a work appears, in which, in the course of three volumes, we may glean here and there some scattered fragments of original observation and acute remark, which at the same time will stand the test of examination, we are pleased and congratulate ourselves. "The Opera," a novel, has claims of this kind; there are numerous shrewd observations which prove the authoress to be a thinker as well as a smart writer. The following reflection is one of those observations which, though perhaps never written down before, must be acknowledged as true as well as remarkable, as soon as it is read.

"How strange, how passing strange, the reluctance which renders it so difficult to address a person, with whom we live in the confidence of individual affection, on any subject

involving the impulses of human tenderness! Day after day did I converse with Wrottesly Maldyn on the holiest of mysteries, the most appalling responsibilities of mortal nature; but I found it impossible to turn towards him with the simple inquiry of 'My brother, how hast thou sinned? My brother, whom hast thou loved?'"—We can scarcely understand how a woman got at this truth.—Opera, vol. i. p. 209.

COPYRIGHT IN MUSIC.—The new manager of the Italian Opera is said to be about to ask the Chancellor to put down the Devil (of Normandy) at any theatre but his own. Mr. Mason, it appears, has bought the score, but Drury Lane has got the notes, and we are to have Lord Brougham among the fiddlers. Meyerbeer, the Composer, it is said, had a right to dispose of his own opera, and he has sold it to the manager of the Italian theatre; on the other hand, the *re*-composer of the opera has heard it in the theatres of France, and has thought himself entitled to make *notes* as he heard them, and repeat them for the benefit of the public and himself.

Mr. Mason and his lawyers must proceed (if they proceed at all) on the right of an author to sell his works in foreign countries, after having published them in his own. We do not see that any difference can be established in favour of musical ideas over other ideas, and if Mr. Meyerbeer had written a novel of Robert the Devil, instead of an opera, and published it in Paris, would he be entitled to complain of its being reprinted here or in America? He certainly would not. The only condition on which he could establish copyright, would be, contemporaneous publication in the two or more countries, through the medium of the interests of citizens in each country. Suppose Mr. Monck Mason had *not* bought the score of Meyerbeer, should we still have been deprived of the pleasure of hearing his operas? this is not maintained for a moment; then, after publication in any country of a desired work, how are we to proceed? we cannot copy it, for how do we know that the score or the MS. is not actually bought by some one who may or may not choose to publish it, and after perhaps expending considerable sums upon the getting-up or printing of the affair, some possessor of a dormant right may spring up and scatter all our preparations to the winds.

If there is any thing clear in this difficult matter of copyright, it is the usage that the claims of an author or composer do not extend beyond the country or countries of original publication.

Musical ideas differ from others in this, that their language is universal. When a musical composer writes, he uses an alphabet and a language common to all Europe. His thoughts require no translation. Rossini spoke perfect English on his piano. This point alone makes for a reservation in favour of music, but the reservation never has been made, and never will be made, until Europe is one universal republic, and then there must be an arrangement with the transatlantic world.

ULTIMUS ROMANORUM. THE LAST OF THE JOCKIES.—BUCKLE is dead! How strangely local is fame; this is an announcement which our readers perceive without emotion, and yet at Tattersall's the sentence sounded heavily, and gave a quiver to hearts that only respond to the reverberation of hoofs and the chinking of guineas. Yes! the news seemed to affect the odds of life for an instant; sweepstakes and handicaps lost their charms. No one backed the favourite! for he who had backed so many had done his race and not won, but probably lost all, assuredly his life. His last race was a dead heat. His last weighing machine was the arms of his sable bearers; they had but a small burden; a three years' old would have made light of it. Buckle is no longer on the turf, but under it; instead of his black waistcoat and white sleeves, or his red vest slashed with yellow, the colours of his glory, he has assumed the churchyard livery—

"Grass-green, turned up with brown."

Those hands which we have so often seen "making play," whip now in one, now in the other, nicely handling and working the bit; a dazzling sight to see as they scintillated to and fro as he might be coming in easy, or going it hard, are now stretched in stiffened repose by his sides, as quiet as those of the effigy of a crusader cut in stone in a country church-yard.

How poor is the fortune of those shandy legs, on the active plying of which so many hundreds of thousands have depended, when greaved with shining leather and armed with lancing steel, all brilliant for the battle. Alas! alas! the tight little saddle is changed for a coffin pillow, and the gay horse-cloth, trimmed with blue, for one of cere, all white. Play or pay, the race is done, the judge is in his box, and the rivals of poor Buckle, ye Chiffneys and Robinsons! may now walk across the course, for a brief space.

If an ancient Greek, a winner at Elis, could have been but blessed with a vision of one of our winners at Newmarket or Doncaster, how he would have made the welkin ring with laughter! Could he but have seen little Buckle, for instance, he who has been crowned and double-crowned a thousand times, whom the nobles of the land, yea! princes have delighted to honour, whom they have gloried in, coveted, courted, shaken by the hand, clapped on the back, all but bribed! That which makes a jockey mars all other men. Buckle weighed next to nothing, such weight as he had was made by strings, in courtesy called muscle; he was little, to dwarfishness; great only in the bow of his legs; it was plain to look at them that he could grasp in femoral embrace the biggest colt that was ever dammed; and here was his *forte*, a perfect Flibbertygibbet, his dimensions lay where they were not seen but felt. Nature had moulded his *os femoris* upon the rib of a horse; and then his feet, how a dancing-master would have turned up his nose at them! assuredly he never could have turned out his toes; but then his heels turned out and his toes met in loving kindness. Buckle could not walk, few real horsemen can, but they can waddle, and so did he; his lower extremities were ridiculous off horseback, but on it they were a bootsfull of grace; his face, however, was always, on or off the saddle, venerable, nay, awful, gaunt, hollow, lined, eloquent of trials many long and strong, deep, cunning, alive, quiet, but ready to overwhelm the querist with a rolling glance of unutterable knowledge. Buckle, adieu! as Sir Robert Adair eloquently said over the grave of General Belliard; Buckle, adieu! The earliest work of art the writer of this remembers, was an admirable Dightonish portrait of Buckle and his master, the incomparable Mellish: admirable likenesses both, and charmingly pregnant with character, life, and sport, forming together a most delightful contrast of tall, short—aristocratic, plebeian—noble, mean—thorough-bred, under-bred, but small boned—confidence, cunning—high-crowned, jockey-capped—mustachio'd, smug-lipped—graceful, stunted—poplar, pollard—in short, nature against art.

Cholera, or No Cholera.—"Under which King, Bezonian? speak or die!" Of all classes that ever distinguished themselves for absurdity, none have ever exceeded the doctors. The history of medicine is the history of folly and quackery; and whether the profession has arrived even now at any certainty is an uncertainty, for assuredly the next age will have undone all that this prides itself in doing; for such is and has been the invariable course of the iatric art. Cholera has traversed the globe and finds our doctors still in a hubbub of ignorance and doubt. We sent doctors *en poste* half over Europe to meet it and conduct it with decent respect to our shores, and now we do not know whether it has arrived or not, or whether that which has arrived, is or is not something which has been here a long time. It would appear indeed that we have been unconsciously visited by the Cholera for upwards of a year: if this be the case, then Cholera is not terrible when he comes *incog*. He is only a formidable visitor when invested with bills of health, when his course is marked by quarantine, and the doctors put his arrival into the Court Circular, and announce and record his progress as they do that of other powerful scourges. If any thing is clear in this obscure matter it is, that all the Government has done has been *mischief*. They have caused alarm when they should have allayed it; they have made no preparation, but a great deal of noise. If they had been quiet, they would have done no harm; being active, they have done no good: they are cursed with the curse of inefficiency. Their motto in history will be re infecta.

The Banker-Premier.—France will never be a settled country as long as a banker is Prime Minister. The French are the most suspicious people in the

world; and as long as a bad motive, more especially of a pecuniary kind, can be assigned, it will be attributed in every variety of form. Again, on the other hand, when their suspicions are directed against their own countrymen, we are not sure that they are unfounded: the modern passion of France is the glory of being a millionaire; perhaps no political honesty can stand against it. Political parties have been so shifted and shuffled there for the last half century, that the game is held to be pretty much like a game of cards. No Englishman is to be trusted in horse-dealing, but it is a solitary piece of national dishonesty, a kind of monomania. The dishonesty of France is political; its public virtue, we suspect, is to be placed with the *rebus deperditis* of Pancirollus. The Genius of Trick can find no fitter chapel than the cabinet of a banking fundholder: when the same person becomes a Minister and fund-master, what is to be expected?—public dishonour and private fraud, but all under the cloak of the most decent love of order. The mercantile honour of this country is of a high tone compared with that of France, but we should exclaim woe to England when a banker is placed in the post of Premier. A money-dealer has but one measure of value, he is always ready to *discount* the national honour.

Perier is accused every other day of some pawnbroking transaction—the last on the *tapis* is Princess Lichtenstein's jewels, which he is rumoured to have got hold of at a Jewish price, through the instrumentality of a pawnbroker, and which Madame Perier is said now to wear. We suppose there can be little doubt that neither the Premier, nor his master, would refuse any profitable proposal of any kind: were we blessed with moveable treasure, we confess we know no more likely chapman to whom we could take them than Louis Philippe, the great landlord of the Palais Royal. In return, we suspect his throne might be had a bargain: it is no easy chair; the cushions are like the newly-invented ones, made of steel-springs—light enough for ordinary wear, but a sudden shock or unexpected jolt will send the luckless sedent out of the carriage. The French have a mode of treating the Bourbons which has been handed down from father to son: a Bourbon is never good for anything till he is thumped and kicked. This was the creed of the Duc de Lauzun; he found it answer amazingly well with Mademoiselle the sister of Louis XIV., and when her grandniece fell in love with Riou, his relative, he told him in so many words that the only way with a Bourbon was to beat him, or her, as it might be. Riou followed his advice, and reduced the Duchess of Berri into the same passionate attachment by means of excessive bad treatment, that the Duc de Lauzûn had succeeded in producing in her great aunt.

Labours of the Court of Review.—The intervals of business in our Courts of Law are exceedingly favourable to the production of wit: though a young barrister may not command a brief, he can a pun. He has no notes to take, but as long as judges wear wigs he can draw caricatures. The Bankruptcy Court has been a prolific source of fun, and more especially the Court of Review, which has four judges and nothing to do. The itch for turning themselves and the great Bankrupt Job into ridicule has even mounted to the Bench. This is his Honour *Judge Rose's last.* When Mr. Tancred, after receiving his silk gown, made his appearance in Court, he was informed from the Bench, as is usual, that this honour had been conferred upon him, and he was desired to take his seat within the bar; it is then the courtesy to ask him whether he has any motion to make.—Mr. Tancred was accordingly asked—he had none of course—nobody else had. The Court then rose, the Chief Judge observing, there being no business before the Court to-day, it would meet again to-morrow, when, added his Honour *Rose sotto voce*, the *Opera of Tancredi will be repeated.*

Governesses.—An excellent story appeared not long since in a book on education relative to governesses. A lady wrote to her son requesting him to look out for a lady such as she described, and such as is ordinarily expected in a governess; that is to say, all-accomplished, with the disposition of an angel. The gentleman wrote back saying that he had long been looking out for such a person, and that when he found her, he should not recommend her for a go-

verness for his mother, but take her for a wife for himself. The following advertisement is actually cut out of the *Times* of one of the days of the last month :—

"Wanted, in a gentleman's family, a young lady, as Nursery Governess, to instruct two young ladies in French, music, and singing, with the usual branches of education, and to take the entire charge of their wardrobe. She must be of a social disposition and fond of children, and have the manners of a gentlewoman, as she will be treated as one of the family. Salary twelve guineas per annum."

What shall we say to this modest offer? How much does this "gentleman" give his housemaids? Let us enumerate what the reasonable man would have for twelve guineas per annum :—

French language.
Music.
Singing.
Usual branches of education—that is to say, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, &c.
The charge of the wardrobe of two young ladies, which implies the art of dress-making, and the practice of a sempstress, and the habit of order.
A social disposition, which means amiable address, and the being willing to take a hand at whist when the children are gone to bed, whether she is tired to death or not.
The manners of a gentlewoman.

In return for the application of all these qualities to the improvement and amusement of a whole house, it seems there are persons who will "treat her as one of the family," and, to boot, give her twelve guineas per annum! And are creatures at all answering to this description to be had for twelve guineas per annum? If it be so, we think the fact should be made known, for we are much mistaken if there are not thousands of gentlemen in this country who would freely give that sum, and throw a hand into the bargain.

The Ugliness of Cambridgeshire.—In a very interesting work lately published, Greene's Reminiscences of Robert Hall, of Leicester, there is a minute account of that great preacher's madness, and his own ideas respecting it after his recovery. Mr. Hall was resident at Cambridge at the time, and it is singular that he attributes in part the derangement of his intellect to the intense barrenness and ugliness of the neighbourhood of this celebrated University. It is true that the very dæmon of desolation reigns around the haunts of the Musæ Severiores. When Hall was asked if Cambridgeshire were so devoid of the picturesque as it had been described, he replied "Yes, Sir, it is indeed to the eye, dreary—it is naked, without foliage, without trees, except that, here and there, a stunted willow astonishes the traveller, as though *Nature were putting up signals of distress.*" When Mr. Hall recovered, he would not lodge in Cambridge. Shelford is the pleasantest village in the neighbourhood of the town, and he had a house there; but he was still too much in the desert; and removed to Foulmire, a distance of eight miles from the place he did duty in at Cambridge. It was probably this very forlornness which caused the site of the University to be chosen for its present purpose—wisely or not, is a subject of great doubt. The effect upon the studies and temper of the place is intense, and what is remarkable, we do not think it has ever been observed. It drove Hall mad; but all are not of his sensitive and imaginative turn: its operation on the society of Cambridge is to drive every individual upon his own resources; there is no dissipation of mind to be derived from the pursuits or beauties of the country: thus everything becomes intense—even dullness as well as dissipation, and drunkenness, as much so as the loves of the triangles. There is no withdrawing from the sight of men and rivals except to the solitude of the chamber; the area of the University, town, and neighbourhood, is one dead unbroken flat; no one can ever take a walk without being watched and criticised for a mile before he is met. A student is not in such a place to be beguiled into exercise, he must take it perforce; see him striding so many miles in so many minutes, as if he were walking for a wager: he is walking, in fact, for a prize—

alone, or else in unlinked fellowship, lest the restraint of union should cheat the limbs of their due motion, or retard the progress of the whole body. All this time not an object occurs to withdraw the mind from dwelling upon its own reflections, or perhaps the repetition of its morning studies, unless it be the distant vision of some rival for honours walking faster or shorter, and thus getting an advantage by stealing something from Nature to give to Newton: the sight is enough to give fresh impetus to both thoughts and action, and does not assuredly stimulate the healthy purposes of exercise.

The ugliness of the country has also prevented the place from being colonized by others than those immediately connected with the University; consequently both fellows and students have no advantage from mixing with persons of different pursuits, and are again thrown back upon themselves—there is no society except the fellowship of the gown. A set of men of like habits meet together and confirm and exaggerate their common pursuits and opinions; in a short time, therefore, whether it happen to be horse-racing or wrangler-racing, or any other passion, it takes entire possession of the soul, and is quickly blown up into a most unnatural importance. Perhaps in no place in the world, unless it be in a prison or a condemned colony, do men work themselves into such an intemperate and self-consuming degree of over-consciousness as in Cambridge.

The Lion's Mouth.

"Aliena negotia centum."—*Horat.*

We do not often bring political pamphlets before the notice of our readers; but we have to speak in very high terms of one that has just been published by Mr. Ridgeway, called "Present Prospects. By a Member of Parliament." It is wholly unlike any other political pamphlet we have ever read; it is neither pert, personal, nor snappish; but is composed in a calm, deep, large spirit of philosophy, belonging rather to the better order of French politicians than to the *kestrel* petulance that distinguishes the English. The style, though not free from occasional blemishes, is generally eloquent and vivid, and sometimes characterised by remarkable beauties. The part that relates to the creation of Peers, and the situation of the House of Lords, while entirely free from noise and blustering, is more reflective and profound than any writings we have yet met on that subject. Most sincerely we recommend "Present Prospects" to every one desirous of forming conclusions with regard to the future. We shall, perhaps, return again to this pamphlet next month.

A Poem on Liberty:—

"Strike up the lyre
With chords of fire."

We have done so—with a sea-coal fire.

We have to thank a Correspondent in Yorkshire for some very curious particulars respecting "Eugene Aram," an interest concerning whom has lately been revived by Mr. Hood's poem, and, perhaps, other literary fictions. Our correspondent has in his possession a MS. of Eugene Aram's, in which, while in prison, and the probable sentence of death hanging over him, that singular man pursues his etymological labours with an undisturbed calmness, worthy an ancient Stoic. He entreats those who read his work to reflect, that (we quote his own words,) "I have neither book, papers, or any material to assist me: every quotation, and all I produce, must be entirely derived from memory alone." At another time, he writes to a gentleman, asking for the loan of some books, and among others, a *Catullus!*—"They will be very acceptable," he writes, with a touching simplicity, "divert the tediousness of these hours, and alleviate a few

of the many dissatisfactions of this place." So strong to the death is the passion for knowledge when deeply imbibed!

"Russelton" may employ his pen with advantage upon a better topic than the one of which he writes. It is impossible to touch filth without being defiled.

We have received an early copy of the third volume of the German Prince's Tour, but not early enough to make it the subject of an article. We can merely indicate the general character of the contents. This volume, though the third as respects the time of publication, forms in fact the commencement of the Tour. The first Letter contains a sentimental adieu to Julia, a visit to Saxe Weimar, and an interesting conversation with Göthe, who is made to utter some depreciatory remarks on the Waverley Novels. The second is devoted to Holland, of which he took a cursory view on his way. The third lands his Highness in England, where we find him during all the remainder of the book, the same clever, caustic, intelligent, and prejudiced observer as our readers have already seen him in Ireland and Wales. We could not enumerate, in the short space that is left, a tithe of the objects described. Suffice it to say, that he visits all the haunts of the English aristocracy--Brighton, Newmarket, and the mansions of our principal nobility amongst the rest; and the best of our national institutions; in a word, sees everything and everybody worth seeing, and talks gaily, gravely, pertinently, or pertly about all—now scattering sophisms and apocryphal anecdotes, and now amply redeeming his affectations and absurdities by a burst of generous feeling, or a profound, social, or political truth. Puppy, fop, or adventurer, as he may be, this German Prince was certainly endowed originally with some of the best attributes of man; and we at least are at no loss to find out why the heart of the great and good Göthe should have warmed to him. According to the Weimar philosopher, it is not the occasional fretfulness, insensibility, or indiscretion, but the general tone and capacity, that form the criteria of character; he knows that it is no slight matter for a German noble to set himself free from the prejudices of his caste for one hour, though they should close around him more darkly the next; and the Prince's warm acknowledgement of the bounty of Providence and the real gladness of life would more than atone for the appeal to the eagles as the armorial birds of his family. Nor is it difficult to account for the indiscriminate abuse which, from certain quarters, has been showered upon him. He had seen too closely, and has described too graphically, the most revolting features of English aristocratical exclusiveness; and the work is translated by the wife of a Professor at the London University, a man of liberal—we mean just, generous, and enlightened—opinions.

There is not a word in this volume to ruffle prudery itself. This is one advantage of a transla*tress*. In a manly and ladylike preface,* (we hope a lady may possess the sense and spirit of our sex, with the delicacy and fine tact of her own,) she disclaims all coincidence with the Author's opinions, avows her entire ignorance of the class of society depicted by him, and declares that, far from wishing to print his personalities, she has done her best to involve them in additional obscurity. On turning to the original, we find that she has not merely softened, but actually omitted several. We would instance the story of Madame Vestris lighting a gentleman out of her house with his own 50*l.* note, with his sketches of the fair unfortunates of the theatres, and (we beg pardon for the juxta-position) of the Marchionesses of H—— and S——, and the Duchess of Cannizzaro. The Prince himself, by-the-by, is by no means so scandalous as he might have been. In speaking of Lady H——, he makes no allusion to royalty; and in mentioning a distinguished lady-amateur's *penchant* for singers, he puts *singer* in the feminine gender. All doubt as to the identity of the Author is at an end. Letters have been received from him acknowledging the work; and his portrait as "the supposed Author," stands as the frontispiece. It may interest our fair readers to be told, that Julia is his own wife, from whom he had been divorced before leaving Germany, and whom, we hear, he re-married on his return.

* The preface of our copy does not appear to have been corrected for the press.

A DEFENCE OF PLAGIARISM.

"My dear Lion:—

"I send you a little food, which I trust you will find agreeable. I am afraid you have fared rather scantily this month, but I trust your keepers have provided a regular and sufficient allowance of wholesome diet for the future. I have read of an Eastern monarch who was accustomed to feed a favourite tiger upon the brains of his captives. You appear to be uninfluenced, my dear Lion, by a passion for so barbarous a regimen, and I congratulate you on your gentleness; for I really know not how so costly a viand could be supplied at the present day in adequate quantities.

"The food I request your acceptance of, consists of a few poetical coincidences, hitherto, I believe, unnoticed. I say *coincidences*, for I am certain that you will agree with me in rejecting the absurd title of *plagiarisms*. La Bruyere has long since remarked that "La choix des pensées est l'invention." This doctrine, so perfectly lucid of itself, has been satisfactorily explained and enlarged by that acute logician, John Locke, a rumour of whose reputation may perhaps have reached you. He was accused by Archbishop Stillingfleet of publishing thoughts already extant in the works of others, and he replied to the following purport:—'To alleviate my fault, I agree with your Lordship that many things seem new to one that converses only with his own thoughts, which really are not so; but I must beg leave to suggest to your Lordship, that if in spinning them out of his own thoughts they may seem new to him, he is the inventor of them, and they may be justly thought his own inventions. The distinction of invention, or not invention, lying not in thinking first or not first, but in borrowing or not borrowing from another.' So far the author of the Essay on the Human Understanding. Permit me to offer an example, by way of illustration. In one of Dr. Watts's Hymns we meet with this line—

'Prayer is my native air.'

And if we turn to that touching little poem, 'What is Prayer?' by James Montgomery, we find

'Prayer is the Christian's native air.'

"A superficial critic would make a point at this singular resemblance. A plagiarism! a plagiarism! A moment's reflection, however, will enable us to perceive that it is only a curious coincidence. So again, in one of Mr. James Montgomery's minor poems—the 'Mole Hill,' I think—you find the dust of ages represented 'as startling into life;' and in the 'Omnipresence of the Deity,' by Mr. Robert Montgomery, the idea is given in all the sweeping majesty of an hexameter—

'The dust of ages startles into life!'

"I hope that no person will be found so utterly ignorant of the principles of composition as to suppose that the author of the 'Omnipresence' intentionally stole the thought of his namesake. The image of dust *startling into life* would naturally arise to the mind of a great genius. Unfortunately, the eye of a critic, as Dean Swift discovered many years ago, while it possesses the faculty of detecting the minutest error, is totally unable to appreciate the beauty of a vast composition. Hence it has been said, with great truth, that a true genius will always be known by the multitude of dunces which gather around him. When you are full in flesh, my dear Lion, pray try your claws upon this rabble. I shall reserve what I have to say upon this subject for a more fitting opportunity. But to return: You will be pleased to learn that a modern French writer takes even a stronger position than Locke. I allude to Louis Lemercier, who, in his brief introduction to 'Homere et Alexandre,' replies, with much truth and spirit, to the critics who accused him of stealing from Sophocles, Dante, &c. He observes that novices in literature can alone be ignorant that the true poetic art consists in arranging the materials of others, and appropriating the epithets and similes already employed by successful writers. The 'Æneid' is half made up of pilferings from the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey.' Nevertheless the 'Æneid' has attained some reputation; and even in the present day of poetic glory, Virgil is frequently placed in the first rank of minstrels, and spoken of in terms of praise—in some of our magazines.

"You will pardon the length of this letter, in consideration of the importance of its object. The theory of plagiarising once abolished, an end will be put to all illustrated editions of the Poets. We shall have no more poems with twenty parallel passages at the bottom of every page. I often wonder that a subject of such vital interest has not before called forth the pens of more able and erudite reasoners than myself. Without some protection, no man inspired by the Muses is safe; every paltry reviewer can put a plaster upon the lips of his poetry, and stifle it in a sack for ever. Charges of theft

from the Classics may be very easily advanced. An ill-natured reader might imagine that the following lines from the Persæ of Æschylus suggested a celebrated passage in 'Childe Harold:'—

'πολυγομφον οδισμα
Ζυγον αμφιβαλων αυχενι ποντου.'—*Persæ*. 71.

'Once more upon the waters, yet once more,
And the waves bound beneath me like a steed
That knows his rider.'—Canto i.

"We might also hint at the far more striking similarity of the Τοξαρχος and Αδην ποντιον of Æschylus to the *Lord of the Bow* and the *Hell of Waters* of the noble poet. Far be it from me to suppose that Byron was indebted to the Grecian bard for either of these ideas, even though Potter's translation was not unfrequently consulted by him. The only circumstance in favour of Æschylus, is the priority of his birth. These unhappy resemblances demonstrate the inconvenience of having an elder brother, especially if he be a poet.

"The clock has this moment struck two, and my lamp is going out; so good bye for the present.

"Ever, my dear Lion, faithfully your's,

"*Gray's-inn Square*, "VALENTINE ORSON."
"*Friday Evening, Feb.* 10."

CONNEXION OF IGNORANCE WITH CRIME.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

"GENTLEMEN:—

"Presuming that a few extracts from the Report on the Administration of the Criminal Law in France during the year 1830, will be interesting to your readers, I forward them to you. The Report was presented to the King, Louis Philippe, in January 1832,

"Relating to the affairs of the *Cours d'Assises*, in which the accused are tried by Jury.

"In 1830, these Courts judged 5068 causes *contradictairement* (*i. e.* the accused being present to offer defence), and 654 causes *par contumace* (*i. e.* when the accused have not been arrested, or having found means of escaping previous to judgment, could not offer defence). The first class of causes included 6962 accused persons, and the second class 787. On comparing these ciphers with those of 1829, there appear 438 suits, and 370 accused, less than in the former year. It must also be observed, that, among the affairs judged by the *Cours d'Assises* in the last year, thirteen, comprehending eighteen accused, were for political offences, or those of the press, which, under the ancient legislation, would have appertained to the correctional jurisdiction. Thus the real difference between 1829 and 1830, is 451 causes, and 388 accused.

"Of the 5068 causes judged *contradictoirement*, 3910 were for crimes against property, and 1158 for crimes against persons.* The proportion of these latter is constantly increasing; it was by 29 on 100 in 1825; 2[illegible] in 1826–27; 25 in 1828; 24 in 1829; and 23 in 1830. The ratio of the accused with the whole population of the kingdom, was, for 1829, 1 accused in 4321; for 1830, 1 in 4576.

"The 6962 accused, consist of 5608 men, and 1354 women. Females are, therefore, in the proportion of 19 in 100, as it was in 1828. In 1829, the ratio was 20 in 100. In personal crimes, the female proportion is 15 to 100; in crimes against property, 21 to 100.

"114 prisoners were under 16 years; 1161 were from 16 to 21 years. These numbers were, in 1828, 143 and 1278; in 1829, 117 and 1226. These numbers are therefore diminishing, and it is to be hoped that general instruction, which expands wider and wider daily, will render more and more rare the afflicting spectacle of infancy marching in the ranks of guilt, and led to the bar of criminal justice.

"Among the prisoners, were 3908 bachelors; 3151 either married or widowers; of which last number, 2472 were fathers of families. The social relation (*état civil*) of three only remained dubious.

"216 prisoners were not natives of France; 4932 were born and lived in the departments where they were tried. Of these, the proportion is (as in 1829) 71 in 100. This proportion is 35 in the department of the Seine; 38 in the Bouches du Rhone;

* The Law distinguishes crimes against persons, viz. murders, outrages, personal injuries, &c. from those against property—viz. arson, theft, &c.

53 in the Gironde; 73 in the Seine Inferieure. Such a difference in the departments containing the most populous and commercial cities, appears to prove that this double circumstance has not so great an influence as might have been expected on the relative number of malefactors who come from other departments to exercise in these last-mentioned ones their culpable industry.

"Relatively to instruction, the accused may be divided as follows: 4519 were entirely ignorant of reading and writing; 1826 possessed this knowledge imperfectly; 688 read and wrote well, and 129 had received a superior education.

"From this calculation it results that, in 1830 (as was also shown in 1829), more than three-fifths of the accused (61 & 62 in 100) knew not even how to read.

"The proportion of these ignorant prisoners is, in crimes against property, 63 in 100; and in crimes against persons, 59 in 100. Those accused of parricide were all completely illiterate.

"Among those accused of other crimes, the number of the ignorant, compared separately with the total number of each class, gives the following result: 56 in 100 for murders and assassination;* 51 for poisoning; 88 for infanticide; 57 for blows or wounds inflicted on their parents; 53 for other blows or wounds; 66 for false testimony and subornation of witnesses; 59 for rebellion; 74 for frauds; 15 for fraudulent bankruptcies; 67 for thefts of all species; and 69 for incendiarism. The sexual proportion of these, utterly ignorant of reading and writing, was, men, 58; women, 78 in 100. Among the prisoners under 21 years, 66 in 100 were utterly illiterate; from 21 to 40, 62; and above 40 years, 60 in 100.

"The professions are, as in 1829, separated into nine principal classes:—

"1st. Persons engaged in agriculture, forests, mines, and generally in the developement of the articles of primary use	2240
"2nd. Artisans in wood, iron, leather, &c.	1813
"3rd. Bakers, and persons who prepare food	225
"4th. Artisans in clothing and furniture	309
"5th. Persons engaged in the higher and lower classes of commerce and banking	455
"6th. Persons engaged in labour, or in the transport of goods, &c. by land or water	310
"7th. Persons who receive lodgers or boarders, who sell prepared food, domestics, &c.	848
"8th. Persons exercising liberal professions, or living on their income	374
"9th. Persons whose means of subsistence are unknown—vagabonds	388

"In the 1st class, the accused of crimes against persons are 32; against property, 69, in 100.

	PERSONS.	PROPERTY.
"2d Class	23	79 in 100
3rd —	24	76 —
4th —	21	79 —
5th —	11	89 —
6th —	25	75 —
7th —	16	84 —
8th —	33	67 —
9th —	17	83 —

"Thus, as had been already remarked in 1829, it is in the eighth class, the members of which, agreeably to their station or fortune, should have enjoyed the advantages of education, that the greatest relative number is found to be accused of crimes against the person. In comparing, however, the total number of the accused with those who are comprised in each class, it is found that the 1st class furnishes 32; the 2nd, 26; the 3rd, 3; the 4th and 6th, each 4; the 5th, 7; the 7th, 12; the 8th, 5; the 9th, 6, in 100.

"The Report is terminated by the observation, that, during the year 1830, which included the Revolution of July, justice has continued to be administered in a regular, unimpeded course, with few variations (and even those principally favourable), either in the celerity of pursuit or the power of repression; and that the amount of crime, which it was feared would be enhanced, has been ascertained, by arithmetical demonstration, to have been sensibly diminished."

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* The Law considers assassination to be essentially premeditated, whereas murder, may be committed without previous design or preparation.

TAXES UPON KNOWLEDGE.

Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer has given notice of a motion for the repeal of the Stamp duty upon Newspapers and the Excise duty upon Paper. This (in his belief) is that question above all others on which the true friends of the people may be distinguished from the false.

We are much obliged to our friend " W. P. G." of Clifton, but we should render ourselves liable to the Stamp duties, by giving the prices of books with the reviews of them. He will, however, find this matter satisfactorily arranged in the Literary Report of the month, published with each number.

We cannot receive critical notices from anonymous writers, and we happen to think somewhat differently from " P. S." relative to the drama of the Rent-day, and its author, who is deservedly popular.

" A," rejected, but such is not likely to be the case with hi next communication, if he send another. His genius may be safely employed upon a less frightful topic.

The proposed inscription for the Eldon Statue must be placed elsewhere.

It is a difficult matter for us to reject the poems by the author of " The Forsaken," &c. after perusing the letter that accompanied them. He must perceive, however, that we devote but a small space to such communications. If we lay aside his " earliest attempts," we have no doubt that we shall decide otherwise with regard to those he may hereafter write.

The gentleman who complains of our eulogium on the character of Windham, should have recollected that a note appended to the article described it as the production of one of the deceased statesman's *friends*, and therefore to be received with caution.

We are happy to comply with the request of a very deserving foreigner, Mr. Tasistro, whose plan of education (an improvement upon that of the late Mr. Hamilton) is now before us. We have heard from several persons whose means of judging we cannot doubt, that Mr. Tasistro is eminently successful in the course he adopts, and that a word of encouragement and recommendation may do him service: we willingly give it.

One of those very ingenious gentlemen, whose delight is in riddles, sends us a specimen of his abilities " in this line," in prose and verse, the former we insert; the latter, as he suggests, may serve to enlighten a cigar. What letters of the alphabet does a dancing-matter put in motion? *We* give it up.

" O. M. T." must know very little of us if he imagine us likely to lend our columns to forward any such object as that of which he is the advocate. He is evidently a very silly personage, but his clients are a pair of unprincipled poltroons, and the " line " he solicits for them should only be given by the common hangman.

Communications are left at the Publishers' for " Z. T."—" F. L."—" H. R." —" M. H. Esq."—" Candidus,"—" The Prodigal Son,"—" M. C. G."— " J. S."—" F."—"The Quarterly Review, No. 87,"—" A. U."—" A. S."— " G. M."—" W. E. T."—" A Christmas Poem,"—" J. B. G."—"N. A. A."— " G. E. I."—" Prejudices against Metaphysics."—and " Agricola."

We must decline, with thanks for the kindness of their intentions, the poetical offerings of " A Minstrel of the Plains,"—" S. B."—" M. M."—" C."—" G." —" H. E. D."—" Poictiers,"—" A. W."—" The Butcher's Boy."—" Junius."

THE

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1, 1832.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

A FEW PLAIN WORDS ON A GREAT QUESTION.

The Bill has been read a first time in the House of Lords. Two of the more influential of the Anti-Reformers—my Lords Harrowby and Wharncliffe, will not oppose the second reading, in consequence, it is said, of the understanding that previous, at least, to that great discussion, no additions are to be made to the Peerage. Be it so. But are Peers to be made afterwards? If so, when? Lord Grey positively declares—at least, so we are assured by those who would,

not deceive us—that he is ready the moment he foresees any obstacle in the Committee that requires a greater strength than Government possesses at present in the Upper House, to make the necessary creation. But who denies—does my Lord Grey even doubt—that those obstacles will be found, and the creation therefore necessary? Why not, then, we ask, as plain men, why not make it at once? "Because," reply Lord Grey's friends and confidents, "it is better that no Peers should be made for the second reading, though it may be necessary to make Peers for the Committee. Let the Anti-Reformers pass the principle, and then they can scarcely blame us if we call in new forces to carry the details of that measure the principle of which they themselves have sanctioned. Nor is it likely that so large a number would then be necessary. Several Peers, who will be Reformers if the creation be not made, will be Anti-Reformers if it be. They are delicate logicians, and do not care much for a small swamp at one stage of the Bill, if they escape a great swamp at another!" To me, however, this argument seems but a plausible sophistry. How can my Lord Grey foresee with so unerring an accuracy the exact portions of the Bill which will be objected to in the Committee? May he never be taken unawares! It is easy to say, *if necessary*, Peers shall be made. But the Necessity may come before the Creation! The Bill is read a second time; no Peers are made. Well! Schedule A is to be passed. That clause will be stoutly opposed. No one denies that the Harrowbys, who vote for the second reading, will oppose schedule A. My Lord Grey is now, therefore, called upon to make Peers: he makes (according to the principle by which he is reported to be actuated) the smallest number possible—he just pours enough democracy into the old channel to float off schedule A. But next comes schedule B. It is well known that many, very many Peers who will swallow the camels of schedule A, will strain at the gnats of schedule B. If your first little batch has been a moderate one, we shall now want a few more votes for schedule B. So presto!—off with a second batch! Then comes the 10*l.* franchise—may you not want a third batch for that? And lastly, the metropolitan districts!—may not a fourth, perhaps, be wanting for them? So that, instead of making one batch for one purpose, in a scholar-like and cleanly manner, we may be obliged to go on blundering, and sprawling, and sputtering out little batchkins of a dozen at a time; making use of the same violent struggles for three or four occasions, which would have sufficed for one, and swamping, as it is called, the House of Lords, not for one great and majestic end, but for a strictured and tedious series of ends. Either Peers are necessary, or they are not.

The whole juggling and legerdemain of "Not for the second reading," and "Certainly for the Committee," may do very well for the metaphysical subtleties of a college of schoolmen, but is not the broad and stern line of argument that becomes a great statesman. New Peers are necessary, or not. If they are necessary, as it is universally allowed, it is better to make them at once than at any subsequent stage. And for these simple reasons, which plain men can understand. By making them now, you remove anxiety, fear, suspicion among the people. By making them now, you put yourself beyond the power of surprise. Your delay makes you dependent on the caprice, the humour—(even be it said,) the honour of your enemies. Your firmness would make those enemies dependent on you. Which is the wiser policy? Good Heavens! what would the Burleighs or the Sullys have said of the men who *preferred* the former? By making Peers now, you can form an exact calculation of the requisite number to carry the whole Bill. If you make Peers for one schedule, as you propose, I assert that you cannot form that calculation. Every one who knows the constitution of the House of Lords, knows how difficult it is to ensure the attendance of a certain number of that indolent body on even the greatest measure. How often, if you persist in niggling and shaving off your party to its lowest possible majority, will you be in danger of a sudden division, a sudden defeat! If this risk has occurred in a House of Commons with an unparalleled majority—of men almost unequalled for vigilance and pertinacity of attendance, how much more will it be the case when you have stinted your lazy majorities to some ten or twenty votes, and task, for the first time, the patience and exertions of men who have so many Atalantas to allure them from the field of contest. If you, my Lord Grey, feel assured of your triumph, forgive the people; but they cannot sympathise with that assurance. You ask them to confide; you expect them to confide. My Lord Grey, they have done so; they do it still. They admire your genius; they revere your consistency; but they cannot forget, that in similar circumstances—with their confidence all your own—with the self-same hostages of that confidence that are yet plighted to you in the House of Commons—with the support of the King—with the voice of the people—with the (all but) unanimity of the press, as now,—you were yet defeated in that ordeal you are about again to pass:—can you blame the people if they now doubt, since they were then disappointed, and if they think themselves almost called upon to demand from your hands a *token* that the past *shall* not be renewed? My Lord, we have gone through a long period of anxious and deep suspense; our trade has been arrested, our commerce impeded; men's minds, unsettled and

disquieted, have turned to the discussion of questions, before the mighty import of which the caprices and humours of some dozen or two of holiday Lords sink into nothing. These are things that require a termination;—if the Bill is to be still that grand soother, which it once would indeed have been, nothing—it is vain to blink the matter—nothing will give that termination but the consciousness of your superiority—the certainty of the Bill's victory in the House of Lords. My Lord, there are men who begin to fear that in this dallying and complaisance with men divorced for ever from the people—this "sweet, reluctant, amorous delay"—the people themselves have been less thought of than the whims and carpings of a handful of their, and your own, enemies. The world, thank Heaven! has arrived at that pitch when the prejudices of a few men, not eminent for wisdom, even though they be Lords, do not seem entitled to that respect which is due to the settled reason of a nation. There are men who have said that "You may have deemed the injury and distress of thousands as nothing compared with a shock to the pride of your order." * My Lord, the time fast presses when an answer to this charge may come too late!

But take the very widest postulate that credulity could expect, or diplomacy realize—suppose, after all, that Peers are not required—suppose you pass the Bill without them—what then? The Bill is a means, not an end. The Bill passed, a Reformed Parliament assembled, how will this Tory Upper House agree with the Reformers of the Lower? Your enemies predict that there will be a collision between the two Assemblies. Make no Peers, make few Peers, make doubtful Peers, and you will verify their prediction. Bill after Bill the Lower House will send to the Upper. Will the same degrading process of cajolery, and wooing, and sugar-plumming the physic be again and eternally repeated? Are a nation of men to witness for ever the babying of these pampered nobles, and dandle and coax the great acts of legislation into existence? No! This is not a spectacle that you—the pride and boast of your order—can desire England should look upon, even would she tamely submit to it. New Peers—an infusion of the popular spirit—are exactly as necessary when the Bill is passed, as now, before the second reading. Why run (if it be only a risk) why, I ask, run the risk of delay? But it is said:—"Very likely Peers *may* be necessary to preserve the concord of the two Houses; but it would be better to make them without reference to one particular measure—the blow to the dignity of the Upper House will be less immediate—the precedent less dangerous."

My Lord, from whom does this distinction come—from whom proceeds this talk of dignity and precedent?—from the Anti-

* Examiner, Sunday, March 25.

reformers—from your enemies! Can you believe that they will not pour forth the same reproach, and the same menace, and the same prophecy—*whenever* the new Peers are made? If you make them after the Bill—will they not say with justice—"What!—there might have been some excuse for creating Peers when a Bill on which you considered the salvation of the Empire rested, was to be passed—But now—when the Bill *is* passed—where, in God's name, is the necessity of this wanton invasion.. Have you other Bills to thrust down the throats of our consciences? You talk of concord between the two Houses. What does that portend? What Bills will this monstrous Reformed Parliament purpose to send up to us? You will make Peers—who shall agree to the confiscation of Church Property, the election by Ballot, the abolition of the Corn Laws?—in what other popular Bills are we likely to disagree with the Parliament you have created?" My Lord, will not this be said—will not this be said, plausibly?—for my part it seems to me much more plausible than all I have heard alleged against a creation for one clear, defined and solemn purpose. But this is not all—the People will now joyfully bear you out in the creation they so anxiously await—they may doubt a little as to your motives in a creation hereafter—they may say that you desire not to strengthen the People, but to promote your friends—they may say that that Act which you could not perpetrate in order to ensure the safety of your country, you yet venture to achieve, in order to reward, or to confirm your Party. My Lord, Cæsar's character should be above suspicion. There is yet another consideration. The King (God bless him!) lives—may his years be long!—but the contingencies of human life are not precisely those which it becomes a wise legislator to omit from his calculations. Suppose between this time and that creation which you allow—or at least your immediate friends allow—ought hereafter to take place—it should please Heaven to afflict this country with the loss of William the Fourth—and the Regency of a personage by no means attached to your principles, or desirous to establish your power—could the creation then be so surely reckoned upon? And would it be any excuse to say—what?—that you had deferred the consummation of a necessary union between the two Great Assemblies of Parliament from that time when the power of doing it was in your hands—to that time when it was withdrawn? Looking forward to the jars and the strife between the unreformed Lords and the reformed Commons that must then ensue—I cannot think that the Lords would have much cause for gratitude in the effects of your indulgent procrastination.

In an admirable pamphlet,* which for its method, its temperance,

* "Present Prospects." Ridgeway, Piccadilly, 1832.

and its reasoning, is certainly the most able that has appeared this year—this eventful year—it is justly said "that it is impossible that so vast a change can be made in one part of the Government, without adapting the others to it. It is impossible that a government of the form of our's can be carried on by admitting the feelings that are abroad into one of the legislative assemblies, if we exclude them from the other. Every one must see, that when we create a House of Commons in the likeness of the people, it becomes necessary, for the well-conducting of the State, to connect it with the House of Lords, by making patricians of those who have the people's feelings."

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"It was the Ministers' duty, before their plan was brought forward, to have weighed well the difficulties they would have to encounter, and the means with which they were prepared to overcome those difficulties. Then was the moment to have been cold and prudent—it was the moment of reflection. Now is the hour to be resolute and bold—action has succeeded deliberation. If the measure were violent when it was proposed, the manner in which it has been received renders it no longer violent now. If many prudent and sensible Reformers differ as to what it might originally have been, most men of any sense and prudence whatsoever are agreed that now, it *ought to be carried.*"

My Lord, the individual who now approaches you, is one who has by a zealous and independent advocacy of that great Measure to which you will owe your future glory or disgrace—purchased the right thus boldly to address you. In this crisis, those are not the true friends, either of Minister or People, who stand mute and obsequious, neither warmed by the chances that may ruin one, or the rumours that agitate—or the convulsions that menace—the other. This long, this unseasonable parley with the foe, alarms your friends—it would seem, too, not to augur a full and clear perception of the sources of your power—the time is gliding by when some half-a-dozen noble votes are worth so pertinacious a wooing. The Press—crippled and fettered as it has been by imposts and monopolies—has yet sufficed to open new mines of Power, has made Talent what a more vulgar Nobility once was, and supplanted Party by the People. One able writer, my Lord, with the ink of truth in his pen, can shake your Ministry more perilously than the anger of twenty foolish Lords. The Peers you may gain at your will, but the Press can crush you the instant the People speak through its voice. The elephant that now carries you on its back, will trample on you if its guide give the signal. Your Peers you may influence, and buy, and threaten, and

overpower—but the Press, which your poor Lordlings affect to despise, is a power that you can only command by courage, and firmness, and good desert. This is not the time to wait for the tide to turn back. This is not the time to prefer to safe and certain Allies a few dangerous and equivocal Apostates—we know that you have the power in your hands—but at the moment when we most look for its exercise—we see only its inactivity.

——————" Seize the hour
Ere it slips from you.
* * * * * * *
Time long enough for wisdom, though too short,
Far far too short a time for doubt and scruple.
This is the moment—See, " a People's" Chieftains,
Our best, our noblest, are assembled round you.
——————When all
Lay in the far-off distance—when the road
Stretched out before thine eyes interminably,
Then hadst thou courage and resolve; and now,
Now that the dream is being realized,
The purpose ripe, the issue ascertained,
Dost thou begin to play the " Laggard" now?"

There was a certain Giant—nursery tales may not be unseasonable at a time when coaxing is become policy—there was a certain Giant who possessed a pair of seven-league boots, but while they were on his legs, and while he was just on the very spot where his puny prey had taken refuge, he thought fit to indulge in a most unseasonable fit of slumber—thereat Hop-o'my-thumb, the Londonderry of the day, fell to work at once—slipped off the seven-league boots—possessed himself of the wealth of their owner, and left the Giant to tumble from the rock on which he had seated himself, and wake to curse the singular disposition which should have chosen so unfortunate a time and place for going to sleep. My Lord, in these nursery fables there is a great deal of useful morality.



ASMODEUS AT LARGE, NO. III.

The Reform Bill the only hacknied subject to be considered news—Moonlight—Asmodeus and myself on our way to the Witches—Beauty of a river by night—Recollections—The Devil's account of the Opera and opinion of Mr. Monck Mason's management—Managers in general—A dreary heath—The mystic light—The Devil's description of fire—The impiety of attributing the Cholera to God—The old Abbey described—The Witches' meeting—The disturbance—Peace restored—Flirtation with a Witch—Kosem Kesamim—My account of the state of things in England.

Incomparable Cervantes! no one ever managed like thee the difficult art of breaking off!—witness that marvellous—Pish! Who would quote Cervantes, unless, peradventure, he wanted to swell up a book with passages which a man who has a soul bigger than a sixpence, ought to have learnt by heart! O! Cervantes, was I thinking of thee when I broke off, with so abrupt a sublimity, in the very midst of the great Burns' Dinner, with the Devil at my elbow!

"Well! and what was the cause of the interruption?" My dear Sir, that is not worth inquiring about; these matters, like King Lear, are "old now." Let us talk of something else. God knows that, in the three-hundred-and-thirty-three third-readings of the Reform Bill that have been, and probably will be, before my Lord Grey thinks fit to make up his own or the King's mind, we shall have old matter enough for discussion—I hate riding a hack subject for ever. My God! what a thing it is to look back upon!—this dawdling Bill, this type and incarnation of the arch serpent Delay! Why, we ought by this time to have laid the axe to the Irish monopolies of sanctity—to have floated our flag over the Taxes on Knowledge — to have cried avaunt to that ghastly leper "the Punishment of Death"—to have ——Out on us! here we are, cap in hand, cringing and capering, and muffling the thunders of a Great People's voice, to suit the humours of some half-a-score mushroom noblemen, with bought pedigrees, mortgaged properties, and three-penn'orth of understanding as common stock! Patience, patience! and shuffle the cards—meanwhile I'll go and take a ride with the Devil.

Hurrah! hurrah!—the moon is up and the stars are out, and swift, thin, grey, sweep the clouds above us, like Boroughmongers trying to put out the eternal light with a little vapouring.

"Asmodeus, we are going to see the Witches."

"Certainly: but how comes it, my friend, that you have any romance left in you? There's the World calls you ambitious; and yet, instead of knitting rope-ladders to Power, you are riding out with me and your imagination to sup with the Witches."

"All in good time, Master Asmodeus. Youth yet rushes through my veins, especially when on horseback, finding something new, or making love. There is time enough for a man, who is yet pretty fairly on the right side of thirty (and who has not been idle on

the whole) to enjoy himself a little longer, and 'to frolic while 'tis May.' The evil day must come at last. But, Asmodeus, hark you!—the occasion makes the man, and we wait the occasion; it is not yet ripe—the times must bring it; and then he who has aught in him, should wager all he has done for one bold attempt at what he can do. Hurrah! hurrah! how the hedges run off from us, and the prodigal moon showers her jewels over the greedy waters like a rich English Lord on a Goddess of the *Ballet*. A river by night, with a shagged bank, and the stars at play with the ripple, is the finest thing in the world! Heigho! some (how many!) years ago—it was along such a river as that below us, Asmodeus, that I used to glide my boat to those walls which held the merriest eyes and the rosiest lips that ever gave welcome to a lover! But *revenons à nos moutons!* And what's the news? Have you been to the Theatres since I last saw you, looking *for* snares, and *at* 'Robert,' your relative?"

"No: but I went to a big house the other night, where I heard some wretched sounds. I asked what they were—I was told Music! I saw some over-dressed-looking nobodies. I asked who they were, and was told 'a most fashionable audience!' I inquired the name of the building, and was told '*the Opera*.' I asked the cause of its being so bad, and was told the cause was 'not of an importance quite proportioned to the effects, and its name was—Monck Mason!"

"Ha! ha! ha!—that is pithy and true, Don Diavolo."

"You flatter me. What is this cause of operatic deterioration—this Monck Mason?"

"One of that class of men in England prone to ruin themselves, and call it a speculation. They are styled Managers; they procure patents from Government to forbid sense being allowed at other theatres than their own; and they then deliberately set themselves down to squander away their fortunes upon nonsense! The Managers of the two great English Theatres are the best specimens of this genus of Managerial Monomaniacs."

"Have you been to this Opera House yourself?" asked Asmodeus, yawning at the very name.

"I!—why you are aware that my hunt is for Novelty, and Heaven knows the Opera now is the last place where to look for any thing new!"

Thus chatting, Asmodeus and myself soon got over the ground; and we came at last to a wide and dreary heath. Spreading far, dark, and motionless beyond, as a girdle that surrounded the whole desolate expanse, was a gloomy chain of fir and larch; and as we now swept rapidly on, the hoarse roar of the sea smote, with its deep tone of majesty and power, upon our ears. Presently, from the extreme quarter of this continuous wood, there shot up a train of pale light, and contrasted the depth of shadow against which it shone. The Devil rubbed his hands—"The jolly girls!" quoth he; "I would we were with them!"

"Does yonder light burn, then, from the place of meeting?"

"Ay," returned the Devil," in a strange tone; "for know you that FIRE is not that mute and simple element for which ye take it: it is a life, and it is a spirit; and when ye see it rise, and flicker, and dart to-and-fro with a sportful malice, it is not dumb and senseless—your

brute agent and minister—but it singeth to its own burning heart, and laughs and gibbers at the destruction which it causes. For the Throne and Prince of Fire are within the centre of the Earth, and there the bright King, by little and little, wastes, and gnaws, and widens the space around him. Sometimes in his exultation—for he is the merriest of the Fiends—he clappeth his hands, and moveth restlessly to-and-fro, and sendeth up his blazing pæans in words that gush from the mountain tops, in sparkles of living flame; for the volcanoes are the great vistas to his dwelling-place, and thence he scattereth and dispenseth the seeds, that sown here and there in the heart of the barren stone, or the dry wood whence the proper life has departed, produce his glittering children. But Fire is the Arch-consumer of the world—by Fire shall the world cease; and the Fiend, conscious of his destiny, grows impatient for his crowning banquet; you invoke him as a friend, and he comes laughing to your call—and he sits by your hearth, and obeys your household wants. But like other fiends, he only comes for his prey—you must woo him by continued sacrifices—cease to gorge him, and he flies. Look, when the fuel waxes low, how the disappointed imp grows faint and sickly of aspect—how he retreats along the ruins he has made, slowly, slowly, to the last point where he can yet destroy; and how, when that, too, is also blasted, how, with a sudden bound and a ghastly smile, he disappeareth ——*whither*?—No, man,—no," continued Asmodeus, after a pause; "no, there is a science in the things around you that mock your vain knowledge, your physics, and your metaphysics, and your see-sawings to-and-fro about mind and matter, and first causes, and—Pish!"

"Pish! indeed, Signor Don Devil—you have been so fine for the last five minutes, that I fancied you were going to let me into some of the deeper secrets of Hades; and really they would be well worthy the trouble of learning, especially as I never intend to be an eye-witness of their accuracy. Do you know, Asmodeus, that nothing pleases me so much as those old stories, in which the Devil, your great master, comes to bargain with a gentleman or lady, and gets cheated in the attempt; for instance, in the tale of 'The Smith of Avoca.' Any truth in these legends, Eh?"

"By the horse-shoe, yes! The Devil is often cheated, when men take some little trouble to do it. It is the lazy alone that he effectually secures."

Asmodeus paused; and presently, as if thinking of something else, broke into his usual low, short laugh.

"And what now, Asmodeus?—are you making epigrams for the 'Figaro?'"

"No! I was thinking how nicely my master got off in the matter of the Cholera."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I thought you Christians believed that there were two principles—that of Good, which is God—that of Evil, which is the Devil. For light—and air—for love—for peace—for all that is happy here—and more than happy hereafter, you are to thank God; and war, and crime, and misery,—sin upon earth, and punishment in hell—*these* are the Devil's doings. Well, a fearful pestilence enters your country, and you insist upon attributing this blessing to God Almighty!

—the Giver of all Good makes you a present of a most agonizing epidemic, and you fall into a great rage with the impiety of those who venture to hint that the Benevolent One ought not to be accused of so cruel a gift! You appoint a day for solemnly assuring God that the disease came immediately from his mercy—and you attribute to him that evil which, according to your religion, properly emanates from the Devil! The Devil is infinitely obliged to you!"

"Ay, we are often called upon to exclaim, Is this the 19th century? Now I venture to predict that many shallow-skulled persons hearing of our adventures, will suppose them incredible—as if a ride with yourself and a supper with Witches were half so monstrous an outrage on common sense as the fearful exhibitions of Mr. Spencer Perceval, and the appointing a General Fast for a disease for which good living is the best preventive. Thank Heaven, however, the miserable superstition was not general! There was a time when the People were fooled, and the Government foolers—but that time is gone. The People now ask for cheap bread, and their Rulers appoint a day for a General Fast—which are the wisest? But a truce with these subjects—we near the spot of our destination."

By the cliffs of the West of England are the ruins of a certain old Abbey, which no lover of the Picturesque willingly leaves unvisited. And proud in its melancholy grandeur looked those ruins now, as borne on the vast wings which Asmodeus had conjured to our aid, we sailed above the woods towards them. Part was hid, not only by the luxuriant lichens and moss that clung to the grey stones, but also by many a tree that drooped mournfully over the fallen columns and the shattered arch. But through one high and oriel window the moon shone with a deep and settled ray—and below, the midnight ocean broke into unnumbered sparkles of living light. You might see the yellow sands, far and wide, curving around the cliffs; but, save these ruins, there was not house or cottage within the horizon. A little to the left of the abbey lies an old churchyard, with the bones of some score monks—merry dogs in their day!—rotting below. So the dead seemed our only welcomers. But not so; for now, as I turned to another part of the abbey, where the main tower yet stood, I beheld, brightly cresting that tower, and issuing from a long, low casement, half hid by the rank foliage, that pale and mystic light that we had seen afar. And now, too, out broke a chorus of laughter—and just as it ceased, a sweet, soft voice commenced a song, in some language unfamiliar to me, but which the Devil—wiping his eyes and declaring it was very affecting, for it came from his native land—assured me was the purest Scotch.

The song ceased; and music of a thousand sorts followed. "I can bear it no longer," cried Asmodeus—and he went bang through the window, and I after him.

"Ho! ho!—what alarms you? Stay!——Kosem Kesamim — all hail! Stay, ladies, can you not?—what a pother! Frightened at an old friend?—it is only Asmodeus. And look you, ladies, he hath brought you a man, a young man—at once courageous and discreet—for a visitor."

While Asmodeus was thus speaking, I had seized the hand of a most buxom-looking Witch of about thirty-five, very well shaped, but

clad in the dress of Queen Anne's time; and while I endeavoured to reassure her fears, I stole a glance round the chamber and its scattered circle.

It was a low, oblong apartment; from some vast pine-logs in the hearth broke the light I have before described, serving the party at once for warmth and lustre. In the centre of the room was a table, covered with provisions of a most goodly aspect; neither were wines wanting, for Witches are not a bit less careful of themselves than any other ladies of respectability. There might be around this table some eighteen women assembled, of all ages, from twenty to—eternity, for aught I could tell, from their seeming; for some three or four, to use Wordsworth's phrase, looked "immeasurably old." Centuries seemed buried in their furrowed brows, and glassy but most meaning eyes. These were dressed in no garb, and after no fashion, of which any history or legend, that I know of, gives a distinct description. It was fold after fold of serge-like drapery—in colour, either black or the coldest white—and falling down without outline or intelligible shape, like some dream-like and undefined shadow. Each of these elder women wore on her breast a crescent of burning red; it seemed as if the stones were of a fixed fire—this was their only ornament.

These women, I noted, were not the least disturbed at our approach; they remained in their former postures, turning only their passionless and unutterable aspect towards us, and each signing a grave and silent welcome to Asmodeus. But the younger ones, who, perhaps, were so inexperienced that they had never seen a Devil before—all uttering the prettiest shrieks imaginable, started from their places, and half-flying, half-arrested by Asmodeus's address, made a *tableau* that would cut the Rent Day off with a sixpence, if some generous manager could but bribe Asmodeus or myself to embody it. But my chief object—as I know that in all female societies the value of gentlemen, like that of strawberries at Christmas, is in proportion to their scarceness—in taking a *coup-d'œil* of the room, was to ascertain if any young wizards were of the party. At first I detected nothing male whatsoever except the new comers, till my eye fell suddenly on a figure that sat at the head of the table enveloped in a mass of shade from which even the bright steady light of the hearth shrank as if either in loathing or in dismay. Whether male or female, human or preter-human, I knew not at that moment, till, as it rose, I could, through the dense thickness of air that encircled the figure, behold the shape and outline of a man. "Kosem Kesamim," quoth Asmodeus, turning very respectfully to this figure, as he now saw general order about to be returned, "all hail! a young aspirant after the dim, the shadowy, the afar, comes with me to visit thee and thy servants on this their appointed meeting. Judge him not wholly, O Kosem, by the company he keeps,——for I am a great deal too good for him."

The witches, the young ones I mean, laughed; and as I could not altogether gainsay the Devil, I pretended not to hear him, and went on complimenting the buxom Witch, whom I guessed to be a widow.

"All are welcome to me, for in all there is knowledge!" said a deep, a sad, a melodious voice, that thrilled through my bones, like

a voice of some dead prophet whom a Hebrew might have conveked to prophesy of misfortunes. The figure resumed its seat, and this was the signal for the general return.

"My dear Mecassephabs, or rather Mecassephim," said Asmodeus, addressing the ladies, (for that word, as I afterwards learnt, is the proper appellation of Witches,) I am most delighted once more to see you. Azna, my darling, a glass of wine. Bosniah, shall I help you from this dish? the truffles look excellent. Pray, Jesthah, take care of my young friend."

To it now we all went, and I assure you I never saw a more excellent supper—those Witches know what 's what, my dear Lord Guloseton, better than any ladies I 've seen for a long time. What a mistake to suppose they eat newts and murdered men's fingers!—vulgar prejudices altogether—just as philosophers are supposed to live upon water-cresses, as if knowledge, whether in witch or philosopher, did not mean us to find the best sources of enjoyment. Oh, the chatter, the clatter, the talk, the laughter, the hob-a-nobbing of glasses, the ringing of plates, (best *Sèvre*, I give you my word, for I looked at the mark)—we grew as intimate as if we were a set of old wits at Madame du Deffand's;—always excepting the elderly ladies I have before respectfully touched upon, and Kosem Kesamim at the head of the table. These ate not, drank not, spake not; they resembled the ghastly images introduced by the Ægyptians at their feasts; and like them too did not prevent the feast from being as jovial as if they were only the figures set on a plateau. I made great progress in the good graces of Mrs. Jesthah; she was an Englishwoman as it happened, for most of those present were of other countries, and could only converse with me by the eyes.

"Do you come from London?" said Jesthah, smiling very graciously.

"From London," I repeated; "is it long since your Ladyship has been there?"

"Ah, you have discovered my rank then?"

"Pardon me—I only guessed it."

"Humph! ay, it is some 120 years since I was in Town—is it still a very gay place? Drums every night? Do ladies still patch according to their politics? And, oh! the dear playhouse! Who is the rage now? What handsome actor? What young dramatic author? Still I suppose you have produced nothing equal to Mr. Addison's Cato—and of course it is regularly played twice a week; but, bless me!—Ah, forgive me! are you of the—of the—pardon me—the—the—Great World? the men *à-la-mode?*—you wear no wig, and I don't see a bit of gold lace about you."

"Madam, my pedigree is sufficiently long, and my income sufficiently easy, to make me ordinarily styled a gentleman. Other qualities to earn that title are not considered, in my time, to be more than elegant superfluities. But swords are worn only by the clerks of the Parliament Houses; and as for gold, we are a great deal too scarce in that metal to waste it upon the outside of our clothes. And you really have not been in Town since the reign of Queen Anne—do you live in this Abbey? not a pleasant winter residence, I should think."

"*O ciel!* no," cried the Lady fanning herself coquettishly, "I should die of the vapours. I——But hold!—you are not yet privileged to know of my residence: some time or other, if you conduct yourself decently, you may have leave to visit me."

"I live in hope; but—a glass of champagne? So, so! forgive me! are you really a Witch? I own the fascination; but you don't look like the Witches one sees on the stage."

"Nevertheless," returned Jesthah, laughing, as she helped herself to some lobster salad, "I am a very good Witch, and can sail over the sea in a walnut-shell as well as any old woman that ever was burned."

"Pray, Madam," said I, after expressing my surprise at this boast, "are these all the Witches now extant? if so, which are the three ladies who figure in Macbeth?"

"Oh, dead! dead!" returned Jesthah, lifting up her hands, "they died of rage at reading the frights William Shakspeare has made of them. Between you and me, (here my comrade sank her voice into a whisper) they were exceedingly vain old creatures; and the scandal *is*, (great emphasis on the last monosyllable,) that they all pulled caps for Macbeth."

Here the mirth round Asmodeus became quite obstreperous, and I took advantage of the general uproar to ask Jesthah, *sotto voce*, if the dark figure that had welcomed me—was the Prince of Evil?

"Hist, no!" returned she, in the same key; "he is human, like yourself; he is the most powerful wizard that ever existed, and none know the hour of his birth, or the country in which he was born."

I looked wistfully towards the figure, but the darkness that settled round it when in repose baffled my keenest gaze.

And now the supper was done—now the glasses circulated more rapidly—now the clamour thickened—now I and my Witch were making serious love—when once more rose the unearthly voice of Kosem Kesamim, and silence fell round us, chill and hushed, like a sudden snow. "Stranger," it said, "there are signs and types of a change in the world—are they so understood—so construed by the herd? Speak! I know all that is at work; but what you as spectator of the workings, or it may be as one of the million agents that conscious or unknowing of the ministry, minister to a solemn end—what *you* feel, and believe, and prophesy of events—*that*—solicitous of learning what passes in the hearts of men—that would I learn.—Speak!"

"O Kosem Kesamim, (pardon me if I pronounce not your name after the true witchly fashion,) O Kosem Kesamim, I come only from that hive of London, in which I have been a bee of very industrious habits; but as far as I have had time for observation, I should say that at this moment the great business of the swarm is a quarrel between the bees and the drones. Certainly, O Kosem, to drop metaphor, and speak plainly, certainly, however, there is much in the aspect of present things to amuse, to surprise, and to appal the human and unwizarded beholder. In the first place I see a vast number of gay, well-dressed, fine-looking persons going about to balls and soirées, as if they were living in the most peaceful times imaginable; nevertheless even among *them* you may notice changes

and heraldries of change; their amusements want the *system* which once pervaded them; they seem more broken and desultory, as if taken by snatches, rather than uninterruptedly pursued. The Opera is wretched; balls are *fade* and dull; Lady Patronesses are becoming like other women; and respect for Almack's is prodigiously shaken; the dynasty of Dandies is fast expiring; and in a word, the idle ones of the Silken Circle begin to feel that a time is ripening when the staple of life will not be amusement for the few and famine for the many. If the heaving of the elements in social arrangements be visible among the higher grades, it is nothing to the vast spirit that moves slowly through the heart of the multitude. Human ingenuity exercised on one point grows sharpened on others; there is not so much difference as the world would suppose between the mechanism of a steam-engine and the mechanism of a Government; in either, complicated and cumbrous are the first steps to knowledge—to progress is to simplify. Thus among the working men of our great cities, questions of deep and mighty import, which hitherto have been reserved for philosophers to discuss, are sternly and solemnly debated: the true foundations of society—the origin of ranks—the distribution of property—the two great interrogatories, *what is Virtue, and what is Government?*—these are the subject-matter of men thoughtful at the loom. And while the upper grades avoid such matters as dull—despise them as theoretic—and damn them as dangerous; the time and the hour are at hand when to those questions—answers will be demanded. In fact (it is in vain to disguise it) *social* Reform must close the vista of legislative Reforms; and if, O Kosem Kesamim! I could but live to a quarter of the age of this fair lady beside me (she *owns* to a hundred and twenty), I should live to see things that would petrify my little Lord John on the Treasury Bench, and take all the starch from the neck of the handsome Sir Jamie. As for the middle orders, I am apt to think we attribute a vast deal too much to their influence in times of danger. In times of quiet they are all in all; they form the solidity—the gravamen of the social order. In times of peril they shut up their houses and remain neutral; they are timid and wavering; they don't like to disoblige their customers; they are afraid of a run on the Banks; the row in the streets is no business of theirs; they hope matters will soon be amicably adjusted; and retire to read the newspapers in the back parlour. But this is the case rather in the Metropolis than in the other towns, where the middle orders have a more complete admixture with the lower, and where the system of credit has not made them so dependant on quiet times and the aristocracy! While, O Kosem, I thus rapidly run over the state of feeling amongst us, I must not forget some curious detached pictures. There is a Minister, who, with the greatest courage in the world, made up his mind to endure the hatred of half his order, and who can't make up his mind to preserve the whole—who made up his mind to risk place, power, and honour, who can't make up his mind to ensure them—who made up his mind to the excitement, the agitation, the ferment of all England, who can't make up his mind to the security—who made up his mind to peril, who can't make up his mind to triumph—who made up his mind to all the toil, obloquy, difficulty, uproar of a great enterprise, and who stands shivering with

horror at the thought of achieving its reward. We have an august assembly worthy of this notable irresolution in the Premier, and who, not the least dismayed at the prospect of the House of Lords being swept away, are aghast at the thought of its being increased. We have, yet stranger than this spectacle, a House of Commons faithful to the people, and triumphantly asserting its own corruption. We have, too, in that House of Commons, in the nineteenth century, an inspired and pensioned prophet, who bullies six hundred and odd sensible men into appointing a Fast-day against their understandings, and who thinks God is excessively angry with us for trying to terminate a system of perjury and an organization of fraud; and above all, we have a set of fanatics who think that the prophet ought not to be sent to Bedlam! We have a conservative party, which talks of putting Sir Henry Hardinge at the head of an army, and would ensure a general peace by means of an universal convulsion. O Kosem Kesamim, from these hints you may gather that while Wisdom is at work within the depths of society, Folly still floats, shaking her bells, upon the surface, and that, as in former ages of the world, the doubt, the anger, the petulance, the ineptitude of the minions of Accident are more conspicuous, than the steady and unregarded dictates of Wisdom, and the prejudices of a handful of men more consulted than the welfare of millions.

(To be continued.)

THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.

Every mind manufactures for itself its own sublimity and beauty. The sublime is sympathy with power, as the beautiful is sympathy with kindness. Burke, and many after him, have made discourses on the sources of sublimity, talking of terror as one of them. In that which is terrible there may be sublimity, but it is not sublime to him who fears until he has ceased to fear; for fear is antipathy to power, and sublimity is sympathy with power. Under the influence of fear, the mind gathers itself up shrinkingly, like a frightened snail; it retreats into its innermost possible fastnesses, and has no sympathy with that which is around it: but, when the danger is over, or out of the way, there is a creeping out of the shell, an expansion of the eye, to gaze on the glory of the retreating storm—then it is sublime. Who has not seen a little, bustling bantom-cock, wearied by some yelping cur, run screaming, fluttering, shrieking, and trembling about from side to side of a village street, till at length the worried dog retreats, or is driven from its malicious pastime, then the little cock sets up a loud cock-a-doodle-doo, which is a manifestation of the sentiment and sensation of sublimity. The fear is gone, and with it goes the antipathy to power, which is naturally succeeded by a sympathy with power.

THE SPLENDID VILLAGE.

A Poem, in Two Parts.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

Part the First.

The Wanderer Returned.

I.

Yes, ye green Hills, that to my soul restore
The verdure which in happier days it wore!
And thou, glad stream, in whose deep waters lav'd
Fathers, whose children were not then enslav'd!
Yes, I have roam'd where freedom's spirit fires
The stern descendants of self-exil'd sires;
Men, who transcend the herd of human kind
A foot in stature, half a man in mind.
But tir'd, at length I seek my native home,
Resolv'd no more in gorgeous wilds to roam;
Again I look on thee, thou loveliest stream!
And, seeming poor, am richer than I seem.
Too long in woods the forest-Arab ran,
A lonely, mateless, childless, homeless man;
Too long I pac'd the ocean, and the wild,
Clinging to Nature's breast, her petted child;
But only plough'd the seas, to sow the wind,
And chas'd the sun, to leave my soul behind.
But when hot youth's and manhood's pulses cool'd,
When pensive thought my failing spirit school'd;—
Lur'd by a vision which, where'er I rove,
Still haunts me with the blush of earliest love—
A vision, present still, by night, by day,
Which not Niagara's roar could chase away—
I left my palace, with its roof of sky,
To look again on Hannah's face, and die.
I saw, in thought, beyond the billow's roar,
My mother's grave—and then my tears ran o'er!
And then I wept for Hannah, wrong'd, yet true!
I could not—no—my wasted life renew;
But I could wiselier spend my wiser years,
And mix a smile with sinking vigour's tears.

II.

Sweet Village! where my early days were pass'd!
Though parted long, we meet, we meet at last!
Like friends, embrown'd by many a sun and wind,
Much chang'd in mien, but more in heart and mind.
Fair, after many years, thy fields appear,
With joy beheld, but not without a tear.
I met thy little river miles before
I saw again my natal cottage door;

Unchang'd as truth, the river welcom'd home
The wanderer of the sea's heartbreaking foam;
But the chang'd cottage, like a time-tried friend,
Smote on my heart-strings, at my journey's end.
For now no lilies bloom the door beside!
The very houseleek on the roof hath died;
The window'd gable's ivy-bower is gone,
The rose departed from the porch of stone;
The pink, the violet, have fled away,
The polyanthus, and auricula!
And round my home, once bright with flowers, I found
Not one square yard, one foot of garden ground.

III.

With gun in hand, and insolence of eye,
A sun-burn'd menial, as I came, drew nigh;
By might empower'd small felons to deter,
Constable, publican, and warrener.
He met me, muttering "I should know this tramp;"
He pass'd me, muttering "vagabond," and "scamp;"
And, as a beadle eyes a thief, he cast
A keen glance at the cottage, as he pass'd.
My brother dwelt within. 'Tis true, he took
My offer'd hand, but froze me with a look
So trouble-worn and lost, so hard yet dull,
That I shrank from him, though my heart was full:
I sought society, but stood alone,
I came to meet a man, and found a stone!
His wife, in tatters, watch'd the fireless grate;
Three boys sate near her, all in fierce debate,
And all in rags—but one constructing snares,
With which, at night, to choke Lord Borough's hares.
"My sister Rose had parish pay," they said,
"And Ann was sent abroad, and Jane was dead;
And these misfortunes laid my sire beside
The mother, who in better days had died."
Such welcome found the wanderer of the deep!
I had no words—I sobb'd, but could not weep.

IV.

Well, here I am, resolv'd to view the land,
Inquire, and ponder, hear, and understand.

V.

Chang'd scene! unchang'd yon frosted tower remains;
Beneath the hill, it peers o'er vales and plains,
And like a patriarch of the olden time,
Sees age around, but none like his sublime.
Ere yon huge house, with jail-like frown, displac'd
The wild-briar roses of the thymy waste,
There, near the long-departed cucking-stool,
Abode the sovereign of the village school,

A half-fac'd man, too timid for his trade,
And paid as timid men are ever paid;
He taught twelve pupils for six pounds a-year,
Made a consumption, and was buried here.
None said of him, he reap'd the crop he grew,
And liv'd by teaching what he never knew.
His school is gone, but still we have a school,
Kept by an ignoramus—not a fool;
For o'er his mansion, written large, we see
Mister John Suckemwell's academy;
A boarding-school! where gentlemen are taught
To write fine copies, which the teacher wrote.
Behold the usher!—I behold, and start!
For in his face I read a broken heart.
Servant of servants, brow-beat by a knave!
Why, for a coffin, labour like a slave?
Better break granite on the King's highway,
Than earn, with Porson's powers, a pauper's pay.
Why die to live? I know a wiser plan,
An easier too—black shoes, and be a man.

Village! thy butcher's son, the steward now,
Still bears the butcher on his burly brow.
Oft with his sire he deigns to ride and stare;
And who like them at market, or at fair?
King of the inn, he takes the highest place,
And carves the goose, and grimly growls the grace.
There, in the loud debate, with might, with might,
Still speaks he last, and conquers still the right;
Red as a lobster, vicious as his horse,
That, like its master, worships fraud and force,
And if the stranger 'scape its kick or bite,
Lowers its vex'd ears, and screams for very spite.
"He hath enough, thank God, to wear and eat;
He gives no alms"—not ev'n his putrid meat;
"But keeps his cab, whips beggars from his door,
Votes for my Lord, and hates the thankless poor."

VII.

Hail, Sister Hills, that from each other hide,
With belts of evergreen, your mutual pride!
Here reigns in placid splendour Madam Grade,
Whose husband nobly made a plum in trade;
And yonder glitters rapine's bilious slave,
The lucky footman of a palac'd knave,
Stern foe of learning, genius, press, and pen,
Who lauds all laws that ruin honest men.
Sublime in satrap-imitating state,
She for her daughter seeks a titled mate;
None other, not an angel, wing'd from Heav'n,
Could woo, or ask to woo, and be forgiv'n.

Too oft, perhaps, she calls her neighbour "scrub,"
Yet justly scorns the mean corruption-grub;
For many a "ruptur'd Ogden" hath he wrong'd,
Long gloating on the captive's chain prolong'd.
He hates and apes her pomp, with upstart haste;
But what in him is pride, in her is taste.
She, queen-like, smiles; he, blustering, crams and treats,
And weighs his greatness by the trout he eats.
She never dogg'd a beggar from her lawn,
And he would hang all dogs that will not fawn.
Yet, Clerk of Taxes, Magistrate, and Squire,
Why to be Premier may not he aspire?

Broad Beech! thyself a grove! five hundred years
Speak in thy voice, of bygone hopes and fears;
And mournfully, how mournfully! the breeze
Sighs through thy boughs, and tells of cottages
That, happy once, beneath thy shadow gaz'd
On poor men's fields, which poor men's cattle graz'd!
Now, where three cotters and their children dwelt,
The lawyer's pomp alone is seen and felt;
And the park-entrance of his acres three
Uncrops the ground which fed a family.
What then? All see, he is a man of State,
With his three acres, and his park-like gate!
Besides, in time, if times continue dark,
His neighbour's woes may buy his gate a park!
Oh, then, let trade wear chains, that toil may find
No harvests on the barren sea and wind;
Nor glean, at home, the fields of every zone,
Nor make the valleys of all climes his own;
But with the music of his hopeless sigh
Charm the blind worm that feeds on poverty!

Lo! where the water-caster once abode,
The pinfold, erst his garden, skirts the road!
His ample cot, erewhile not ample call'd,
Is now with lath and lime partition-wall'd:
The humble dwelling of the leech divine
Makes six large styes for thirty human swine.
Oh, could he see what woes his house contains,
What wretched remnants cram its broken panes,
How would he swell with righteous rage, and ban
Ice-hearted Law's forc'd charity to man!
For warmer heart than his did never beat!
Dup'd by himself, yet hated he deceit;
And, pleas'd, he taught my boyhood how to draw
The woe-mark'd cowslip, and the thrush-lov'd haw;
And how to make sweet pictures of wild flowers,
Cull'd in lone lanes, when glow'd the sultry hours,

Then press'd, and dried, and all on lawn dispread,
To look as infants do, that smile when dead.
Learned he was: nor bird, nor insect flew,
But he its leafy home and history knew;
Nor wild-flower deck'd the rock, nor moss the well,
But he its name and qualities could tell.
Yes, he was learned—not with learning big,
Like yon budge doctor of the whip and wig,
Who writes in Latin, sucks the sick select,
Speaks in the Babylonish dialect,
And drives his pair. Great man, Sir!—all who thrive
Are cur'd of colds and cash, by Doctor Drive.
Behold his mansion, southward of the grove,
Complete with coach-house, piggery, and alcove!
And, mark! the entrance hath an air of State—
Not copied from the lawyer's parklike gate!

X.

Two stone-throws from the Hall of Doctor Drive,
And from the village workhouse four or five,
Where the Swung Turkey, with its plumage rough,
Welcomes all loyal men who drink enough,
The flying curate lodges—doom'd to say
Three well-known sermons every Sabbath-day.
His donkey, like a rat without a tail,
Cost fifty shillings, and o'er hill and dale
Bears its lean master, at a hunter's pace,
Duly as comes his weekly steeple-chase.
The rector—a queer plural, one and three,
Yet not quite singular in trilogy,—
Who, scandal says, is cousin to my lord,
Would pay him better, but he can't afford.
He lives, they say, in London, and so forth;
His country house is somewhere in the North.
Mine host much miss'd him when he left the lodge,
For fewer warrants summon Jem and Hodge.

Hail, ancient Inn! once kept by Margaret Rose,
Ere England's wrongs began, and labour's woes;
Inn of the happy village! where, of old,
Before the bright yule clog, my father told
His well-worn story of the wolf and child,
While—not at him—the tickled youngsters smil'd,
And sturdy peasants, and the annual guest,
Prais'd the stout ale, but thought their own was best.
When Margaret reign'd, no wanderer pass'd thy door,
Dame Margaret's heart felt ever for the poor;
And, well they knew, to homeless son or sire
She ne'er denied a seat beside the fire,
Nor curs'd away the widow, stooping low
Beneath the double weight of age and woe.

But times are chang'd, and alter'd is the inn,
For God is wroth, and Britain rife with sin.
The village, happy once, is splendid now!
And at the Turkey reigns, with knotted brow,
Stiff as a mile-stone, set up in his bar,
Vice-regal Constable and Bailiff, Marr,
Who nods his "yes," and frowns his fatal "no."
Woe to the scrimp that ventures near him, woe!
He, she, or it—"swag'snifle, skink, or trull,"
Shall find a bed, or Wakefield's gaol is full!
Great man, John Marr! he shoots—or who else may?
He knows my Lord, is loyal, and can pay.
The poor all hate him, fear him—all save one;
Broad Jem, the poacher, dreaded is by John.
To draw him drink, objects nor man nor maid;
The froth is brought, Jem winks, and John is paid;
For John, who hates all poachers, likes poor Jem,
While Jem, so kind to others, growls at him;
And when their fierce eyes meet, the tax-made slave
Quakes in his inmost soul, if soul he have,
Thinking of weasand slit by lantern light,
Or slug bang'd through him at the dead of night.
Yet great is he! rich, prudent, tried, and true:
He snores at sermon in his curtain'd pew—
He knows the Steward—he is known afar
To magistrates and bums—great man, John Marr!

XII.

Where yon red villa flares before the wood,
The cottage of my Hannah's father stood;
That woodbin'd cottage, girt with orchard trees,
Last left, and earliest found, by birds and bees.
And where the river winds, gnarl'd oaks between,
Squatter'd his drake, and diving ducks were seen,
While scooting hares oft sought this summit bare,
If lightning glinted through the glooming air.
But where dwells Hannah now? and where is he?—
Gone, like the home of her nativity.
And what vain dame, and what suburban thane,
The site of Hannah's lovely home profane?
Who dash'd the plum-trees from the blossomy ridge?
From bank to bank, who threw the baby bridge,
Where the huge elm, which twenty bullocks drew,
Plank'd o'er with ash, and rootless, sternly grew,
While plumy ferns wept o'er the waters dark,
Sad for his fall; and, rooted in his bark,
A world of mosses forested the side
Of that fall'n forest-king, to soothe his pride?
What dandy Goth the heav'n-made arch displac'd,
To show in painted spars his want of taste?
A mortgag'd magnate and a sage is he:
His maxims have a deep philosophy:

"Hateful," he saith, "and vulgar is the flat,
Who deigns to see a poor man touch his hat,
Or serves a beggar, though her curtsey fall,
Or of the rabble does not take the wall."
Squire Grub is proud—for pride and meanness blam'd,
Yet poor as proud, and of his wants asham'd.
Lo, there he struts—the silk-legg'd King of Cant!
Who thanks the Blessed powers for crime and want,
Prays to his Demon of despotic sway,
And hymns his God of carnage! Let him pray!
Yes, pray for strength, or weakness, to sustain
The weight of scorn that will crush in his brain,
Ere from the workhouse, like a ghost, he go
To mate with madmen, in their den of woe,
And tell them that "He is not poor, not he,
But lord of vast estates in Chancery."

XIII.

Path of the quiet fields! that oft of yore
Call'd me at morn, on Shenstone's page to pore;
Oh, poor man's footpath! where, "at evening's close,"
He stopp'd, to pluck the woodbine and the rose,
Shaking the dew-drops from the wild-briar bowers,
That stoop'd beneath their load of summer flowers,
Then ey'd the west, still bright with fading flame,
As whistling homeward by the wood he came;
Sweet, dewy, sunny, flowery footpath, thou
Art gone for ever, like the poor man's cow!
No more the wandering townsman's sabbath smile,
No more the hedger, waiting on the stile
For tardy Jane; no more the muttering bard,
Startling the heifer, near the lone farm-yard;
No more the pious youth, with book in hand,
Spelling the words he fain would understand,
Shall bless thy mazes, when the village bell
Sounds o'er the river, soften'd up the dell.
But from the parlour of the loyal inn,
The Great Unpaid, who cannot err or sin,
Shall see, well pleas'd, the pomp of Lawyer Ridge,
And poor Squire Grub's starv'd maids, and dandy bridge,
Where youngling fishers, in the grassy lane,
Purloin'd their tackle from the brood-mare's mane,
And truant urchins, by the river's brink,
Caught the fledged throstle as it stoop'd to drink,
Or with the ramping colt, all joyous, play'd,
Or scar'd the owlet in the blue-belled shade.

XIV.

Churl Jem! why dost thou thrust me from the wall?
I hack no cab, I shame no servant's hall;
Coarse is my coat. How have I earn'd thy curse?
Suspect'st thou there is money in my purse?

I said "Good day, Sir," and I touch'd my hat:
Art thou, then, vulgar, as the Sage's flat?
Alas! that Sage sees not in thy fierce eyes
Fire-flooded towers, and pride, that shrieks and dies;
The red-foam'd deluge, and the sea-wide tomb;
The arm of vengeance, and the brow of doom;
The grin of millions o'er the shock of all—
A people's wreck, an empire's funeral!

Part the Second.

THE WANDERER DEPARTED.

DEAR Village! chang'd, how chang'd from what thou wert
Thy good to bane thy beggar-kings convert.
They say, that discontented with our lot,
We envy wealth, because we have it not;
That could we call yon glowing pile our own,
No wight alive would hear our tuneful groan.
They ask, why writhes the serpent on our brow?
When prosper'd England as she prospers now?
They err—we envy not the pomp we see,
But hate that wealth which makes our poverty.
If talent thrive, and enterprize prevail,
Restore to rustic toil his beef and ale;
Be few, or many, splendid, as they can,
But let not misery make a fiend of man!

II.

Yes, splendid mansions now these shades adorn!
But wretched children in those huts are born!
There dwell the heirs of unremitting toil,
Who till, but not in hope, a teeming soil;
While Erin's hordes contest with them the plain,
And competition lowers the price of pain.
What though proud homes their lofty roofs uprear,
If humble homes and comfort disappear?
Oh, baneful splendour, that but glitters o'er
What may be ruin, and is bliss no more!
As beacons, fir'd on some far mountain's brow,
Shimmer o'er hamlets black with plague below,
Where health once glow'd in every fearless face,
And in the motions of all forms was grace!
I look on pomp, that apes a bloated crew,
While beggar'd millions hate the biggen'd few.
Like rocks of ice our fatal wealth is found;
Not like the sea, that spreads those rocks around!
Hark! o'er their peaks a wild and birdlike wail
Tells of approaching thunder, fire, and hail!
Lo! at their feet, while cold and bright they sleep,
Mines hunger's fathomless and boundless deep!

III.

Feast of the Village! yearly held, when June
Sate with the rose, to hear the gold-spink's tune,
And lovers, happy as the warbling bird,
Breath'd raptures sweeter than the songs they heard,
Stealing through lanes, sun-bright with dewy broom,
By fragrant hedge-rows, sheeted o'er with bloom;
Feast of the happy Village! where art thou?
Pshaw! thou wast vulgar! we are splendid now.
Yet, poor man's pudding! rich with spicy crumbs,
And tiers of currants, thick as both my thumbs;
Where art thou, festal pudding of our sires?
Gone, to feed fat the heirs of thieves and liars;
Gone, to oppress the wrong'd, the true, the brave,
And, wide and deep, dig Poland's second grave;
Gone, like the harvest pie, a bullock's load,
Four feet across, with crust six inches broad;
Gone, like poor England's satrap-swallow'd store;
Gone, as her trade will go, to come no more!
Well, let it go, and with it the glad hours
That yearly o'er kind hearts shed cottage flowers.
Nor sisters' daughters now, nor sons of sons,
Shall seek the bridge, where still the river runs,
And bless the roof where busy hands prepar'd
The festal plenty which their fathers shar'd,
When, round their grandsire met, his numerous race,
Beheld their children's children in his face,
Saw in his eyes the light of suns gone down,
And hoped they saw in his white locks their own.
No more, no more, beneath his smile serene,
The generations shall in joy convene,
All eager to obey the annual call,
And twang the cord of love that bound them all.

IV.

When daisies blush, and windflowers wet with dew,
When shady lanes with hyacinths are blue;
When the elm blossoms o'er the brooding bird,
And, wild and wide, the plover's wail is heard,
Where melts the mist on mountains far away,
Till morn is kindled into brightest day;
No more the shouting youngsters shall convene,
To play at leapfrog on the village-green,
While lasses, ripening into love, admire,
And youth's first raptures cheer the gazing sire.
The Green is gone! and barren splendours gleam,
Where hiss'd the gander at the passing team,
And the gay traveller from the city prais'd
The poor man's cow, and, weary, stopp'd and gaz'd.

V.

Where yon broad mansion's tax-built drawing-room
Displays its cornic'd-gold, dwelt Mary Broom,

(Close by the marble hearth her garden smil'd,)
The widow'd mother of an only child.
I saw her to the house of marriage move,
And weeping o'er the grave of hope and love,
Now, where the woe-worn and the weary rest,
The child is sleeping on its mother's breast.
Not long she mourn'd in duty's lonely shade,
No praise expecting,—and she ask'd no aid;
But toil'd and faded silently, and stood
Alike unnotic'd by the bad and good,
Dropping meek tears into the sea of days;
Like a pale flower, that, all unseen, displays
Its pensive beauty on a river's brink,
While overhead the stars rush wild and wink,
And shadows cast on earth at night's bright noon,
Move with the clouds, that chase the full-orb'd moon.
Oh, happy! with her own proud crust supplied,
In her own bed, a Britoness she died;
In her own shroud her modest state she keeps;
In her own coffin, gloriously, she sleeps!
Not thus the brother of her soul will die;
O'er him, poor pauper, none will heave a sigh;
No windflower, emblem of his youth, be laid,
To blush for promise in its bloom decay'd;
Nor, emblem of his age, and hopeless pain,
The dismal daisy of sad autumn's wane;
But workhouse idiots, and the limping slave,
In four rough boards shall bear him to his grave.

VI.

Where is the Common, once with blessings rich,
The poor man's Common? Like the poor man's flitch
And well-fed ham, which erst his means allow'd,
'Tis gone, to bloat the idle and the proud!
To raise high rents! and lower low profits! Oh,
To-morrow of the Furies! thou art slow.
But where, thou tax-plough'd waste, is now the hind
Who lean'd on his own strength, his heart and mind?
Where is the matron, with her busy brow?
Their sheep, where are they? and their famous cow?
Their strutting game-cock, with his many queens?
Their glowing hollyoaks, and winter greens?
The chubby lad, that cheer'd them with his look,
And shar'd his breakfast with the home-bred rook?
The blooming girls, that scour'd the snow-white pail,
Then, wak'd with joy the echoes of the vale,
And, loaded homewards, near the sparkling rill
Cropp'd the first rose that blush'd beneath the [illegible]?
All vanish'd! with their rights, their hopes, their lands,
The shoulder-shaking grasp of hearts and hands,
The good old joke, applauded still as new,
The wond'rous printed tale, which must be true,

And the stout ale, that show'd the matron's skill,
For, not to be improv'd, it mended still!
Now, lo! the young look base, as grey-beard guile!
The very children seem afraid to smile!
But not afraid to scowl, with early hate,
At would-be greatness, or the greedy great;
For they who fling the poor man's worth away,
Root out security, and plant dismay.
Law of the lawless! hast thou conquer'd Heaven?
Then shall the worm that dies not be forgiv'n.

VII.

But yonder stalks the greatest man alive!
One farmer prospers now, where prosper'd five!
Ah, where are they? wives, husbands, children, where?
Two died in gaol, and one is dying there;
One, broken-hearted, fills a rural grave;
And one still lives, a pauper and a slave.
Where are their children? some, beyond the main,
Convicts for crime; some, here, in hopeless pain,
Poor wanderers, blue with want; and some are dead,
And some, in towns, earn deathily their bread.
All rogues, they died, or fail'd—'twas no great harm;
Why ask who fails, if Jolter gets a farm?
Full well thrives he—the man is not a fool,
Albeit a tyrant, and his landlord's tool.
He courses—he affords, and can afford,
To keep his blood, and fox-hunt with my lord.
He dwells where dwelt the knight, for greyhounds fam'd,
Who also with the satrap cours'd and gam'd;
The last of all the little landed thanes,
Whose acres bound his lordship's wide domains.

Oh, happy, if they knew their bliss, are they
Who, poor themselves, unbounded wealth survey;
Who nor in ships, nor cabs, nor chariots go,
To view the miracles of art below;
But, near their homes, behold august abodes,
That like the temples seem of all the gods!
Nor err they, if they sometimes kneel in pray'r
At shrines like those, for God-like powers are there
Powers, that on railroads base no treasures waste,
Nor build huge mills, that blush like brick at taste,
Where labour fifteen hours, for twice a groat,
The half-angelic heirs of speech and thought;
But pour profusion from a golden hand,
To deck with Grecian forms a Gothic land.
Hence, yeoman, hence! thy grandsire's land resign;
Yield, peasants, to my lord and power divine!
Thy grange is gone, your cluster'd hovels fall;
Proud domes expand, the park extends its wall;

Then kennels rise, the massive Tuscan grows,
And dogs sublime, like couchant kings, repose!
Lo! "still—all—Greek and glorious" art is here!
Behold the pagod of a British Peer!
Admire, ye proud, and clap your hands, ye poor!
The father of this kingling was a boor!
Not Ispahan, nor Stamboul—though their thrones
Make satraps out of dead men's blood and bones,
And play at death, as God-like power will play—
Can match free Britain's ancients of to-day.

IX.

But me nor palaces, nor satraps please;
I love to look on happy cottages:
The gems I seek are seen in Virtue's eye:
These gauds disgust me, and I pass them by.
Show me a home, like that I knew of old,
Ere heads grew hot with pride, and bosoms cold;
Some frank, good deeds, which simple truth may praise,
Some moral grace, on which the heart may gaze,
Some little hopes, that give to toil its zest,
The equal rights, that make the labourer blest,
The smile in which Eternal Love we scan,
And thank his Maker, while we look on man.

X.

I dream'd, last night, of forests and the sea!
My long-lost Hannah! lives she still for me?
Is she a matron, lov'd by him she loves?
A mother, whom paternal Heav'n approves?
Perchance a widow? Nay, I would not wed
The widow of my rival's happier bed.
Nor come I to oppress her with my gaze,
Or bring disgrace upon her latter days.
Forgotten now, perchance, though once too dear,
I yet would sojourn near her—oh, not here!
For thou, sweet Village! proud in thy decline,
Art too, too splendid for a heart like mine!
In England, then, can no green spot be found,
Where men remain, whose sympathies are sound?
There would I dwell, and wandering thence, draw nigh
Her envied home—but not to meet her eye;
Perchance to see her shadow, or again
Hear her soft voice, with sadly-pleasing pain.

XI.

I dream'd I saw her, heard her—but she fled!
In vain I seek her—is she with the dead?
No meek blue eye, like hers, hath turn'd to me,
And deign'd to know the pilgrim of the sea.
I have not nam'd her—no—I dare not name!
When I would speak, why burns my cheek with shame?

I join'd the schoolboys, where the road is wide,
I watch'd the women to the fountain's side;
I read their faces, as the wise read books,
And look'd for Hannah in their wondering looks;
But in no living aspect could I trace
The sweet May morning of my Hannah's face,
No, nor its evening, falling into night:
Oh, Sun, my soul grows weary of thy light!

XII.

I sought the churchyard, where the lifeless lie,
And envied them, they rest so peacefully.
" No wretch comes here, at dead of night," I said,
" To drag the weary from his hard-earn'd bed;
No schoolboys here with mournful relics play,
And kick 'the dome of thought' o'er common clay;
No city cur snarls here o'er dead men's bones;
No sordid fiend removes memorial stones.
The dead have here what to the dead belongs,
Though legislation makes not laws, but wrongs."
I sought a letter'd stone, on which my tears
Had fall'n like thunder-rain, in other years;
My mother's grave I sought, in my despair,
But found it not! our grave-stone was not there!
No, we were fallen men, mere workhouse slaves,
And how could fallen men have names or graves?
I thought of sorrow in the wilderness,
And death in solitude, and pitiless
Interment in the tiger's hideous maw:
I pray'd, and, praying, turn'd from all I saw:
My prayers were curses! But the sexton came:
How my heart yearn'd to name my Hannah's name!
White was his hair, for full of days was he,
And walk'd o'er tombstones, like their history.
With well-feign'd carelessness I rais'd a spade,
Left near a grave, which seem'd but newly made,
And ask'd who slept below? " You knew him well,"
The old man answer'd, " Sir, his name was Bell.
He had a sister—she, alas! is gone,
Body and soul, Sir! for she married one
Unworthy of her. Many a corpse he took
From this churchyard." And then his head he shook,
And utter'd—whispering low, as if in fear
That the old stones and senseless dead would hear—
A word, a verb, a noun, too widely famed,
Which makes me blush to hear my country named.
That word he utter'd, gazing on my face,
As if he loath'd my thoughts, then paus'd a space.
" Sir," he resum'd, " a sad death Hannah died;
Her husband—kill'd her, or his own son lied.
Vain is your voyage o'er the briny wave,
If here you seek her grave—she had no grave!

The terror-stricken murderer fled before
His crime was known, and ne'er was heard of more.
The poor boy died, Sir! uttering fearful cries
In his last dreams, and with his glaring eyes,
And troubled hands, seem'd acting, as it were,
His mother's fate. Yes, Sir, his grave is there.
But you are ill? your looks make me afraid;—
My God! he shakes so frightfully the spade!"

XIII.

Oh, welcome once again black ocean's foam!
England? Can this be England? this my home?
This country of the crime without a name,
And men who know nor mercy, hope, nor shame?
Oh, Light! that cheer'st all life, from sky to sky,
As with a hymn, to which the stars reply!
Canst thou behold this land, oh, Holy Light!
And not turn black with horror at the sight?
Fall'n country of my fathers! fall'n and foul!
Thy body still is here, but where the soul?
I look upon a corpse—'tis putrid clay—
And fiends possess it! Vampires, quit your prey!
Or vainly tremble, when the dead arise,
Clarion'd to vengeance by shriek-shaken skies,
And cranch your hearts, and drink your blood for ale!
Then, eat each other—till the banquet fail!

XIV.

Again upon the deep I toss and swing!
The bounding billow lifts me, like the wing
Of the struck eagle—and away I dart,
Bearing afar the arrow in my heart.
For thou art with me, though I see no more
Thee, stream-lov'd England! Thy impatient shore
Hath sunk beneath me—miles, a thousand miles;
Yet, in my heart, thy verdant Eden smiles.
Land, where my Hannah died, and hath no tomb!
Still, in my soul, thy dewy roses bloom.
Ev'n in Niagara's roar, remembrance still
Shall hear thy throstle, o'er the lucid rill,
At lucid eve—thy bee, at stillest noon;
And when clouds chase the heart-awaking moon,
The mocking-bird, where Erie's waters swell,
Shall sing of fountain'd vales, and philomel:
To my sick soul bring over worlds of waves,
Dew-glistening Albion's woods, and dripping caves,
But with her linnet, redbreast, lark, and wren,
Her blasted homes and much-enduring men!

NARRATIVE OF A SETTLER IN CANADA.

If it be a curious and interesting speculation to watch the introduction of an untutored savage into our cities and manners, to observe his gradual adoption of our wants, and his investment with our resources, so much the more important it must be, as coming more home to our own situations, to notice the civilized man, stripped of the aids of that state, thrown into the forest, almost as a mere animal, deprived of that intricate system of division of labour which has arrived at so high a point in this country, and attempting to avail himself of the theory he may previously have acquired of the mechanical and necessary arts. This position is by no means an uncommon one: it is one which has fallen to my own share, and it is one which must fall, more or less, to that of all who leave this country for the agricultural colonies, and whether their lot be in the forests of America, on the grass plains of Australasia, or on the swells of the Cape, they will all find themselves thrown more on their energies as creative men than their previous education can allow them even to imagine; and he who has been used to snuff his candle and resume his book, to wash his hands and sit down to dinner, can with difficulty be brought to conceive a case where soap, candles, snuffers, &c. must be provided by his individual resources and labour. Belonging myself to the middle class of society, I was suddenly and unexpectedly thrown into this very state. How I fared, the few following pages may in part show; and should they throw the least new light on a subject many will soon practically experience, my Canadian life will not have been quite in vain.

In the spring of 1830, I left England for Quebec. A passage over the Atlantic now is a matter of course, not so terrible an event as a progress to Plymouth might be some hundred years back. After a confinement of seven or eight weeks, we arrived at Quebec, the capital of the Lower Province. Few cities can boast so commanding a situation; perched on almost a perpendicular cliff, on one side the St. Lawrence rolls beneath it, and on another the shallow but broad St. Charles. The citadel, towering above all, looks what it really is, almost impregnable, while on the south shore of the river, the lesser altitude of Point Levi, covered with wood, and interspersed with capital houses, the literally suburban residences of the wealthy of Quebec, not only adds to the actual beauty of the prospect, but points out that the fortress is not merely a thing of show, by demonstrating the present wealth and prosperity of the province it protects. But the most striking feature to the newly arrived in the harbour of Quebec is the splendid scale and superior size of the steam-boats. Accustomed to consider the vessels at home as unexcelled, he is surprised to find in a nook of the world he had perhaps considered almost as semi-civilized, steam-ships rivalling, if not surpassing, those of his native waters. But America is the land of communication, intersected by noble rivers, poured north and south, east and west, by the hand of Nature. The enterprise and diligence of man has taken advantage of these favours to their fullest extent. Does a rapid or a cataract impede his progress? he turns the obstacle by a canal. Does the river run in a calmer stream? he places on it numberless steam-boats. By these advantages, which every American is heir to, 1000 miles is a slight journey here. Men and women are all migratory, and the most delicate lady talks of a trip from Philadelphia to Quebec with the utmost coolness.

This extreme facility of communication seems to deprive the American of that feeling of home which attaches an Englishman to his native village. The inhabitant of the Union seems to consider the whole continent as his own, and whether it be Alabama or Vermont, is equally at home, and as ready to start on any scheme 2000 or 3000 miles. By alternate steam-boats and coaches the emigrant bound to York pursues the course of the St. Lawrence until he enters Lake Ontario: this he crosses in some steam-vessel. He has consumed about two days and a half, or three days, in his passage from Quebec, and he now stands in York, the capital of Upper Canada, about 700 or 800 miles from the sea. During the whole of this time, he has lived in a state of the greatest comfort. The steam-boats superb, the dinners excellent, coaches well horsed,

York itself well built, several capital houses, taverns expensive—as it becomes all civilized hotels to be; and, as he looks about, he begins to doubt the tales he has been told of Canadian privations, and to build, with renewed confidence, the cottage *ornée*, to introduce the drill system, &c. However, he takes up his land, and prepares, as I did, to locate thereon. The lands to which I was proceeding had been previously engaged; therefore my only affair was to arrive at them as speedily as possible. I engaged a waggon at four, A.M. and started due north, along Yonge-street:—this is one of the best farmed districts in Upper Canada—we passed several good houses, surrounded by out-houses, that would not discredit the Old Country. As I receded from the capital, the country rapidly became wilder; brick and plaster houses sank to frame-buildings; stumps began to be thicker sprinkled; here and there acres of girdled pines, standing in a state of ghastly decay, lined the roads; fences, which were neat posts, with morticed bars, were converted to the common snake-fence of the country. On approaching the Oak Ridges, masses of forest appeared yet untouched by the axe; a log-house or two reared their novel forms, though as yet shingled, and with good clearings. This state of things brought me to Phelp's tavern. Here is as yet the outskirts of clearing: here the veil drops. Two miles beyond lies the swampy Holland river, leading into Lake Simcoe: it is here where the Indians assemble to receive their presents; and on the banks of the beautiful lake they yet hover, unwilling to abandon a ground so abounding in attractions to an Indian hunter. As yet European clearing has done little on its banks, and it is, as it were, the debateable ground between the wild and the civilized man; and the habits of the two have undergone that blending which the necessities of life have compelled. Here I fortunately found two *voyageurs* going down the Lake, and I engaged them to land me on my possessions. After a dreary pull of eight miles down a river, or swamp of wild rice, we entered the Lake. The contrast was delightful: a cool, fresh breeze rippled over its surface, and the appearance of some high land, crested with trees, and partially cleared, gave animation and hope. The wind drawing more a-head, and night advancing, we determined to down sail, and land at a point on which was a house for shelter. As the two Canadians pulled the boat, and I sat wrapped in my great-coat in the stern sheets, it was impossible to avoid unpleasant melancholy feelings. The solemn gloom of the evening over the waters and trees, the motion of the oars, might, perhaps, have aided them; but few can, I think, take the decisive step, and throw themselves into the forest without " casting a long and lingering look behind." The old familiar faces I was quitting, as I feared for ever, hovered in my sight, and seemed dearer and more valued as I lost them; the warm rooms, where I had so long been sheltered and happy, contrasted much in their favour, in my imagination, with the chill night wind, and tall dismal trees near which we were floating. The boat's keel running up the beach put an end to my reveries, and in less than an hour we were all coiled up before the fire, and asleep. At daybreak we prepared to resume our voyage, and I finished my first slumbers in a log hut. Refreshed by my night's rest, and revived by the clear glitter of a Canadian sunrise, I inspected my host's house with a determination to find it excellent. Rude, but capacious enough for the wants of any farmer, it was situated on a point of land formed by a wind in the Lake; a line of trees, of handsome growth, formed a shelter between it and the water, which swelled and bubbled on a clean pebbly beach, on which lay a light boat, hauled up and surrounded with fishing spears and gear. Farther back were the barn and outhouses, while the space between was occupied by a flourishing orchard. Two or three hours' smart pulling brought me into sight of my own Patmos, placed in the very bottom of a regularly formed and woody bay, on both whose points grow tall towering trees. The little hole that had been made in the wood by a previous settler, looked sheltered and comfortable. A French *voyageur* had, on the foregoing autumn, squatted himself on this lot, (squatting, in Canada, means seating yourself on a lot of land, no leave or licence had or obtained); he had erected a low log-hut, roofed it with bark, and chopped down about four acres of trees, but which,

however, still remained cumbering the ground. After rowing along the shore some way in search of a landing, (for the trees which grew immediately on the beach, he had felled into the Lake, forming a complete barrier,) we found an entrance, and I scrambled ashore, and jumping on a log, surveyed the scene with, I must confess, some dismay. At a little distance, perhaps two hundred yards, stood my antagonist, the dark and gloomy wood, looking to my inexperienced eye impenetrable. The clearing, as it was called, seemed to me the most chaotic confusion and disorder that could possibly arise. Bodies of trees lay heaped in all directions, while tall weeds, higher than my head, waved from amongst them most luxuriantly. I picked and climbed my way, as I best could, to my future habitation, and a most rough-looking affair it was. Composed of cedar-logs, *in puris naturalibus*, a floor of slab-boards, a roof of bark, it seemed to be a bastard between an English pig-sty and an Indian wigwam. Novelty, however, overpowered every other feeling, and excited by that and a fine sky, I repeated "I am monarch of all I survey," much to my own satisfaction, as I effected an entrance into my habitation: it was pierced for two windows, though any contrivances for closing the ports were not: that I supplied with some broken board. One box of baggage was all my furniture; that I hung to a beam, and sallied out to discover my nearest neighbour. The difficulties I had to find him, and my misfortunes in the woods, would occupy too much space to relate. I found him, fortunately, an intelligent and communicative French Canadian, married to an Indian female. Under his direction, I drew up a list of what I most wanted, and, after taking a compass, and the fullest directions, determined to cross the woods to York, to fetch up my baggage, &c The track lay for some time on the lake shore, and in some of the bays, where the road was good, with a single line of trees fringing the Lake, the view resembled, in general effect, some parts of the road on the banks of Winandermere. The high lands and craggy mountains were certainly not here; but the same softness of scenery, clearness of water, and wavering lights, were repeated on the almost, till recently, unheard-of Lake Simcoe. With great regret I quitted the Lake shore, and turning abruptly to the south, entered at once the thick wood. The road was difficult to distinguish, leaves having already begun to fall. Walking in the American forest is, perhaps, the gloomiest position that a person can be placed in. Few living animals enliven the path; perchance a squirrel pops his head from his hole, now and then to gaze with his quick bright eye at the unwonted passer by; little else is heard or seen but the continual sawing of the branches in the wind, and the dull, heavy fall of some old standard of the wood, which, after many years of gradual decay, drops to enrich that ground which has so long supported it. After a walk of four or five hours under the shade of the wood, I fell into a good road, well studded with capital clearings. On this road is the settlement of the Davidites, one of the numerous and grotesque sects into which unassisted reason in religious affairs often leads her votaries.

Having made my purchases, and collected my baggage, I again turned my face to the wilderness, and once more I stood at home and alone. My house, however, now looked more comfortable, lumbered up with boxes and tools, and I felt a positive pleasure in lying once more under my own roof tree. I had by this time acquired some knowledge of handling an axe, and was able to cut my fire-wood with ease. Accordingly, as I felt it an accession of power, I became quite delighted with my new talent: the clearing of the axe in the wood was music to my ears, and a clean chip the utmost of my ambition The American axe differs in shape from any tool I have ever seen in England; it is shorter from the pole to the edge than the English felling axe, and is thicker at the shoulder, acting as a smooth wedge to throw out the chip, or split up a log; the handle, made of hickory or elm, is cut with a curve, and a knot at the end to hinder it slipping from the hand. One stroke is made straight from the shoulder, and the other by whirling the axe round the head: the momentum it acquires by this motion, without much exertion of strength, drives it into the wood. The difficulty is to make the cuts all at the same place, and at the proper slope: but all this is speedily acquired by practice. Three or four days

after my return, as I was sauntering along the beach, I found the wreck of an old wooden canoe. This appeared to me to be repairable; I therefore employed that afternoon in getting her hauled ashore. I first filled up her chinks with slips of wood as nearly as possible, and then caulked her with an old pair of trowsers, and moss. I had found, in one of my wanderings, a little knot of pines, (a scarce tree in our neighbourhood,) and by tapping them I obtained a little turpentine, with which I smeared her. I launched her—she floated, something lob-sided, to be sure—but that was a trifle. I cut a paddle, and took a cruise in her directly. I provided a safe place for her, sheltered from the northerly swells. I soon found a use for her; I went to a neighbour's, and brought down in her some boards: with these I formed a loft to my little house, over the seams of which I laid long strips of cedar bark, which I peeled off the trees. This, I expected, would prevent currents of cold air from rushing from above in the winter. Into this loft I removed most of my boxes. I split a slab from a beech log, and made a tolerable chair. I was going to the luxury of stuffing it, but I did not get so far. Two or three boards made me an excellent table and a shelf. I cut two hooks out of wood, and hung up my gun, and, as the evenings drew on, by a blazing fire I looked round me with increased content. I usually rose at half past four, and rolled the fire together, got my breakfast at once, as I have always thought it a great preservative against the ague, eating before going out. The mornings now, the middle and latter end of September, were very sharp—strong white frosts—though the middle of the day was yet very hot. I found it comfortable to keep fires all night, and began to find it tedious to carry my fire-wood home on my shoulder; I therefore one day felled twelve or fourteen fine beech, or maple, and chopping them into twelve feet lengths, borrowed a yoke of oxen, and dragged them to my door. This was my first essay in driving a team, and terrible work I had with them. Among the logs, and in one or two clear parts, the French squatter had planted some few potatoes and pumpkins; these I prepared to house. My potatoes I stowed in a small cellar I had dug under my house for the winter. The tall ugly weeds having all died away, had left my ground glowing, like the garden of the Hesperides, with golden-hued pumpkins: these I piled into a large heap, and two or three tedious days I had collecting them, two being as many as I could carry by the rough and prickly stalk. I about this time increased my family by a young puppy, which a neighbour spared me, a pig I previously held, and a cat. As frequently a fortnight would elapse without a person entering my secluded clearing, we became inseparable companions. If I went out to chop, my whole family would follow, the pig rooting about for pig-nuts, while the dog and cat would play among the wood; and I, sometimes laying down my axe, would call one or the other of my subjects to a more particular conference, to which call the pig was never the least obedient. My neighbour's Indian corn-field about this time suffered very much from the nightly ravages of a large bear: we watched for him some time without success; but one unfortunate night for him we put a limit to his farther proceedings, by three or four balls being lodged in his carcase. The weather, now the latter end of October and November, became most beautiful. It was that season called here the Indian summer. A haziness prevails throughout the air, which is tempered by a gentle and equable heat. Rain falls but seldom in the day-time; refreshing showers frequently ocour during the night, and with the rising sun the very autumnal hues of the fast-falling leaves seem imbued with a springy freshness. The American forests, in the fall season, are, perhaps, in the height of their glory; the golden hue of one tree is relieved against the still dark green of another; the brown crisp leaf of the beech shows in relief by the side of a grove of cedars, while the whole is positively enlightened by the glowing red of a species of maple. The transitions from the dreary decay of a patch of deciduous trees to the pineries, or other evergreens, render a walk through the woods, at this time, more impressive and varied than at any other.

My potatoes and pumpkins being all housed; the seams of my house caulked against the weather by some strong clay, which I worked up and forced into the

interstices of the logs; a good stock of firewood round the door, I awaited the approach of winter without much fear of its rigour. I had several excellent books with me, and after eight hours' work, in what I was at present very busy; trenching up and fencing-in a piece of ground for a garden in the spring, I sate myself down by my snug fire, and by the light of a lamp of my own construction could soon transport myself into other and different climes, or feel, with some astonishment, how soon I had become, in great measure, reconciled to the change of manners and situation. Living in so lonely a manner as I did, it was impossible always to escape the infection (perhaps native to the woods) of feeling sometimes a little melancholy, but setting about some contrivance, either for absolute use, or to give an air of elegance to my retreat, invariably banished the blues. One evening, as I was sitting ruminating on the different prospects I had before me to those my youth had anticipated, and, to confess the truth, sighing over the upset of certain visions which had engaged my attention in Britain, while an indulgence, (only allowed on Saturday night,)—a musical snuff-box, was playing "Portrait Charmant," I heard a tap at the door; "Entrez!" cried I, the door opened, but none entered. I rose, and perceived two figures, wrapped in blankets, standing at the door. "Ontaske niche,"—"Come in, Indians," said I, when one of them, bursting into a fit of laughter, showed me the Indian wife of my neighbour, while she introduced the other as a sister of a friend of hers. Such a visit upset the economy of my house altogether. The younger, who had since her entrance been listening attentively to the snuff-box, crept cautiously closer and closer, until she suddenly laid her hand on it, as if catching a fly. It happened, at that moment, to stop, she immediately imagined she had killed it, and uttering a deep-drawn 'Ih!' looked greatly alarmed at me. Seeing, however, I only laughed, she assumed courage, and smiled too. After some conversation, chattering and smiling, they rose to depart. I happened to have a brooch, very splendid in appearance, of trifling value, which, with all the gallantry I could muster, I fixed on my younger visitor's bosom. She was quite delighted and bade me good night with much cordiality. During her stay, I had time to remark her personal appearance and dress, and it may be understood to be the manner in which the Indian women generally dress. A gathered blue petticoat fell a little below her knees, while bright-red leggings covered loosely her legs from the ancles, feet bare, she wore a sort of black jacket, like a lady's habit, while a silk handkerchief crossed her bosom, *à la Portsmouth Pointer*, round her neck hung several rows of glass beads, and imitation pearl rings adorned her ears. Her head was perfectly uncovered, and long black hair hung over her face and shoulders, while a white blanket twined round, which served in-doors as a shawl. Her complexion was a clear brown, lightened by brilliant eyes and white teeth, and when she smiled, or was excited, her features expressed great good-humour, but when in a state of repose, they sank, though not unhandsome in themselves, into a sullenness of expression habitual to an Indian. The hands and feet of the Indian tribes are invariably small and well proportioned.

On the 12th of December the first snow fell, and before the 25th the Lake was a solid sheet of ice,—"the whole imprisoned water growled below." The noise made by the air when the ice first fixes, is, when heard in the watches of the night, awful, and is heard at a distance of five or six miles from the shore. a deep rending and crackling runs along the ice, and though it is a sign of solidity and firmness, yet a stranger walking over it, when he feels the trembling noise shoot under his feet, can hardly persuade himself of the truth of the supposition. Winter now reigned predominant, every water was fixed in solid ice, and everywhere snow covered the ground. Few birds but the little snow-birds enlivened the scene, the days were generally sunshiny and bright, the evening sometimes superb, the sun setting brilliantly, while a tender red, or violetish hue, over the eastern sky, would portend a keen frost. When the moon arose, her pale brilliance shining on the white plains, can never be described, and amongst the stars to the north played almost incessantly the aurora borealis. The moon and stars of America shine with a lustre far surpassing the same

luminaries here. The clearness of the air seems to permit more of their lustre to fall to the earth; for, unlike the bright unsteady glare of a tropical night, they emit in Canada, not merely a brighter, but a steadier light. Sometimes, returning from a neighbour's late at night, over the frozen surface of the Lake, how bright and how beautiful the heavenly host have appeared! Undimmed by the damps of Europe, and unsullied by the touch of age, they seemed, like the country below them, to be New Worlds indeed. Though the degree of cold on the thermometer be much lower than any experienced in this country, yet, from the dryness of the air, and the constant accompaniment of sunshine, it is not so unpleasantly manifested to the feelings as a much higher degree in England. There are few days in a Canadian winter, at least in the latitude of Lake Simcoe, that a man may not labour out the whole day. I did not find it necessary to dress any warmer than my usual custom in England. The feet are the principal objects: keep them warm. During part of this winter, I was engaged in splitting rails for fences: cedar and bass-wood are principally employed for this purpose. A tree with straight bark and good appearance is selected, felled, and cut into twelve feet lengths, which are split by wedges and mauls into rails as thick as a man's leg. At first I found it not only hard work, but I could not manage more than ten or fifteen rails in a day. I selected improper wood, my mauls split, jarred my hands, &c. However, I persevered, and in four or five days could split a hundred in seven or eight hours.

Spring now began to show itself, and to soften the severity of the winter, the sugar maples began to ooze sap, and pigeons began to return to the vicinity of the Lake. It now was time for me to think of clearing some land, I therefore engaged a Frenchman to assist me in my operations, and we started to work. The trees are all cut off breast high, the handling the axe rendering it impracticable to cut any lower, the branches are piled into heaps, and the trunks cut into lengths of from eight to sixteen feet, proportional to their size, for oxen to draw. I provided myself with whisky and pork, and called a bee, i. e. a meeting of my neighbours, to roll my trees together, preparatory to burning. On the day appointed, about twenty-five men, and five yoke of oxen made the woods re-echo to their exertions, and, at the close of the day, I had six acres of wood piled, ready for firing. A smart north-east breeze came on, and before twelve that night, I had the best possible pattern of Pandemonium. The wind increased to a storm, sheets of fire were impelled among the standing woods, while the roaring and crackling of thirty or forty immense bonfires were quite horrible; a dun canopy of smoke, despite the wind, hung over the scene. I trembled for my house, and kept a constant watch all night. Next day the flames had considerably abated. It was now necessary to roll the burning logs together, to promote their combustion: this is hot, dirty, and disagreeable work. When at last the fires go out, a yoke of oxen is employed to draw the remains (or tisons) into fewer heaps, which are again fired. This generally finishes the operation. I now got my fences up, and engaged a man to plough part for spring wheat.

The ice having now entirely disappeared from the lake, and warm weather set, my attention was turned towards the bountiful supply of fish the lake contained, and I commenced a series of experiments in the art of spearing. As I have already introduced my instructress, a description of one of our expeditions will sufficiently display the manner of catching fish on the lake. Ondosnok, or "the wind that is coming," most poetical of names, having joined me in her beautiful bark canoe, we started from the bay about seven P. M. the wind being almost calm, and the surface of the lake reflecting the gloomy shadows of the moss-grown tamaracks like a polished mirror, a most favourable appearance for fishing, as the steadiness of the water renders the aim much surer. As we paddled out of the small bay it was impossible not to admire the buoyancy and elegance of the bark we were floating in, easy to be carried by one person, it would carry ten or twelve. At the bow knelt the squaw, paddling, while at an angle of 45°, hanging over the water, was stuck a cleft stick holding a piece of inflamed birch bark, which was renewed as occasion required. When we ar-

rived at the fishing-ground, she laid aside her paddle, and assuming the spear, a slight pole of fourteen or sixteen feet long, with a barbed head, she bent attentively over the water, while I guided the canoe, as the point of her spear turned, by the slightest impulse of the paddle; at once, plunge went the spear, and lashing on the surface, came up a transfixed black bass. We speared six or seven more before ten o'clock, when we prepared to return to our homes. This mode of fishing is pleasant and picturesque, the ruddy light of the birch bark reflected on the calm green water, and on the dark animated features of the spear-woman, communicated an interest to the sport not easily forgotten, while the silence of the night was completely unbroken but by the plunge of the spear and the dash of the transfixed fish as they were reluctantly drawn to the surface. Nothing would serve Ondosnŏk but landing on a small barren island, and lighting a fire to immediately taste the produce of the night. This I willingly agreed to, there being something piquante in the proposal. A backwoodsman and an Indian squaw are not long lighting a fire, and in half an hour our fish was cooked famously We tore it to pieces with our fingers, and demolishing it in a twinkling, jumped into the canoe, and soon reached our huts.

I had fenced the previous autumn a small plot of ground as a garden: my cleared six acres I divided into four acres of spring wheat, and Timothy grass, sown over it near the house, one acre and a half Indian corn, for which the ground was not ploughed, and about an acre of potatoes. By the time all this was done, summer was completely restored, every tree was in full leaf, birds had become plentiful, fire-flies illumined the woods at night, while hosts of frogs kept up an admirable concert continually. Musquitoes also became annoying, but one great comfort, positive pleasure, in being bit by a musquito is, that you are sure of annihilating him, "and revenge is sweet to Gods and men" As my crops grew up under my eyes, I felt more and more interested in their welfare planted by my own hands, defended by my care, I seemed in some sort their creator, and I looked forward, as to grateful children, to a sure reward in their maturity. I became to all intents a Canadian farmer, when by our new established post I received a letter from Europe rendering my return necessary

It was with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow that I stepped into the boat to convey me to the landing. They say a prison long inhabited becomes as a home to the prisoner, and I could hardly quit my faithful companions and my laboured land without feeling a regret that I could not have believed possible in the previous autumn.

The above short and simple annals are the plain story of a new settler in the back woods The inferences drawn from the relation will vary, I am aware, at the sway of the age or feelings of the peruser; but those that I, the active agent in them, have extracted, are simply these:—

That to the industrious labourer Canada opens a favourable change.

To the farmer of small capital emigration is also beneficial.

To the gentleman used to a country life with a *fixed* income of not less than 40*l* or 50*l* it may perhaps be an advantageous step: but to the restless, clever, ambitious man; the middle-aged person, whose past years have been spent in civilized life, whose manners are fixed by habit, and whose prejudices are strong cast by former circumstances, especially if he be the broken down, ruined trader of large cities, to such as these Canada only offers an accession of misery: unfitted by their ideas, ignorant of country work, every prejudice shocked, and all their dreams upset, they sink either into a state of mental imbecility, or returning to their old land, spread around reports of the wretched country they have been in There yet remains the young man of a respectable class and small property, but without prospects in this country—to him Canada offers certainly a sure retreat. With her laborious life and her sequestration from much society, she offers to him many alleviations. the fishing and sports he soon enters into. Here are no restrictions.

The wildness of the life and scenery have their charms for youth; the active employments of his farm and affairs will act as excellent recipes against melan-

choly. There, unchecked by those prudential and praiseworthy motives which restrain in this country, he may enter, nay, is impelled in justice to himself and his new country, into those ties which lighten the burdens and heighten the joys in every mode of life, especially in the simple track of a Canadian farmer. There, rich in a large family, he may hope, after the toils of his youth, his declining age will be supported by his extended farm and his active family. But in his early career his eyes must always look forward, he must be a true Canadian; every sigh to olden time is treason against the present hopes. It is true, ills may be magnified by their nearness; but let him remember the pains which pressed him to the earth in his old country, and finally drove him to his chosen refuge, and let him remember that so uncertain are the wishes, and so wavering the disposition of mankind, that even I, returned to my native place, surrounded by my earliest friends, feel my thoughts often wander again to the wilds of Canada; again I see my humble hut in the forest; again I walk in the clear evenings with my Indian friends; the huntings and the liberty of that land press upon me with an almost painful remembrance and freshness, and perhaps I would again return to them, did I not know not only that there I should draw the comparison the other way, but that much of the splendour with which these recollections seem invested, is not inherent in them, but acquired from the charm of relating them to my own friends in the warm circle and amid the social comforts which are only to be found at an English fireside.

SINCE I KNEW THEE!

The Spring is coming with her flowers
To bid the heaven and earth be gay;
To breathe a pledge of happier hours,
And chase all gloomier thoughts away;
The young birds hear her welcome voice
And mid the budding trees rejoice;
I join them in their song of gladness,
And feel the happiness I see;
Yet I have known no thought of sadness
Since I knew thee!

Mine are the prouder hopes of life,
The hopes that cannot dread decay,
That see no evil, fear no strife
To meet and grapple on the way;
The thoughts that thrill, the joys that bless—
That language never can express—
All—all are mine—my bosom's treasure—
Hopes, joys, and thoughts—the happy three—
My life hath been a life of pleasure
Since I knew thee!

For all these gifts what can I find—
What offering wilt thou keep?
A changeless faith—a constant mind—
Devotion pure and deep—
Unwearying thoughts of thee and thine?
These—my soul's idol!—shall be thine.
My heart I give not—that alone
My offering cannot be—
For ah! it never was my own
Since I knew thee!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY AT OXFORD.*

Our supper had disappeared under the grate, but we were able to silence the importunity of hunger. As the supply of cheese was scanty, Shelley pretended, in order to atone for his carelessness, that he never eat it; but I refused to take more than my share, and notwithstanding his reiterated declarations, that it was offensive to his palate and hurtful to his stomach, as I was inexorable, he devoured the remainder greedily, swallowing not merely the cheese, but the rind also, after scraping it cursorily and with a curious tenderness. A tankard of the stout brown ale of our college aided us greatly in removing the sense of cold, and in supplying the deficiency of food, so that we turned our chairs towards the fire, and began to brew our negus as cheerfully as if the bounty of the hospitable Gods had not been intercepted. We reposed ourselves after the fatigue of an unusually long walk, and silence was broken by short remarks only, and at considerable intervals, respecting the beauty of moonlight scenes, and especially of that we had just enjoyed; the serenity and clearness of the night exceeded any we had before witnessed; the light was so strong it would have been easy to read or write. "How strange was it that light proceeding from the sun, which was at such a prodigious distance and at that time entirely out of sight, should be reflected from the moon, and that was no trifling journey, and sent back to the earth in such abundance and with so great force!" Languid expressions of admiration dropped from our lips, as we stretched our stiff and wearied limbs towards the genial warmth of a blazing fire. On a sudden Shelley started from his seat, seized one of the candles, and began to walk about the room on tiptoe in profound silence, often stooping low, and evidently engaged in some mysterious search. I asked him what he wanted, but he returned no answer, and continued his whimsical and secret inquisition, which he prosecuted in the same extraordinary manner in the bed-room and the little study. It had occurred to him that a dessert had possibly been sent to his rooms whilst we were absent, and had been put away. He found the object of his pursuit at last, and produced some small dishes from the study; apples, oranges, almonds and raisins, and a little cake. These he set close together at my side of the table, without speaking, but with a triumphant look, yet with the air of a penitent making restitution and reparation, and then resumed his seat. The unexpected succour was very seasonable; this light fare, a few glasses of negus, warmth, and especially rest, restored our lost vigour, and our spirits. We spoke of our happy life, of Universities, of what they might be; of what they were. How powerfully they might stimulate the student, how much valuable instruction they might impart! We agreed that, although the least possible benefit was conferred upon us in this respect at Oxford, we were deeply indebted nevertheless to the great and good men of former days, who founded those glorious institutions, for devising a scheme of life, which, however deflected from its original direction, still tended to study, and especially for creating establishments that called young

* Continued from page 144.

men together from all parts of the empire, and for endowing them with a celebrity that was able to induce so many to congregate. Without such an opportunity of meeting we should never have been acquainted with each other; in so large a body there must doubtless be many at that time who were equally thankful for the occasion of the like intimacy; and in former generations how many friendships that had endured through all the various trials of a long and eventful life, had arisen here from accidental communion, as in our own case. If there was little positive encouragement, there were various negative inducements to acquire learning; there were no interruptions, no secular cares; our wants were well supplied without the slightest exertion on our part, and the exact regularity of academical existence cut off that dissipation of the hours and the thoughts, which so often prevails where the daily course is not pre-arranged. The necessity of early rising was beneficial; like the Pythagoreans of old, we began with the Gods; the salutary attendance in chapel every morning not only compelled us to quit our beds betimes, but imposed additional duties conducive to habits of industry; it was requisite, not merely to rise, but to leave our rooms, to appear in public, and to remain long enough to destroy the disposition to indolence, which might still linger if we were permitted to remain by the fire-side. To pass some minutes in society, yet in solemn silence, is like the Pythagorean initiation, and we auspicate the day happily by commencing with sacred things. I scarcely ever visited Shelley before one o'clock; when I met him in the morning at chapel, he used studiously to avoid all communication, and, as soon as the doors were opened, to effect a ludicrously precipitate retreat to his rooms.

"The country near Oxford," he continued, as we reposed after our meagre supper, "has no pretensions to peculiar beauty, but it is quiet, and pleasant, and rural, and purely agricultural after the good old fashion; it is not only unpolluted by manufactures and commerce, but it is exempt from the desecration of the modern husbandry, of a system which accounts the farmer a manufacturer of hay and corn: I delight to wander over it." He enlarged upon the pleasure of our pedestrian excursions, and added—"I can imagine few things that would annoy me more severely than to be disturbed in our tranquil course; it would be a cruel calamity to be interrupted by some untoward accident, to be compelled to quit our calm and agreeable retreat. Not only would it be a sad mortification, but a real misfortune, for if I remain here I shall study more closely and with greater advantage than I could in any other situation that I can conceive. Are you not of the same opinion?"

"Entirely."

"I regret only that the period of our residence is limited to four years; I wish they would revive, for our sake, the old term of six or seven years. If we consider how much there is for us to learn," here he paused and sighed deeply through that despondency which sometimes comes over the unwearied and zealous student; "we shall allow that the longer period would still be far too short!" I assented, and we discoursed concerning the abridgement of the ancient term of residence, and the diminution of the academical year by frequent, protracted and most inconvenient vacations. "To quit Oxford," he

said, "would be still more unpleasant to you than to myself, for you aim at objects that I do not seek to compass, and you cannot fail, since you are resolved to place your success beyond the reach of chance." He enumerated with extreme rapidity and in his enthusiastic strain, some of the benefits and comforts of a college life. "Then the *oak* is such a blessing," he exclaimed with peculiar fervour, clasping his hands, and repeating often—"the oak is such a blessing!" slowly and in a solemn tone. "The oak alone goes far towards making this place a paradise. In what other spot in the world, surely in none that I have hitherto visited, can you say confidently, it is perfectly impossible, physically impossible, that I should be disturbed? Whether a man desire solitary study, or to enjoy the society of a friend or two, he is secure against interruption. It is not so in a house, not by any means; there is not the same protection in a house, even in the best-contrived house. The servant is bound to answer the door; he must appear and give some excuse: he may betray by hesitation and confusion that he utters a falsehood; he must expose himself to be questioned; he must open the door and violate your privacy in some degree; besides there are other doors, there are windows at least, through which a prying eye can detect some indication that betrays the mystery. How different is it here! The bore arrives; the outer door is shut; it is black and solid, and perfectly impenetrable, as is your secret; the doors are all alike; he can distinguish mine from yours by the geographical position only. He may knock; he may call; he may kick if he will; he may inquire of a neighbour, but he can inform him of nothing; he can only say, the door is shut, and this he knows already. He may leave his card, that you may rejoice over it and at your escape; he may write upon it the hour when he proposes to call again, to put you upon your guard, and that he may be quite sure of seeing the back of your door once more. When the bore meets you and says, I called at your house at such a time, you are required to explain your absence, to prove an *alibi* in short, and perhaps to undergo a rigid cross-examination; but if he tells you, 'I called at your rooms yesterday at three and the door was shut,' you have only to say, 'Did you? was it?' and there the matter ends.

"Were you not charmed with your oak? did it not instantly captivate you?"

"My introduction to it was somewhat unpleasant and unpropitious. The morning after my arrival I was sitting at breakfast: my scout, the Arimaspian, apprehending that the singleness of his eye may impeach his character for officiousness, in order to escape the reproach of seeing half as much only as other men, is always striving to prove that he sees at least twice as far as the most sharpsighted: after many demonstrations of superabundant activity, he inquired if I wanted anything more; I answered in the negative. He had already opened the door: 'Shall I sport, Sir?' he asked briskly as he stood upon the threshold. He seemed so unlike a sporting character, that I was curious to learn in what sport he proposed to indulge. I answered—'Yes, by all means,' and anxiously watched him, but to my surprise and disappointment he instantly vanished. As soon as I had finished my breakfast, I sallied forth to survey Oxford; I

opened one door quickly, and not suspecting that there was a second, I struck my head against it with some violence. The blow taught me to observe that every set of rooms has two doors, and I soon learned that the outer door, which is thick and solid, is called the oak, and to shut it is termed to sport. I derived so much benefit from my oak, that I soon pardoned this slight inconvenience: it is surely the tree of knowledge."

"Who invented the oak?"

"The inventors of the science of living in rooms, or chambers—the Monks."

"Ah! they were sly fellows; none but men who were reputed to devote themselves for many hours to prayers, to religious meditations, and holy abstractions, would ever have been permitted quietly to place at pleasure such a barrier between themselves and the world. We now reap the advantage of their reputation for sanctity; I shall revere my oak more than ever, since its origin is so sacred."

The sympathies of Shelley were instantaneous and powerful with those who evinced in any degree the qualities for which he was himself so remarkable—simplicity of character, unaffected manners, genuine modesty, and an honest willingness to acquire knowledge, and he sprung to meet their advances with an ingenuous eagerness which was peculiar to him; but he was suddenly and violently repelled, like the needle from the negative pole of the magnet, by any indication of pedantry, presumption, or affectation. So much was he disposed to take offence at such defects, and so acutely was he sensible of them, that he was sometimes unjust, through an excessive sensitiveness, in his estimate of those who had shocked him by sins of which he was himself utterly incapable. Whatever might be the attainments, and however solid the merits of the persons filling at that time the important office of instructors in the University, they were entirely destitute of the attractions of manner; their address was sometimes repulsive, and the formal, priggish tutor was too often intent upon the ordinary academical course alone to the entire exclusion of every other department of knowledge: his thoughts were wholly engrossed by it, and so narrow were his views, that he overlooked the claims of all merit, however exalted, except success in the public examinations. "They are very dull people here," Shelley said to me one evening soon after his arrival, with a long-drawn sigh after musing awhile; "a little man sent for me this morning and told me in an almost inaudible whisper that I must read: 'you must read,' he said many times in his small voice. I answered that I had no objection. He persisted; so to satisfy him, for he did not appear to believe me, I told him I had some books in my pocket, and I began to take them out. He stared at me, and said that was not exactly what he meant: 'you must read *Prometheus Vinctus*, and Demosthenes *de Coronâ*, and Euclid.' Must I read Euclid? I asked sorrowfully. 'Yes, certainly; and when you have read the Greek works I have mentioned, you must begin Aristotle's Ethics, and then you may go on to his other treatises. It is of the utmost importance to be well acquainted with Aristotle.' This he repeated so often that I was quite tired, and at last I said, must I care about Aristotle? what if I do not mind Aristotle? I then left him, for he seemed to be in great perplexity."

Notwithstanding the slight he had thus cast upon the great master of the science, that has so long been the staple of Oxford, he was not blind to the value of the science itself. He took the scholastic logic very kindly, seized its distinctions with his accustomed quickness, felt a keen interest in the study, and patiently endured the exposition of those minute discriminations, which the tyro is apt to contemn as vain and trifling. It should seem that the ancient method of communicating the art of syllogizing has been preserved, in part at least, by tradition in this university. I have sometimes met with learned foreigners, who understood the end and object of the scholastic logic, having received the traditional instruction in some of the old universities on the Continent; but I never found even one of my countrymen, except Oxonians, who rightly comprehended the nature of the science: I may, perhaps, add, that in proportion as the self-taught logicians had laboured in the pursuit, they had gone far astray. It is possible, nevertheless, that those who have drunk at the fountain-head, and have read the "Organon" of Aristotle in the original, may have attained to a just comprehension by their unassisted energies; but in this age, and in this country, I apprehend the number of such adventurous readers is very inconsiderable. Shelley frequently exercised his ingenuity in long discussions respecting various questions in logic, and more frequently indulged in metaphysical inquiries. We read several metaphysical works together, in whole, or in part, for the first time, or after a previous perusal, by one, or by both of us. The examination of a chapter of Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding" would induce him, at any moment, to quit every other pursuit. We read together Hume's "Essays," and some productions of Scotch metaphysicians, of inferior ability—all with assiduous and friendly altercations, and the latter writers, at least, with small profit, unless some sparks of knowledge were struck out in the collision of debate. We read also certain popular French works, that treat of man, for the most part in a mixed method, metaphysically, morally, and politically. Hume's "Essays" were a favourite book with Shelley, and he was always ready to put forward, in argument, the doctrines they uphold. It may seem strange that he should ever have accepted the sceptical philosophy, a system so uncongenial with a fervid and imaginative genius, which can allure the cool, cautious, abstinent reasoner alone, and would deter the enthusiastic, the fanciful, and the speculative. We must bear in mind, however, that he was an eager, bold, and unwearied disputant; and although the position in which the sceptic and the materialist love to entrench themselves offers no picturesque attractions to the eye of the poet, it is well adapted for defensive warfare; and it is not easy for an ordinary enemy to dislodge him, who occupies a post that derives strength from the weakness of the assailant. It has been insinuated, that whenever a man of real talent and generous feelings condescends to fight under these colours, he is guilty of a dissimulation, which he deems harmless, perhaps even praiseworthy, for the sake of victory in argument. It was not a little curious to observe one, whose sanguine temper led him to believe implicitly every assertion, so that it was improbable and incredible, exulting in the success of his philosophical doubts, when, like the calmest and most suspicious of analysts, he refused to admit, without strict proof, propositions, that many, who

are not deficient in metaphysical prudence, account obvious and self-evident. The sceptical philosophy had another charm; it partook of the new and the wonderful, inasmuch as it called into doubt, and seemed to place in jeopardy, during the joyous hours of disputation, many important practical conclusions. To a soul loving excitement and change, destruction, so that it be on a grand scale, may sometimes prove hardly less inspiring than creation. The feat of the magician, who, by the touch of his wand, could cause the great pyramid to dissolve into the air, and to vanish from the sight, would be as surprising as the achievement of him who, by the same rod, could instantly raise a similar mass in any chosen spot. If the destruction of the eternal monument was only apparent, the ocular sophism would be at once harmless and ingenious: so was it with the logomachy of the young and strenuous logician, and his intellectual activity merited praise and reward. There was another reason, moreover, why the sceptical philosophy should be welcome to Shelley at that time: he was young, and it is generally acceptable to youth. It is adopted as the abiding rule of reason throughout life by those only who are distinguished by a sterility of soul, a barrenness of invention, a total dearth of fancy, and a scanty stock of learning. Such, in truth, although the warmth of juvenile blood, the light burthen of few years, and the precipitation of inexperience, may sometimes seem to contradict the assertion, is the state of the mind at the commencement of manhood, when the vessel has as yet received only a small portion of the cargo of the accumulated wisdom of past ages, when the amount of mental operations that have actually been performed is small, and the materials, upon which the imagination can work, are insignificant; consequently the inventions of the young are crude and frigid. Hence the most fertile mind exactly resembles in early youth the hopeless barrenness of those, who have grown old in vain, as to its actual condition, and it differs only in the unseen capacity for future production. The philosopher who declares that he knows nothing, and that nothing can be known, will readily find followers among the young, for they are sensible that they possess the requisite qualification for entering his school, and are as far advanced in the science of ignorance as their master. A stranger, who should have chanced to have been present at some of Shelley's disputes, or who knew him only from having read some of the short argumentative essays, which he composed as voluntary exercises, would have said, "Surely the soul of Hume passed by transmigration into the body of that eloquent young man; or rather, he represents one of the enthusiastic and animated materialists of the French school, whom revolutionary violence lately intercepted at an early age in his philosophical career." There were times, however, when a visitor, who had listened to glowing discourses delivered with a more intense ardour, would have hailed a young Platonist breathing forth the ideal philosophy, and in his pursuit of the intellectual world entirely overlooking the material, or noticing it only to contemn it. The tall boy, who is permitted for the first season to scare the partridges with his new fowling-piece, scorns to handle the top, or the hoop of his younger brother; thus the man, whose years and studies are mature, slights the first feeble aspirations after the higher departments of knowledge, that were deemed

so important during his residence at College. It seems laughable, but it is true, that our knowledge of Plato was derived solely from Dacier's translation of a few of the dialogues, and from an English version of that French translation; we had never attempted a single sentence in the Greek. Since that time however, I believe, few of our countrymen have read the golden works of that majestic philosopher in the original language more frequently and more carefully than ourselves; and few, if any, with more profit than Shelley. Although the source, whence flowed our earliest taste of the divine philosophy, was scanty and turbid, the draught was not the less grateful to our lips: our zeal in some measure atoned for our poverty. Shelley was never weary of reading, or of listening to me whilst I read, passages from the dialogues contained in this collection, and especially from the Phædo, and he was vehemently excited by the striking doctrines which Socrates unfolds, especially by that which teaches that all our knowledge consists of reminiscences of what we had learned in a former existence. He often rose, paced slowly about the room, shook his long wild locks, and discoursed in a solemn tone and with a mysterious air, speculating concerning our previous condition, and the nature of our life and occupations in that world where, according to Plato, we had attained to erudition, and had advanced ourselves in knowledge so far that the most studious and the most inventive, or in other words, those who have the best memory, are able to call back a part only, and with much pain and extreme difficulty, of what was formerly familiar to us.

It is hazardous, however, to speak of his earliest efforts as a Platonist, lest they should be confounded with his subsequent advancement; it is not easy to describe his first introduction to the exalted wisdom of antiquity without borrowing inadvertently from the knowledge which he afterwards acquired. The cold, ungenial, foggy atmosphere of northern metaphysics was less suited to the ardent temperament of his soul, than the warm, bright, vivifying climate of the southern and eastern philosophy; his genius expanded under the benign influence of the latter, and he derived copious instruction from a luminous system, that is only dark through excess of brightness, and seems obscure to vulgar vision through its extreme radiance. Nevertheless in argument, and to argue on all questions was his dominant passion, he usually adopted the scheme of the sceptics, partly, perhaps, because it was more popular and is more generally understood: the disputant, who would use Plato as his text-book in this age, would reduce his opponents to a small number indeed.

The study of that highest department of ethics, which includes all the inferior branches, and is directed towards the noblest and most important ends, of Jurisprudence, was always next my heart; at an early age it attracted my attention. When I first endeavoured to turn the regards of Shelley towards this engaging pursuit, he strongly expressed a very decided aversion to such inquiries, deeming them worthless and illiberal. The beautiful theory of the art of right and the honourable office of administering distributive justice have been brought into general discredit, unhappily for the best interests of humanity, and, to the vast detriment of the state, into unmerited disgrace in the modern world by the errors of practitioners. An in-

genuous mind instinctively shrinks from the contemplation of legal topics, because the word law is associated with and inevitably calls up the idea of the low chicanery of a pettifogging attorney, of the vulgar oppression and gross insolence of a bailiff, or, at best, of the wearisome and unmeaning tautology that distends an act of Parliament, and the dull dropsical compositions of the special pleader, the conveyancer, or other draughtsman. In no country is this unhappy debasement of a most illustrious science more remarkable than in our own; no other nation is so prone to, or so patient of abuses; in no other land are posts in themselves honourable so accessible to the meanest. The spirit of trade favours the degradation, and every commercial town is a well-spring of vulgarity, which sends forth hosts of practitioners devoid of the solid and elegant attainments which could sustain the credit of the science, but so strong in the artifices that insure success, as not only to monopolize the rewards due to merit, but sometimes even to climb the judgment-seat. It is not wonderful, therefore, that generous minds, until they have been taught to discriminate, and to distinguish a noble science from ignoble practices, should usually confound them together, hastily condemning the former with the latter. Shelley listened with much attention to questions of natural law, and with the warm interest that he felt in all metaphysical disquisitions, after he had conquered his first prejudice against practical jurisprudence. The science of right, like other profound and extensive sciences, can only be acquired completely when the foundations have been laid at an early age: had the energies of Shelley's vigorous mind taken this direction at that time, it is impossible to doubt that he would have become a distinguished jurist. Besides that fondness for such inquiries, which is necessary to success in any liberal pursuit, he displayed the most acute sensitiveness of injustice, however slight, and a vivid perception of inconvenience. As soon as a wrong, arising from a proposed enactment, or a supposed decision, was suggested, he instantly rushed into the opposite extreme; and when a greater evil was shown to result from the contrary course which he had so hastily adopted, his intellect was roused, and he endeavoured most earnestly to ascertain the true mean that would secure the just by avoiding the unjust extremes. I have observed in young men that the propensity to plunge headlong into a net of difficulty, on being startled at an apparent want of equity in any rule that was propounded, although at first it might seem to imply a lack of caution and foresight, which are eminently the virtues of legislators and of judges, was an unerring prognostic of a natural aptitude for pursuits, wherein eminence is inconsistent with an inertness of the moral sense and a recklessness of the violation of rights, however remote and trifling. Various instances of such aptitude in Shelley might be furnished, but these studies are interesting to a limited number of persons only.

As the mind of Shelley was apt to acquire many of the most valuable branches of liberal knowledge, so there were other portions comprised within the circle of science, for the reception of which, however active and acute, it was entirely unfit. He rejected with marvellous impatience every mathematical discipline that was offered; no problem could awaken the slightest curiosity, nor could he be

made sensible of the beauty of any theorem. The method of demonstration had no charms for him; he complained of the insufferable prolixity and the vast tautology of Euclid and the other ancient geometricians; and when the discoveries of modern analysts were presented, he was immediately distracted, and fell into endless musings.

With respect to the Oriental tongues, he coldly observed that the appearance of the characters was curious. Although he perused with more than ordinary eagerness the relations of travellers in the East, and the translations of the marvellous tales of oriental fancy, he was not attracted by the desire to penetrate the languages which veil these treasures. He would never deign to lend an ear, or an eye, for a moment to my Hebrew studies, in which I had made at that time some small progress; nor could he be tempted to inquire into the value of the singular lore of the Rabbins. He was able, like the many, to distinguish a violet from a sunflower, and a cauliflower from a peony; but his botanical knowledge was more limited than that of the least skilful of common observers, for he was neglectful of flowers. He was incapable of apprehending the delicate distinctions of structure which form the basis of the beautiful classification of modern botanists. I was never able to impart even a glimpse of the merits of Ray, or Linnæus, or to encourage a hope that he would ever be competent to see the visible analogies that constitute the marked, yet mutually approaching *genera*, into which the productions of nature, and especially vegetables, are divided. It may seem invidious to notice imperfections in a mind of the highest order, but the exercise of a due candour, however unwelcome, is required to satisfy those who were not acquainted with Shelley, that the admiration excited by his marvellous talents and manifold virtues in all who were so fortunate as to enjoy the opportunity of examining his merits by frequent intercourse, was not the result of the blind partiality that amiable and innocent dispositions, attractive manners, and a noble and generous bearing sometimes create.

Shelley was always unwilling to visit the remarkable specimens of architecture, the objects of art, and the various antiquities that adorn Oxford, although, if he encountered them by accident, and they were pointed out to him, he admired them more sincerely and heartily than the generality of strangers, who, through compliance with fashion, ostentatiously sought them out. His favourite recreation, as I have already stated, was a free, unrestrained ramble into the country. After quitting the city and its environs by walking briskly along the highway for several miles, it was his delight to strike boldly into the fields, to cross the country daringly on foot, as is usual with sportsmen in shooting; to perform, as it were, a pedestrian steeple-chase. He was strong, light, and active, and in all respects well suited for such exploits, and we used frequently to traverse a considerable tract in this manner, especially when the frost had dried the land, had given complete solidity to the most treacherous paths, and had thrown a natural bridge over spots that in open weather during the winter would have been nearly impassable. By resolutely piercing through a district in this manner, we often stumbled upon objects in our humble travels that created a certain surprise and

interest: some of them are still fresh in my recollection. My susceptible companion was occasionally much delighted and strongly excited by incidents that would perhaps have seemed unimportant trifles to others. One day we had penetrated somewhat further than usual, for the ground was in excellent order, and as the day was intensely cold, although bright and sunny, we had pushed on with uncommon speed. I do not remember the direction we took; nor can I even determine on which side of the Thames our course lay. We had crossed roads and lanes, and had traversed open fields and inclosures; some tall and ancient trees were on our right hand we skirted a little wood, and presently came to a small copse. It was guarded by an old hedge, or thicket; we were deflected therefore from our onward course towards the left, and we were winding round it, when the quick eye of my companion perceived a gap; he instantly dashed in with as much alacrity as if he had suddenly caught a glimpse of a pheasant that he had lately wounded in a district where such game was scarce, and he disappeared in a moment. I followed him, but with less ardour, and passing through a narrow belt of wood and thicket, I presently found him standing motionless in one of his picturesque attitudes, riveted to the earth in speechless astonishment. He had thrown himself thus precipitately into a trim flower-garden, of a circular, or rather an oval form, of small dimensions, encompassed by a narrow, but close girdle of trees and underwood: it was apparently remote from all habitations, and it contrasted strongly with the bleak and bare country through which we had recently passed. Had the secluded scene been bright with the gay flowers of spring, with hyacinths and tulips; had it been powdered with mealy auriculas, or conspicuous for a gaudy show of all anemones and of every ranunculus; had it been profusely decorated by the innumerable roses of summer, it would be easy to understand why it was so cheerful. But we were now in the very heart of winter, and after much frost scarcely a single wretched brumal flower lingered and languished. There was no foliage, save the dark leaves of evergreens, and of them there were many, especially around and on the edges of the magic circle, on which account possibly, but chiefly perhaps through the symmetry of the numerous small parterres, the scrupulous neatness of the corresponding walks, the just ordonnance and disposition of certain benches, the integrity and freshness of the green trellices, and of the skeletons of some arbours, and through every leafless excellence which the dried anatomy of a flower-garden can exhibit, its past and its future wealth seemed to shine forth in its present poverty, and its potential glories adorned its actual disgrace. The sudden transition from the rugged fields to this garnished and decorated retreat was striking, and held my imagination captive a few moments; the impression however would probably have soon faded from my memory had it not been fixed there by the recollection of the beings who gave animation and a permanent interest to the polished nook.

(To be continued.)

UPON THE SPIRIT OF TRUE CRITICISM.

"To say this is good and that is bad," says La Bruyère, "is not morality." Very true, neither is it Criticism. There is no criticism in this country considering that word as the name of a science. A book comes out it is capital, says one—it is detestable, says another. Its characters are unnatural— its characters are nature itself. On both sides there is affirmation on neither proof. In fact no science requires such elaborate study as Criticism. It is the most analytical of our mental operations—to pause—to examine - to say *why* that passage is a sin against nature, or that plot a violation of art—to bring deep knowledge of life in all its guises--of the heart in all its mysteries to bear upon a sentence of approval or disapprobation—to have cultivated the feeling of beauty until its sense of harmony has grown as fine as the ear of a musician- equally sensitive to discord—or alive to new combinations:—these are not light qualities, and these are not qualities, it may be answered, to be lightly lavished away. Every new book, it may be said, does not deserve that we should so honour it. We need not invoke the Past, and summon all Nature to hear us praise a butterfly, or crush a bug. We may on slight works arrogate the censor—yes, but we must first have been chosen the censor, by the acumen we have testified on great ones. Now, when an author who has risen into eminence, who begins to produce an effect upon his age, whose faults it becomes necessary to indicate as a warning, whose beauties we should illustrate as an example—when such a man produces a new work, what is the cant cry of the Critics? "The peculiar merits and failings of Mr. So and So are too well known for us at this time of day to repeat them. The present work has all the characteristics of the last- if it does not increase, it will not diminish the well-earned reputation of the author." Then come the extracts, and a word or two at the end as precise and lucid as those at the beginning, and——there's THE CRITICISM!

In the best weekly Reviews the public do not expect elaborate criticism the object of the Reviewer is novelty, arrangement, amusement— he wishes to give faithful accounts (which he generally does by extracts) of new publications; and doubtless this, after all, is the proper and exact duty of weekly Reviews. Elaborate criticism is seldom light reading; and though the public might once a quarter, they certainly would not once a week permit themselves to be seriously instructed. Yet altogether the Reviews in the best weekly publications are considerably fairer and truer than those in the Quarterlies; and in nine times out of ten produce a greater influence on the sale of the book.

The specimen we have given above is of the innocuous order of reviewing. That which is bolder and more perspicuous divides itself into two classes---determined abuse and determined panegyric. In the first there is not a syllable of praise--in the second there is not a syllable of blame. With the "Edinburgh Review" Mr. Croker's "Boswell" has not a redeeming point—with the "Quarterly" it is the work next to Homer which the world would be most anxious to save from destruction. At this moment the press are uniting to extol Miss Kemble's "Francis the First;" but we have not yet

heard a single reason why we should admire it. Are the characters new yet true? Are the situations natural yet striking?—if so, *why?* —show us not by your praises, but your reasonings, that you are capable of forming a judgment as well as writing a panegyric. If you have discovered a phenomenon—investigate it! A good tragedy is at all times worth a deep criticism. "Why not criticise it yourself then?" says some one, perhaps, to me—*me scribentem.* Because I do not agree in the praises bestowed on it; because I do not think it a good tragedy; and because I think Miss Kemble scarcely the person at this moment against whom it would be generous to exercise that severe and simple judgment which another author would elicit. But I will not for that reason panegyrise away my conscience; and as for blame, time will destroy flattery, and convince the author of her own deficiencies. It is right to say thus much for her own sake. Indiscriminate praise will hurt her as an author, as it has hurt her as an actress. *On the stage she has not improved.* She acted better when she first appeared than she acts now. At present she is nearly inaudible, and is following a thousand affectations out of the path of nature. A little blame, even as much as this, will arouse a person really clever to self-examination, and with this hope I content myself. And I will now say, for this leads to an important principle in true Criticism, why I will content myself. It is always our critical duty to praise where praise is due; but not always our duty to blame where blame is deserved. More men are made by praise than are made by blame. "We shall do more to keep a reputation than to make one." And thus the generous critic will always be just, but sometimes silent.

It becomes the duty of a critic to blame fearlessly where a bad author has become the fashion and is in danger of misleading popular taste—where he affects the mental habits of his contemporaries—where he begins to form a meretricious school upon unsound principles. Thus Gifford was a great critic when he destroyed the "de La Cruscans:" but then Gifford did not ridicule without proving his right to it. He was not like the insects who set upon Hazlitt, and buzzed away for a time—the reputation of a genius and a knowledge they were unable to enjoy.

Criticism is usually supposed, like virtue, to signify a certain austerity as its very essence. "Oh, the surly critics, the sour critics, the censorious critics!" cries the poor author; yet it is singular that the greatest critics have made their fame by the authors they have praised rather than those they have blamed. Addison is best known to us as a critic from the mere faculty of appreciating Milton. Longinus would be nothing but for his encomiums on Homer; and Schlegel is the most illustrious critic of the age, because he has vindicated with the deepest justice, the countless majesties of Shakspeare. The witty attack that gains a reputation to-day may be the bitterest disgrace to the author to-morrow; and the man who cut up Coleridge so cleverly in the "Edinburgh," is at this moment the object of our pity for the degradation of the attempt. Time always wins our sympathies to the cause of Genius; and though doubtless Zoilus was a model of a Reviewer in his way, we forget his courage while we despise his blasphemy.

The elder Quarterly Reviews have done more to injure Criticism

in this country than literary men have yet observed. People talk of the rise of "The Edinburgh" as a new æra in Criticism. The first numbers of that Review are certainly exceedingly clever; they contain good squibs, excellent pamphlets, much wit, some philosophy, and not a particle of proper Criticism. They did not introduce, but they consolidated and adorned the pitiful system of reviewing a book by sneering at it. Criticism is analysis—with the Edinburgh Reviewers it was irony. The writers of that day, too, were miserably deficient in true taste—they had not the smallest susceptibility to genius —they were Gallicized to the core—they were critical Hayleys—on a great scale I allow, but Hayleys still—they ridiculed Coleridge, and despised Wordsworth; and though they rarely praised any thing largely, or predicted immortality to any work but the Oration of Sir J. Macintosh (a co-contributor) on the Trial of Peltier, they yet seriously bent themselves to examine and confess the beauties to be found "in the splendid pages" of Dr. Darwin. They originated that vicious habit, now interwoven with our critical habits, of debasing the lofty guardianship of Literature into the truckling defence of a Party —they cut and squared their literary opinions to political purposes— they Whigged every thing they touched—they guaged and docketed all the objects of Poetry—sun, moon, and stars—with the little excise notions of a faction that mistook snarling for philosophy; they were unutterably smart, clever, and small! They dwindled down all the genius they criticised—they would have dwarfed Goliah himself. You never find them expanding with the lofty thought—aspiring with the sublime image, that they copied into their pages; they caught the Gulliver, and then played little tricks round him.

As their blame, so their praise minioned to their politics; their heroes were borrowed from themselves; and they reminded you of the Pigmies, who boasted (see Barnes's account of them) that Jove himself was a Pigmy. Yet these small critics became great writers when they left Criticism; their political articles, though not large in spirit, were yet worthy of their present fame—they could not meet Poesy in her high and starred haunts, but they were excellent in attacking a game law or quarrelling with a ministry; they breathed not the odours of Parnassus, but they smelt most professionally of the Bar. They discovered, they brought forward, no new genius in our literature, but they were splendidly sarcastic upon some half a dozen old abuses in our Constitution.

Some seven years after the birth of "The Edinburgh," up started "The Quarterly;" and one might have hoped that, seeing the faults of the precursor, the new aspirant might have aimed at a loftier ambition, and caught something of the spirit of True Criticism. Not a bit of it!—the battledore of "The Quarterly" was merely set up to play at shuttlecock with the battledore of "The Edinburgh." Rat! goes "The Edinburgh," hitting hard at some Tory book; rat-tat! goes "The Quarterly," with a mighty stroke at a Whig one! The same wonderful lack of penetration into genius—the same astonishing poverty of the faculties that admire—reign in both. At its very birth, "The Quarterly" began to prattle of Burns, like a fine gentleman praising the clever exciseman; and it thought "Waverley," on the whole, a very respectable work—for the class of literature to which

it belongs. It must be confessed that "The Quarterly" has, however, committed itself to praise a little more indiscreetly than "The Edinburgh;" it has predicted all sorts of immortality to Robert Southey and John Croker—it has spoken most handsomely of Mary Collings, a maid-servant, and John Somebody, a butler. In fact, there is something inherently servile in the admiration of "The Quarterly!"——when it praises a poor person's poetry—the poor person *must* be a footman or a chambermaid; the magnificent genius—the bold aspirings—the stern strength of the Author of the "Corn-Law Rhymes" might have slept uncelebrated for ever! but had he been a lacquey!—Oh Apollo!

From Mr. Lockhart—himself a man of genius, and who seems, by his Life of Burns, to have sympathies with genius—a little of the *mens divinior* in reviewing might have been expected; but in no book should we look so vainly for any thing resembling the true principles of Criticism as in the present "Quarterly." Of a surety, its last state is worse than its first! If a Foreigner, unacquainted with our literature, were to open the pages of "The Quarterly," he would seek in vain for a single one of those names which now are in every one's mouth; he would know nothing whatsoever of one of those authors whose words are now deeply sinking into the heart of the age; he would open upon "Croker's Boswell" as the Great Book of the Times; and the shrinking Muses of England would seem absorbed in the recent performance of Miss Fanny Kemble. One of the grossest pieces of critical ignorance ever committed, occurred some three numbers since: in the review of Moore's "Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," is this passage:—"Johnson said that he delighted in that intellectual chemistry which can separate good qualities from evil in the same person." Johnson never said any such thing; it was Boswell who made the remark. Now a mere misquotation is no offence, but a misquotation which proves the most thorough ignorance of the character of one of the most canvassed personages in history, shows the writer as a man wanting in all the fine susceptibilities that make the critic. It is not because Johnson did not utter the above sentence that I blame the Reviewer, I blame him because Johnson *could* not have uttered it. A mistake is nothing, but to mistake Boswell for Johnson, is Pelion upon Ossa! In fact, the caliginous air of Albemarle-street begins now to wrap "The Quarterly" as with a shade; it smells of jobs; the noble spirit (for it ought to be a noble spirit that produced Adam Blair) is invisible; and while the Politics smack of the Placeman, the Literature is graveolent of the Bookseller.

While beneath party spirit, and party puffing, and party sneering, in the two Quarterlies, the genius of True Criticism was slowly evaporating, "Blackwood's Magazine" seized the languid spectre, and very nearly cudgelled it at once out of bodily existence. The idea of the new adventurers doubtless was to set up a Magazine that should sell, and in order to obtain a sale, those bad passions in human nature which adore malice and garbage on personalities, were to be addressed. Accordingly Criticism put on the bully and stalked forth akimbo, like the Captain Fierce of a brothel; it called names, blustered, and blackguarded: when it talked of an author, it informed you that he was "pimpled," and never ridiculed his writings without abusing his face.

These miserable *Bobadilia* imposed on the popular taste; and thus the generous, the pure, the beautiful susceptibilities to merit—the deep and passionate science, which masters Human Nature before it dictates what is natural, gave way to a conventional Billingsgate in language, and in matter a moral pandering to the basest vulgarities of the herd. Of late, however, "Blackwood's Magazine" has cast off these impurities; and among the finest criticisms of modern times, we may mention the review of Coleridge's "Wallenstein" and Sotheby's "Homer."

For my part, I please myself sometimes with drawing the ideal picture of a good critic, as Bolingbroke drew that of a patriot King. What a crowd of accomplishments, not easily seen by the superficial, belong to that character! Literature and morality are so entwined, that you rarely find the real critic unless he is also the moralist. The union is almost necessary. In Quinctilian how beautifully the deduction closes the dogma! and even in Johnson the habit of moralizing gives dignity to his criticism. In both sciences the study of mankind, of the metaphysical nature within us, alone ensures a sound judgment: in both, without a delicate yet profound perception of the harmonious, the beautiful, the august, no commanding excellency is obtained. The goodness of a man and the goodness of a book are not such different qualities as people suppose. A person, however, *may* be, though he is not often, a good moralist without being a good man: to preach and practise are faculties not inseparable. But I doubt if a man can be a great critic who has not, at least, the elementary qualities of a good man. I consider that he must keep the intellectual sight clear from envy, and malice, and personal dislikes. He must examine the work above and remote from all the petty considerations that attach to the man. He must be on the alert for genius, ready to encourage even a rival to himself. Where this largeness of mind is not visible, there is always something petty and crippled in the mind of the professional critic. He may make one great criticism, but he cannot criticise with greatness habitually. Perhaps he reviews some dead author—for the dead interfere not with the living; or he wastes a world of generosity, like Southey, in praising some rhymester of the pantry, who is little enough while he attracts honour to the praiser to plunge into forgetfulness the praise. The good critic—that rare ideal, must have in him courage to blame boldly, magnanimity to eschew envy, benevolence to search for obscure merit. He must have genius to appreciate, and learning to compare: he must have an eye for beauty, an ear for music, a heart for feeling, a mind for reason. "We are conscious of excellence," says some author, "in proportion to the excellence within ourselves." No man less than Goethe could have penetrated, as Goethe has done in the "Wilhelm Meister," into the divine mystery of "Hamlet." To learn the nature, whether of the herb beneath us, or the stars above, a man can be no ordinary genius: he is a Linnæus or a Newton.

A.

WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS MUST BE TRUE. A TALE.

So thought Mrs. St. Leger; but so thought not her son Leslie. Mrs. St. Leger had long been a rich widow, and consequently had long been what a woman seldom is—her own mistress. She had learned with her catechism to have a due reverence for all those "in authority over her." The only person in authority over her for years had been herself; therefore, for her own judgment and opinions upon all subjects, she entertained the greatest deference. Her parents had been of the stern school of the last age; she had sacrificed her best affections to obey their wishes, and formed a worldly marriage, which had made her miserable. Yet, while she exulted in her own exemplary conduct, she never, even in thought, murmured at the tyranny of those who had obtained for her the thorny diadem that recompensed her filial martyrdom; on the contrary, they were *her* parents, and therefore *their* conduct was a model for all parental proceedings. It is true, that in her own proper person she eschewed tyranny; for, from the time he could lisp "mamma," to the (in him very precocious) epoch when he could distinctly and emphatically pronounce the words "*I will*" and "*I won't*," she had never thwarted the slightest wish of her only son, who was at the same time her only idol; for which reason she concluded herself to be the most devoted of mothers, and conceived herself justly entitled to a double, and more implicit share of obedience from her son, whenever he should arrive at that epoch of human life, at which, of all others, people have the best right to judge for themselves. But *she* had married against her inclination to *obey* her parents: how much more then ought he to do so to *gratify* the kindest and most indulgent of mothers! Yet if one had hinted to Mrs. St. Leger that she was unreasonable in any thing, she would have stared in unfeigned astonishment; for she would instantly have recollected how much more reasonable and less *exigeante* she was than her parents had been. Moreover, like all persons who live totally out of it, she piqued herself on great knowledge of the world. A love of solitude was the idiosyncrasy of her whole family; and the worst of indulging in solitude is, that we are apt to get a trick of wearing our very virtues wrong side out; and where caution would be quite a sufficient defence against that great monster, the world, (whom, as we rarely see, but live quite near enough for neighbourly feuds, must naturally be our enemy,) we are not content without arming ourselves with its extremity—suspicion. We may seclude ourselves with economy, but the odds are, we emerge with avarice. Solitude is a soil in which few feelings grow; but errors—those spring up into excess. All who indulge it grow a little mad. But to our story. Mrs. St. Leger, notwithstanding her solitary faults, was an excellent woman, kind at heart, and faultless in intention, and often would have been the very first to have appreciated and admired certain qualities had she happened to find them in any other individuals than those she especially disliked. Of her son she had, perhaps, more reason to be proud than fond. Not that he lacked any of the virtues that beget esteem, or the good qualities which can alone create or retain genuine affection: nor did he want those thousand

little, nameless failings which rescue very gifted persons from the chilling heights on which they would otherwise be placed above their fellows—failings which, in those we love, give us additional cause to love them, because they give us something to forgive; and there is a pertinacity in human affection which clings more closely to all for which it has in any degree suffered. But Nature is a niggard; and while she lavishes with one hand, is sure to hold back something with the other. She had given to Leslie St. Leger a handsome person, a keen wit, and a strong, penetrative, and generous mind; but she, or Education, or both combined, had bestowed upon him a rash, self-willed, and obstinate disposition.

"Every body says so, therefore it must be true," said Mrs. St. Leger to Mrs. Brambleton, (a toady in every thing but salary and suavity,) as her son Leslie entered the breakfast-room.

"And what is, it that is so true because everybody says so?" inquired he, with a smile.

"Why, my dear, that that house which Mr. Manningfield has just bought in Whitehall smokes most abominably, or else he would not have got it so cheap."

"I only know," said Leslie, "that all the time Lord Leitrem lived in it, which has been for the last thirty years, he declares he has never known a single room in it to smoke once."

"Of course he would say so," snapped Mrs. Brambleton, "when he wanted to sell it. Some chicken, Mr. St. Leger? Really you eat nothing. I should think you were in love, only Mrs. St. Leger tells me she cannot get you to go into society at all since you returned from abroad."

"My dear mother, I don't know what *you* call going out, but Heaven and myself only know what I have endured in the way of dancing and dinnering since my arrival here; or, as the newspapers would phrase it, how largely I have tasted of 'British hospitality,' a hospitality, forsooth, which marvellously resembles that fountain at Smyrna, of which no man can partake without its being *expected* that he should take away a wife from the place; for hospitality, in this country, is chiefly confined to fathers of families labouring under an accumulation of daughters, all and each ready to fall to the lot of the first man who can give them 'a local habitation and a name.'"

"My dear Leslie, young men get up such strange notions on the Continent, and learn so soon to undervalue the true and solid blessings of an English fire-side: it is really quite shocking. Where abroad will you meet with such a family as the Jernynghams?"

"Where, indeed, thank God!" cried Leslie.

"Emmeline Jernyngham—such a sweet, retiring, ladylike, unobtrusive girl, and so pretty!"

"Sweet, retiring, and unobtrusive! *C'est à dire gauche comme une vache Espagnolle, et bornée comme une bosquet à l'opera;* and as for beauty, that of Ætna,—ice for the bases, and fire for the summit; her hair is positively *couleur feu d'enfer.*"

Poor Mrs. St. Leger lifted up her hands and eyes in astonishment at her graceless son's cavalier treatment of her panegyric. She had known the well-regulated times when a parent's opinion was indis-

putable, and when people read, heard, dreamed of nothing else but "the wisdom of our ancestors:" but she had lived to see the inauspicious day when she was afraid to provoke contradiction from her own son, and when it was a hundred to one but that every book she opened, from the pompous and Johnsonian-looking quarto down to the dandified and finikin duodecimo, or even the penny *canaille* of the paper democracy, would have for its opening sentence some "grievous grievance" saddled upon "the ignorance of our progenitors," ancestors being by far too aristocratic a term for the phenomena of the present age to use even figuratively. Mrs. St. Leger wisely forbore a reply, but, like a true woman, continued expatiating upon the same text.

"And Lady Jernyngham is such a sweet woman—so much Christian charity and forbearance! I never heard her speak ill of any one, even if they are ever so bad. It was only the other night, at her sister's, Miss Humdrum's, that I heard her palliating, in the most amiable manner, the vices of that young profligate, Lord Rentall."

"Oh!" cried the incorrigible Leslie, "she would no doubt have done the same by his Satanic Majesty, were he about town in guise of a bachelor elder-brothership, and likely to ask for either of her daughters; and then, notwithstanding her exemplary maternalism, I would stake Miss Fanny to a hackney-coach-horse, that she would have let the D——l take either of them, and then have said, in her most purring and conciliating voice, that the D——l is often painted blacker than he is."

"I hear Sir George Erpingham is very much in love with Emmeline," persevered Mrs. St. Leger.

"Heavens! what a fool that man is!" said Mrs. Brambleton. "By cramming his little, narrow, dark, crooked, antediluvian mind with a few modern chimeras, which he picks up, like his furniture, in different odd holes and corners, and, like his furniture, jumbles incongruously and heterogeneously together, he thinks to pass for a wondrously clever person, especially as he is hugely sceptical upon all mysteries, except his own importance, and that of his Yorkshire Siberia, and to those he pays the homage of a most idolatrous worship, after the fashion of the aboriginal priests of Isis, who always selected for their individual Latria an idol that never received the reverence of others."

"Ah, my dear Mrs. Brambleton, I fear this is all the good the 'march of intellect' is likely to do."

"*March* of intellect! my dear Madam, I begin to think *that* is past, and that it must now be the *April* of intellect, one meets so many fools."

"Pray, Mrs. Brambleton," asked Leslie (very *apropos de botte*, as his mother thought), "did you ever happen to meet a Miss Fielding?" Mrs. Brambleton put her head on one side, and leaned her cheek upon her hand to consider, for she was of that genus of ancient ladies, who pride themselves upon the diffusion of useful knowledge to all, and, therefore, could ill brook being thought ignorant either about persons or things. "Why, let me see; ye—s; you mean a little odd-looking dark girl, with a profusion of long black ringlets, like a *Pont Neuf* poodle *coïffée* for sale, don't you?"

"No, I mean a tall fair girl, with blue eyes, and golden hair."

"Oh! the daughter of that odd Mrs. Fielding, that has such strange opinions upon all subjects; and the daughter is, I believe, as odd and as disagreeable as the mother."

"I have heard," said Mrs. St. Leger, in a deprecating tone, "that she is a most undutiful daughter, and that she gives herself such tremendous airs, that she never will appear to any of her mother's guests, and is in every way thoroughly unamiable."

"And I have heard," said Leslie, somewhat more warmly than the occasion appeared to demand, "that her mother's guests are persons of such strange opinions, and of such equivocal character, that you, my dear mother, would be the very first person to condemn any girl for voluntarily associating with them."

"I dare say," growled Mrs. Brambleton, "she only avoids their society to annoy her mother, and not out of any sense of propriety."

"And I understand she is exceedingly satirical—a quality, to say the least of it, very unbecoming in any young woman," said Mrs. St. Leger.

"Oh! horribly ill-natured," responded the Brambleton, with a sneer that displayed her very sable teeth, which, at that moment, Leslie thought the venom of her tongue must have turned black.

Mrs. St. Leger began to feel a vague, though faint and ill-defined alarm, at the unwonted warmth of her son's championship in behalf of Florence Fielding, and finding that he was not to be moved by the *niaiseries* of English modesty and vacuity, she thought she would see what wit and wealth would do; and although, before she named Miss Marsham, she herself felt it was hardly fair to accuse Miss Fielding of satire, while she called Miss Marsham's undisguised and unprovoked ill-nature *wit*—yet Miss Marsham was an heiress, while Florence Fielding had not a shilling—and, therefore, had no right to a sense of the ridiculous, even upon the most trifling and external points. Having arrived at this conclusion, she commenced her operations with

"Pray, my dear Leslie, tell me. Miss Marsham dined at Lord Audley's yesterday: don't you think her a most charming, agreeable person?—and *so very* clever and witty!"

"Oh!" cried Leslie, putting both hands before his eyes, "name her not; she is my favourite aversion: *there*, is genuine unsophisticated ill-nature, if you will; and as to wit, if she has any pretensions to it, it must, indeed, be that she 'builds her fame upon the ruins of another's name:' and then her loud laugh, and her extraordinary plainness, which would make any man afraid to marry her, unless she could prove that she had taken out a patent for it, so as to confine it exclusively to herself: and with that eternal diamond *Ferroniere*, she is, indeed, 'like the toad, ugly and venomous, which yet wears a precious jewel in its head.'

"It is a strange anomaly in English society," continued Leslie, "where persons are certainly much more personally and rancorously ill-natured than in any other, that the only species of ill-nature never tolerated or forgiven, is that which is at all accompanied by wit. In England, people might write and speak libels for ever, provided they

avoided epigrams. The retailers of scandal, the assassins of reputation, who merely circulate the leaden lie in all its unwrought dulness, are never shunned as a pest, or denounced as dangerous; but let them omit half the malice, and only substitute wit for the remaining quantum, and they will soon be dreaded as though they were walking Choleras. A friend of mine (lucky fellow!) was once avoided for a whole season at Florence by all the English, for having happened to remark of one of his compatriots, who appeared at a ball with one of those turbans of the old English breed (now happily extinct), composed of white muslin handkerchiefs and red scarfs, that she looked like a Calmuck Tartar returning from the wars, with his head-gear garnished by the bleached bones of his enemies. Strange, strange contradiction! that a nation which excels more than any other in the talent of being able to 'eat mutton cold,' should not be able to forgive those who 'cut blocks with a razor!'"

A few days after the above conversation, Leslie requested an audience with his mother in her dressing-room, where she generally was to be found alone for some three hours after breakfast, unenvironed by the eternal Mrs. Brambleton; and he did then and there, after much hesitation, circumlocution, and ineffectual attempts at lessening the shock, boldly ask her consent to marry Miss Fielding!

Poor Mrs. St. Leger! Had he asked her consent to cut his throat, she could not have looked more aghast, or felt more heart-stricken, than she did. Leslie kept his eyes fixed as attentively on that part of the carpet immediately under them, as though he had been taking an inventory of the stitches or forming a synopsis of the colours. The "Morning Post" dropped from Mrs. St. Leger's little, aristocratic, thin white hand, which seemed within the last minute to have grown thinner and whiter. She leaned, or rather sank back, in her *berger*—she looked at her son for some seconds with as much intensity of despair, as though the grave, or the perdition beyond it, had yawned before him. At length a pale smile cast a faint gleam over her countenance, which had been actually palsied with horror, and she said, "Oh, no, no! Surely, Leslie, I might have known you were jesting."

Long and bitter was the scene which ensued. Leslie defended and eulogised Florence Fielding with all the eloquence of a lover. Mrs. St. Leger warned him, and inveighed against her with all that sophistry of parental devotion which convinces itself the more that it fails in convincing others—that the happiness of her child alone actuated her—that she was totally unbiassed by any other or more worldly motive—she even went so far as to say (what parents generally do on such occasions) that it was not money, it was not rank, she wished for her son—it was only happiness; and even had he preferred any one more portionless, and less well born than Miss Fielding—provided she had been in herself amiable and likely to make him happy—she would have willingly consented; but the daughter of such a woman! brought up as she had been! what could he expect? In vain Leslie pleaded that Florence's mother had never liked her, and that on no one subject had they an opinion in common; in vain he brought innumerable instances to prove how much affection for the individual influences our adoption of the individual's opinions—how almost impossible it is

for us to think those wrong in any thing who are never wrong to us—and how nearly equally impossible it is to think those right in any thing who are never just or kind towards ourselves: thus it is that affection ever makes the very failings, and even vices, of those we love a haven to run into, while dislike to the object makes us light up the very same vices as a beacon to be shunned: in vain Leslie told of the many good traits he had noted in Florence's character—in vain he urged his mother to know before she condemned her. As for her good qualities, Mrs. St. Leger was convinced they only existed in his imagination—and as for knowing her, he was quite a sufficient proof of her art, without another member of his family being subjected to it. She was *convinced*, too, that she did not care one straw for him; for in her was that strange anomaly (that exists in most parents' minds) which, while it made her think her son more loveable, more amiable, more beautiful, more clever, and more attractive than any one else ever was, or ever will be, would not allow her to believe that any body *could* love, admire, or appreciate him but herself. Her pet scheme about him and Miss Jernyngham was at an end, for that morning's paper had announced her marriage with Sir George Erpingham; so Mrs. St. Leger was fain to close this painful conference with a sigh and a hope, that "her dear Leslie, to whom she had always given credit for sense beyond his years, would take some time to consider before he sealed his misery for life, by marrying a woman who every body said had not a good quality, and who, to say the least of her, she was certain, would run away from him at the end of six months."

A year elapsed after this conversation, during which time Leslie St. Leger vainly tried to gain his mother's consent to his marriage—and by the end of that time he contrived (by arguments best known to himself) to persuade Florence to become his wife without it, and consequently against her own conviction of right. The day of their marriage Mrs. St. Leger gave a large dinner-party—certainly not to celebrate the event, but chiefly to show the world in general, and her son in particular, that from that time he was as nothing to her—and that she would henceforth take refuge in crowds, which she had hitherto shunned, and seek in the many all that she persisted in thinking she had *now* lost in the one. The dinner passed off as English set-dinners usually do, which for the most part seem modelled on the plan of the banquets of the old Florentine painters, who Vasari tells us used, even with their confections, desserts, and ambrosial wines, to introduce the most appalling skeletons, spectres, and images from the infernal regions; for at the dinner in question, fire, robberies, murders, and diseases and elopements, were duly discussed.

About four years after her marriage, as Florence was sitting alone one evening, during one of the frequent absences of her husband, who was then in Leicestershire, busy about his election, a servant entered, and said, "Ma'am, Mrs. Charlton is below, and wishes to speak to you."

"Who is Mrs. Charlton?" asked Florence.

"Mrs. St. Leger's housekeeper, Ma'am."

"Let her come up," said Florence, trembling violently, as a vague

idea that her husband was in some danger flitted across her; for his mother had persisted in not seeing her since her marriage, and therefore she could not suppose it was any message from her. Mrs. Charlton at length came curtseying into the room—the very incarnation of an apology for having intruded upon her at all, much less at so unseasonable an hour—"but, Ma'am, Mrs. St. Leger is so *dangerous hill*, and Mrs. Lewyn (that is her maid, Ma'am), being in the fever too, Ma'am, and therefore, as the saying is, of no use, Ma'am—and my own poor girl being seized not an hour ago—(and one must look to one's own, Ma'am)—and a nurse not to be had to-night for love or money—and Dr. B—— saying as *Misses* might not live through the night, if so be she was not properly 'tended—and Master Leslie—I beg pardon, Ma'am—Mr. St. Leger being out of town—and hearing you was such a good lady, I thought I would venter to call, thinking as you might be able to get a nurse, Ma'am—and that—then Mr. Leslie need not be written to, as he is so busy about his *'lection*—and as I know he loves his mother dearly, it would sadly vex him, as his interest like would pull one way and his duty, Ma'am, another."

"You did quite right, Mrs. Charlton, not to write and alarm Mr. St. Leger," said Florence, "and I hope Mrs. St. Leger will be quite well before he even hears that she has been ill. I will endeavour to send a nurse to Grosvenor-street in less than half an hour. I suppose you are going back there immediately?"

"Oh, dear no, Ma'am, I am going on to my poor girl, who is lying so *dangerous hill* in *Igh Obern*—and that's chiefly what made me come to you, Ma'am, as I could not stay and do for *Misses* myself, poor dear lady!"

No sooner had the worthy Mrs. Charlton departed on her maternal mission to *Igh Obern* than Florence repaired to her own room, put on a morning cap, poke bonnet, and *babtiste* dress, and then, under a strict injunction of secrecy, confided to her astonished abigail her intention of herself going to nurse Mrs. St. Leger. The maid could not suppress her surprise and horror. "What! at this time of night, Ma'am?"—"That is the very reason; for no one else can be got."—"And the typhus fever and all! Dear, dear Ma'am, if you should catch it, and die of it, and all, before Mr. St. Leger returns, what would he say?"

"And if his mother should die through my selfish fears, because I was afraid to go near her, Gerald, what would he say then?"

"I don't know, Ma'am, what *he* would say; but *I* should say," cried the tirewoman somewhat pertly but still more indignantly, "that if it had been you, she would have let you die before *she* would have gone to *you*."

Florence arrived in Grosvenor-street as fast as fear and anxiety could take her. For four nights, and four days, which the darkness of a sick room made like night, she watched by the bed-side of Mrs. St. Leger. Never did nurse tread so noiselessly, never did leech administer his anodynes so carefully;—and never did a mother smooth the pillow of a sick child more tenderly than did Florence that of her mother-in-law; and though in the ravings of the poor sufferer, she often heard her own name coupled with epithets of reproach and

aversion, yet this was more than atoned for by the unbounded affection for her son, which even on the brink of the grave Mrs. St. Leger evinced was her ruling passion; and Florence actually loved her for not thinking that she herself was good enough for him. The worst of her trials, in her new capacity, was the incessant praises of Dr. B——, his endless inquiries as to the hospitals she had attended? his surprise at her youthful and anti-professional appearance, and his reiterated promises of patronage and recommendation! On the evening of the fifth day Mrs. St. Leger was pronounced out of danger. The fever had quite left her; and she was profuse in her thanks to Dr. B—— for his unremitting attention, of which she said she had a confused but strong impression.

"Not at all, Madam, not at all," said the Doctor, "it is to this young woman you are indebted, for never did I see so indefatigable a nurse: she has not left you night or day these five days, and many a thing has she anticipated, which I was not here to order: yet which nevertheless was of more importance than medicine itself."

"Come hither, child," said Mrs. St. Leger, putting aside the curtain, "as far as money can repay your services, you shall not find me ungrateful; but you look very young for a nurse, and rather of a different rank of life too; but how long have you been a nurse? and where did Dr. B—— hear of you?"

"I am not a regular nurse, Madam," said Florence, blushing and stammering, "and it was not Dr. B——, but Mrs. Charlton who found me out, for her own daughter being ill, she was obliged to go to her, and as it was so late at night she could not get any body else I came, and thought I might be able to nurse you if I was but wakeful and careful."

"And God knows you have been both," cried Dr. B——.

"And I shall not forget either," said Mrs. St. Leger; and then added, with a sigh, "but Leslie—has he not been here? Surely if he *can* think of anything but his wife, he might have come when I was so ill."

"Oh, for that matter," said the Doctor, "Mrs. Charlton and I held a cabinet council, and as he was electioneering, we determined not to harass him by letting him know of your illness till you were out of all danger; but I wrote to him yesterday, and should not be surprised if he were here to-night; he could not be here before—do you think he could, Mrs. Charlton?" addressing the housekeeper, who had returned that morning, and now came into the room with some arrow-root.

"Oh dear no, Sir, by no manner o' means."

Mrs. St. Leger seemed appeased at this, but could not retreat without aiming one more shaft at Florence. "I think Mrs. Leslie St. Leger, in common respect, putting humanity out of the question, might have sent to inquire after me."

"Mrs. Leslie St. Leger *has* inquired after you four or five times a day, Ma'am," said the housekeeper, darting a look at Florence's crimson cheek, as she thus pointedly alluded to her almost hourly inquiries in her capacity of nurse: the good woman stirred the arrow-root somewhat more vehemently than it seemed to require; and

Mrs. St. Leger turned to Dr. B—— with a sigh of resignation at her son's wife having for once actually done what she said she ought to do—and inquired if there was any news?

"No, nothing, except that Lady Erpingham has gone off with Lord Rentall."

"Lady Erpingham! and left her two children!—you amaze me!" said Mrs. St. Leger sinking back upon her pillow, as if she had been electrified.

"Humph!" quoth the Doctor, "she was much too automaton a personage for me to be surprised at anything she did; but it is a common error to mistake vacuity for virtue, and ignorance for innocence. Why, here is Mr. St. Leger, I have no doubt," cried the Doctor, as a carriage stopped at the door. In another minute a step was heard upon the stairs, Florence attempted a precipitate escape into the dressing-room, but was detained by Mrs. St. Leger laying her hand upon her arm, and ordering her not to go. In another instant Leslie was in the room, and at his mother's bed-side: he did not see his wife in his anxiety to see his mother; and poor Florence had fainted from fear of the *denouement* that must inevitably take place. Dr. B—— put out his arm to prevent her falling to the ground. Mrs. Charlton ran for some water. Leslie turned to see what was the cause of the commotion—he saw a woman lying across the bed with her face downward. As he helped to raise her, the dim light from a solitary candle gleamed upon her face, and he beheld his wife to all appearance dead. "Good God! Florence, my own poor Florence! how came you here? and they have murdered you!" cried Leslie, frantically:—"will no one save her?" continued he, "send —go—bring a physician—every physician—bring them all!"

"Gently, sir," said the Doctor, "she will recover soon, if you do not all crowd round her, and keep the air from her."

"On your peril do not trifle with me," said Leslie, looking wildly on his wife's wasted form, and the wan cheek, where want of sleep, and so many nights and days of watching had wrought a change that appeared fearful in his eyes:—"you think she *will* recover."

"She *is* recovering," said Dr. B——, dashing a tear from the corner of his eye, for he now began to comprehend the whole scene, and how Florence had been so good a nurse, although she had *not* walked the hospitals.

"Mother, mother," said Leslie, willing to grasp at hope from every one, "do you think she'll recover?"

"I do, Leslie," said Mrs. St. Leger, bursting into tears, as she placed Florence's cold hand in Leslie's burning palm, and pressed them both within her own—and I do think, although *everybody does not say so*, that she is an angel.

H. G.

THE CHARACTER OF GEORGE CANNING.

There is no time at which an eminent man is so little considered, so much forgotten and disregarded, as for a few years succeeding his decease. His name no longer noised above that of others, by the busy zeal of his partisans, or the still more boisterous energies of his opponents, drops suddenly, as it were, from the mouths of men. To his contemporaries he has ceased to be of importance; the most paltry pretender to his place is of more. Posterity does not exist for him, until the period has arrived, when the dead are separated from the living; until the times in which he lived, and the scenes in which he acted, have become to us as a distant prospect of which the eye can at once single out the remarkable objects, while all the minor parts—the orators whose orations are only great to those in whose favour they harangue—the politicians whose deeds are only important to those to whom they can give places, melt into the general mass of every-day insignificance. The French, who are as fond of putting philosophy into action, as we are coy of connecting theory with practice, have lately marked out a kind of intermediate space between the past and the present, the Tomb and the Pantheon; but even ten years is too short a time for this apotheosis. At the present moment Mr. Canning seems rather to have slipped away from what is *going on*, than to be a part of what has *gone by*. It is true we have ceased to look for the clearly chiselled countenance which the slouched hat only slightly concealed; we no longer watch for the lip satirically curled; the penetrating eye (peering along the opposing benches) of the old parliamentary leader, in his accustomed place in the House of Commons. We do not expect at the end of a discussion to hear the singularly mellifluous and sonorous voice—the classical language, now pointed into epigram, now elevated into poesy, now burning with passion (it was too rarely rich of thought), which curbed into still attention a willing and long broken audience. But if we should be surprised at seeing Mr. Canning rise to answer Sir Charles Wetherell or Sir Robert Peel, we should hardly be less so at hearing him classed with Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, or any of those great men who are sufficiently separated from ourselves to be the property of history. It would rather appear, from the kind of manner in which his memory is now regarded, that he has retired from public affairs, than that he is actually no more. We make this remark, because we think no judgment can be formed as to the reputation which a public man will bear with posterity, from that which he leaves immediately behind him. It is not that the world does him injustice. It feels that the time has not come to judge him justly. Under these disadvantages we commence our task.

We do not profess to be of that order of critics who boldly deck their friends with all Roman virtues, and as conscientiously bedaub their opponents with every political iniquity. Men must be viewed in relation with the circumstances under which they appear. Mr. Canning was born in a particular state of society, under a particular form of government, and brought forward in public life at a very peculiar era in the politics and circumstances of the world.

From the time of Queen Anne, the state had been divided into two aristocratic parties, whose watchwords were *principles* (which might be said to be constitutionally attached to opposition or place), but whose struggle was for *power*. Public opinion, was the opinion of certain coteries; public men were, generally speaking, men neither brought forward by the public, nor for the sake of the public. It was necessary that some one should make such a speech as would "tell well," and procure a round of cheers from the House. If such an individual could be found with a large landed estate, and a coronet entailed upon him, so much the better; if not, why, he must be sought for elsewhere. A school or college reputation, an able pamphlet, a club or county-meeting oration pointed him out. The Minister, or the great man who wished to be Minister, brought him into Parliament: if he failed, he sank into insignificance; if he succeeded, he worked for his master during a certain time, and then became a Minister or a great man himself. As for the people, *he* had nothing whatsoever to do with them; they returned some jolly Squire who feasted them well, or some Nabob who purchased their votes. The community was represented by all the rich boobies who paid them —the Whigs and the Tories—by the cleverest men they could find, whom, in fact, they paid. Under such a state of things, cheerfully acquiesced in, it is hardly wonderful that what is called "the people" should have been very much plundered and very much despised.

If a young man of talent and ambition wished to embrace a public life, he generally found the opportunity of being introduced to some borough proprietor, a respectable and dignified-looking gentleman, who received him with the utmost courtesy, complimented him on his accomplishments, spoke to him in the most friendly manner respecting his prospects, and expressed feelings, which to a mind predisposed to judge favourably, might very fairly have seemed patriotic. But supposing this same young man presented himself on the hustings of a popular election—he might be as learned or as eloquent as you please—the first question asked him would still be, "Do you mean to pay what is customary, and open the public-houses?" If the persons putting these questions expected to be regarded with affection or respect, they showed an egregious ignorance of the first principles of human nature—they became contemptible in themselves, contemptible in their representatives.

Thus there was no sincere, there could be no sincere, love for popular rights, amongst those who were anxious for public distinction and not wealthy enough to buy popular favour. The fault was not all theirs. Let us confess the truth—it was, in part, the fault of the people, or rather of the system which left the people thus ignorant and unreflecting. The talented and ambitious men, who had no money to throw away at elections, repudiated, on the one hand, by this great body, and adopted, on the other, by a particular class, could hardly be expected to care much for the comfort or the welfare of those with whom they had no sympathy of feeling, no community of interest. When, in order to judge correctly, it was necessary to feel with the feelings of the poor man, they were ordinarily in error; when the rectitude of their policy might be decided by the feelings of a gentleman, it was more usual to find them right. Bread or beer might be dear or

cheap, they cared little about it—a victory however, gained or lost, affected them more deeply. A mob might be massacred without exciting their compassion—and yet they might feel sincerely the loss of a general or a statesman. Such were the men who may fairly be called "Political Adventurers;" a class from which some names may be found in the most brilliant parts of our later history. Such were our political adventurers; the creatures of those feelings and institutions which called them into existence, at the time (1793) when Mr. Pitt sent for Mr. Canning—a scholar of eminence, and a young man of superior and shining abilities—and offered him a seat in Parliament.

The following is the simple manner in which this interview is spoken of, by a biographer of Mr. Canning:—

"Mr. Pitt, through a private channel, communicated his desire to see Mr. Canning—Mr. Canning *of course* complied. Mr. Pitt immediately proceeded, on their meeting, to declare to Mr. Canning the object of his requesting an interview with him, which was to state that he had heard of Mr. Canning's reputation as a scholar and a speaker, and that if he concurred in the policy which Government was then pursuing, *arrangements* would be made to bring him into Parliament."

These few words will briefly tell to future generations the manner of making Members of Parliament in olden times. Mr. Canning's early friends were of the Opposition faction, and among those who were the most violent in their opinions—he had been considered and spoken of as their protegé. But a seat in parliament from the hands of a Prime Minister, who, however haughty and reserved in his general manners, had perhaps, for that very reason, a peculiar power in fixing himself in the minds of those whom he wished to please, was a tempting offer to a young man conscious of superior talent, but rendered by his situation in life agreeably alive to such flattering and powerful notice. It is fair, moreover, to admit that the offer came at a critical period, after Mr. Fox had wept at his separation from Mr. Burke, and when the oldest political friends were becoming every day more disunited.

Already the first efflorescence of the French Revolution had passed away. The National Assembly, composed of the earliest and most reasonable advocates of liberty, had ceased to exist. Its great orator and oracle, the genius of that mighty epoch—Mirabeau, was dead, and his bust stood veiled in the theatre of his former glory! The public prisons had been broken open, and their captives barbarously murdered by a drunken and bestial populace. The steps of the stately palace of Louis XIV.'s descendant had been trodden more than once in triumph by the same brutal and unforbearing mob. La Fayette, whose snow-white charger had formerly borne the hopes of France, was an exile and a traitor. Louis XVI. the people's King, the idol of the federated festival in the Champs de Mars, "the only prince, perhaps," says the eloquent writer of "The French Revolution,"* "who, having no passion, united those two qualities which make good kings—a fear of God and a love for the people."—Louis XVI., the heir of Hugues Capet, of St. Louis, of Henry IV., grasped in the clutch of three common executioners; his hands ignominiously

* M. Mignet.

bound behind his back; his last words drowned by the roll of the revolutionary drum—had perished in the presence of silent, if not sorrowing witnesses.

The philosopher, deeply deploring the many vicissitudes, the varying process through which Opinion has to pass in order to be refined to Truth, but calmly aware that the sense of a people never ultimately retrogrades—the philosopher might have seen through the clouds of dust which followed the mobs of September, shouting for blood—or which gathered round the conqueror's car, whose military empire succeeded the sanguinary Republic—the brighter period—when a more sobered intelligence would necessarily triumph; when a warlike despotism, founded on a feverish desire for internal security, would wear out the principle of its existence; and a system of liberty, still, perhaps, imperfect, but supported by law, and sanctioned and confirmed by a long previous disposition of thought, would realise those views of the Revolution of 1791, with which some of the most generous and enlightened spirits that ever appeared amongst mankind then embraced it.

This the philosopher might have seen, and did see. Nor were the short-lived horrors of the reign of Republican terror to be compared with the much longer, if more silent sufferings, under which the people had been groaning beneath the partial and oppressive sway of the ancient *regime*. Great changes in government cannot be made without those mighty and fearful shocks which upheave the foundation and confound the elements of which society has been previously composed. Even when sovereigns have themselves undertaken revolutions, they have found no less vulgar and cruel means for effecting them than those of the mob. Here, however, (the glory and the guilt being blended and concentrated in one and the same individual,) the greatness of the end attained obliterates the memory of the crimes through which it has been pursued. But more ordinarily it is by various successions of men that the different parts in these great crises are consecutively performed, and those whose lives fall in the worst passages of such alternations, leave a name for execration and wrath. Yet the massacres of Robespierre and Marat were hardly worse than the cruelties by which the Russian Empire was regenerated. The life and career of the French Revolution, if it could be personified, would bear no unjust comparison with that of Peter the Great.

These are the views which the philosopher in his cabinet might take —such the reveries which he might in solitude pursue. But the men who are living and acting with the world, those who have friends and relations, whose lives they value; those who have properties which they are most unwilling to lose—such persons will naturally look in alarm at the *immediate* consequences of a social movement, from the destructive effects of which no class or system seems secure. The ancient *regime* and its nobility had passed away for ever at the emigration of the Comte d'Artois and the Comte de Provence; the *bourgeoisie* and the Constitution were lost with Lafayette; the purest republican blood that ever was spilt on a scaffold flowed shortly after from the veins of the eloquent and noble Gironde; the mob orator, the public-house politician, came finally beneath the stroke of the guillo-

tine; nor could even the sacred rights and reminiscences of insurrection preserve the ruffian hero of the 10th of August from the same fate as the Imperial daughter of the house of Hapsburg.

It was natural, we repeat, to shrink in terror from the example of a nation which seemed to be under the influence of a horrid and mysterious delirium—which found the massacres of September necessary to the victory of Valmy; which flourished by the terrible force of bankruptcy, assassination, and proscription.

But, that we should make war on it because we saw it in that fearful state, is a little more unaccountable. Where could be the morality of bringing fresh horrors into a country where so many were already raging? Where the policy of concentrating and consolidating so formidable a system by an act of foreign aggression? It was the confederates of Pilnitz, and not the members of the Legislative Chamber in France; it was the anti-revolutionary war, and not the Revolution—which lighted up a fire that will one day blaze above the thrones of the antique monarchies of Europe. From that time the struggle between nations was destined to be succeeded by the still more violent struggle between opinions; from that time kings ceased to contend among themselves, and a new conflict was opened between kings and their people.

It was to the Diet of the German Empire, assembled at Ratisbon, that the eloquent Isnard addressed himself when he said:—

"Disons à l'Europe que le peuple Français, s'il tire l'epée, en jettera le fourreau; qu'il n'ira le chercher que couronné des lauriers de la victoire; que si des cabinets engagent les rois dans une guerre contre les peuples, nous engagerons les peuples dans une guerre contre les rois." Daring words, delivered with a prophetic enthusiasm!

But if this war, engaged in at the most favourable moment, would have been unjust and impolitic, what have we farther to say to the time of entering upon it? There are two courses to take with a state in the situation of France, if we wish to check its crimes, or to keep ourselves without the sphere of its extravagances. The one is to attack it when the contending parties are first at issue, and pretty equally balanced, as the friend of one of these parties; the second, to allow the spirit which rises up as the cause and consequence of great changes, to be evaporated by time and wasted in internal commotions.

The well-known maxim of Machiavel, repeated by Montesquieu, that a nation is never so strong against a foreign enemy as when it is agitated by civil divisions, is especially true when it is not so much divided in general opinion as split up into factions, debating on minor points, and contending for party power.

If, when Louis XVI. was still at moments a popular king; when a constitutional and loyal party existed in the Assembly and the nation; and the army, under a constitutional General, was uncertain in its political creed, weakened by the defection of its officers, and wanting in the nerve which it afterwards acquired by success, or was forced to display from fear—if, when the troops under Theobald Dillon took flight at the sight of the enemy, and little Robespierre was laughed at as "an insignificant incendiary," and the eloquent Girondists had only vaguely and distantly indulged in their favourite dream of a Republic, we had then inspired the Confederates on the frontiers with more

moderation in council, and greater vigour in action—if we had then induced the Duke of Brunswick to display his spirit in marching boldly to Paris, instead of in publishing that memorably inane and pompous proclamation—if we could, at that critical time, have persuaded him to have fought for the modern King of the new Constitution, instead of launching out a *military bull* in favour of the antique tyrant of the demolished Bastille, we might *possibly* have succeeded for a time in establishing Louis XVI. on the throne, under the sanction of the same Charter which was afterwards *octroyed* by his brother at the Restoration.

What was our object in going to war? To save Louis XVI. and to check that spirit of propagandism, announced in the French Chamber, from being formidably maintained and spread by the troops of France. To effect this, we took up arms when Louis XVI. had gone to his ancestors, and when the Republican armies, flushed with victory, and threatened with the guillotine in the event of defeat, were become, from raw recruits, desperate and veteran soldiers. We reserved our defence of the monarch till he had perished on the scaffold—our defence of the monarchy, till the French Republic was declared "a besieged city, and France a vast camp." Then we commenced a war with allies who were become anxious for peace, and who, in taking our money, reserved it to pay the expense of the campaign they had finished, without any consideration for the violent inclination for fighting which we had just been seized with.

This was the policy which Mr. Pitt asked Mr. Canning if he approved of—this was the policy which Mr. Canning came into Parliament to defend, and which he did defend on every occasion, and which he always boasted having defended to his dying day.

On the 11th December 1788, Mr. Tierney made a motion respecting peace with the French Republic. It was time. The negociations at Lisle, never cordially entered into, were broken off. We had formed a new alliance with Russia and the Porte, shortly to be augmented by Austria, who opened the campaign at Ratstadt, by the assassination of the three French Commissioners. We were about to carry on the struggle with new energies, certainly not under very encouraging auspices. The coalition of 1792–3 was completely broken up; Prussia had for three years been at peace with France; nor had the cabinet of Vienna seen any objection to signing a treaty, which, disgracefully to both parties, sacrificed the remains of Venetian liberty. These were poor assurances of the fidelity of our subsidized confederates.

France, in the mean while, still distracted at home, had notwithstanding enlarged her empire by Belgium, Luxembourg, Nice, Savoy, Piedmont, of which she had assumed the Protectorate—Genoa, Milan, and Holland. The arguments of Mr. Tierney were such as a reasonable man might be supposed to urge; the uncertain friendship of our allies, the increased force of our enemy, and the withering drain we were encouraging upon our own resources.

"In six years," said he, "we have added 150 millions to our debt, by which we have created the necessity of adding to our annual burthens eight millions, a sum equal to the whole of our expendi-

ture when the present monarch (George III.) came to the throne." Mr. Tierney was answered by Mr. Canning.

It is only a person well acquainted with the House of Commons who could believe that Mr. Tierney was listened to in apathetic silence—Mr. Canning cheered on by enthusiastic applause. There never was a collection of more glaring contradictions, more gaudy sophisms, than the youthful orator's declamatory harangue. The war was to be pursued because we were victorious; peace was to be refused on account of the successes of the enemy; France was too weak to be respected—too formidable not to be opposed. As for the sums we were expending, they were insignificant when compared with the objects we had in view. Our ancestors, whose immaculate wisdom Mr. Canning was at that time so fond of citing, would certainly have been astonished to find that those objects were the re-establishment of Spain in its ancient power, and the subjugation of Rome to the authority of the Pope!

Our sworn enmity to France and to French principles encouraged an ardent attachment to both in those who thought they had any reason to complain of ourselves. The Directory in Paris and the Catholics in Ireland had, therefore, formed a natural and legitimate league: the result was a rebellion, artfully planned, for a long time unbetrayed, and which, but for treachery and accidents, such as could not have been counted upon, would most probably have been successful. Mr. Pitt, taking advantage of the fears of a separation between Great Britain and Ireland, which this rebellion, in conjunction with the difference between the two legislatures respecting the Regency, had created, announced, in a message from the Crown, a desire still farther to incorporate and consolidate the two kingdoms; language which the Administration confessed meant to convey a desire for such a union of Ireland with this country as that by which we were already connected with the independent kingdom of Scotland. Whatever may have been the result of that Union—the promises under which it was held having been long so treacherously denied, so disgracefully broken—it certainly did, at that time, afford reason to suppose that a fairer and less partial system of government might thus be established in Ireland than that which had long existed. As for the wail which was then set up, and which has since been re-awakened for the independent legislatures which that measure blended with ours, the facility with which they were purchased, is the best answer which can be given to the loud assertions that are made of their value. The times of the good old Sir Robert Walpole afford no examples which might justify a comparison between an English House of Commons and these rotten and revered Irish Parliaments. The part, therefore, that Mr. Canning adopted on this question—if with the sincere and honest views of conferring the rights of citizenship on our Irish Catholic fellow-subjects, and not with the intention (which it would be harsh to presume) of winning and then betraying them—is one, however it might be opposed at the time, highly honourable to an English statesman. But the conduct of the Ministry of that day has not yet been properly explained. That Catholic Emancipation was frequently promised as the principal boon of the

Union, has never been disputed—As such promises were made in Parliament in the face of day, the King could not be supposed ignorant of them. If he had such insuperable objections to this act of political justice, why did he not then declare it? If he was silent on that subject to his advisers in the cabinet, he was betraying them; if he was candid, they were betraying the Irish people. Mr. Canning's language was not ambiguous:—

> "Here, then, are two parties in opposition to each other, who agree in one common opinion. And surely if any middle term can be found to assuage their animosities, and to heal their discords, and reconcile their jarring interests, it should be eagerly and instantly seized and applied. That an union is that middle term, appears the more probable, when we recollect that the Popery code took its rise after a proposal for an union, which proposal came from Ireland, but which was rejected by the British Government. This rejection produced the Popery code. If an union were therefore acceded to, the re-adoption of the Popery code would be unnecessary. If it was in consequence of the rejection of an union, at a former period, that the laws against Popery were enacted, it is fair to conclude, that an union would render a similar code unnecessary—that an union would satisfy the friends of the Protestant Ascendancy, without passing laws against the Catholics, and *without maintaining those which are yet in force!*"

In 1801, not being able to prevail on the King to carry into effect the conditions which the King had allowed him to make—a disposition on his Majesty's part, which, if unanticipated by the Minister, ought to have been still more severely resented—Mr. Pitt resigned his situation to Mr. Addington, of whose Administration he professed himself the supporter. Not so Mr. Canning, who, on obtaining a seat in 1802, by his own means, (i. e. his own money,) entered into violent opposition against the existing Government. Nor was what he did in Parliament all Mr. Addington had to thank him for: to the numerous political squibs of the day, Mr. Canning was thought pretty largely to have contributed. Nor ought we here to pass over those other light effusions of his pen which are generally known as his, and which possess peculiar facility and grace.

"The Knife-Grinder," and "The Loves of Mary Pottinger," are exquisite in their way, and will become part of our standard literature of that description. This vein Mr. Canning continued to cultivate for his own amusement, and that of his friends.—It accorded peculiarly well with the boyishness of his disposition, and was kept as a kind of relaxation amidst his graver pursuits. We remember an instance of this: we think it was when Sir Charles Bagot was at the Hague that there arrived a very mysterious despatch. Every thing was quiet and peaceable at the time, and the bags had, for some months past, been filled with the ordinary exchange of London gossip and Brussels lace. What could be the matter? The despatch was in cipher. The Secretaries and *attachés* were set to work, and, after much statesmanlike misgiving, produced a letter in verse, for the profound consideration of the Ambassador of the Netherlands.

In 1804, on the downfall of the much-abused and ill-treated Mr. Addington, Mr. Canning became Treasurer of the Navy. Why do not his many biographers explain the reason, if every thing was fair and straightforward, for his quitting office in 1801, because

the Catholic question was forbidden to be mentioned, and returning to it in 1804, under an express stipulation that no Member of the Government should agitate it contrary to the Royal inclination?

Was the promise that had been given only binding for two years? Was the secession from office a trick? Was the return to it a sacrifice—a sacrifice of honour and principle, to the miserable gratification of place?

The death of Mr. Pitt threw Mr. Canning again into opposition, and no longer awed by the mightier genius and weightier authority of his master, he stood forward as a more prominent and powerful personage than he had hitherto appeared. On the breaking up of the Whig administration therefore, which could hardly have long existed if Mr. Fox had been spared, but which fell almost immediately to pieces on his dissolution, he re-entered office as a Member of the Cabinet and Minister of Foreign affairs.

In this situation he continued from this time until 1810, a period marked by our attack upon Copenhagen, our rupture with Russia, our fortunate intervention in Spain, and that melancholy expedition to the Scheldt, which hung during the years 1809 and 1810 over the debates in Parliament "like one of the dull fogs of that river."

In 1810 the fatal issue of the expedition to Walcheren and the negociation which had been secretly carrying on for the exclusion of Lord Castlereagh, occasioned a quarrel, decided by a duel between these two Ministers, which subsequently led to the resignation of both. It would be little worth while to recur to this now forgotten, and always, as far as the public were concerned, insignificant business. Lord Castlereagh acted as a vain and high-spirited man, who fancied his confidence betrayed—his abilities called in question; and who, like a true Irishman, saw but a short vista between an offence and a duel. Mr. Canning, equally high-spirited, felt that he had got into a disagreeable business, and that the fairest escape from it would be to fight his way out. Lord Castlereagh's conduct, when we think of a sober and wise statesman, is ridiculous. Mr. Canning's, when we picture to ourselves a high-minded and frank-hearted gentleman, in spite of the plausibility of his explanations, is displeasing. It becomes more so as we remember (after the failure in 1812 to form a united Cabinet) the embassy to Portugal; which, to say the least of it, placed the ex-minister in a situation of thankfulness and subserviency to the very man whose friendship he had violated, and whose incapacity for foreign affairs he had so peculiarly pointed out.

Mr. Canning's speech in answer to Mr. Lambton's, who made a motion on this subject, is perhaps the best he ever delivered. It is impossible even to read that speech without being borne along by the noble torrent of enthusiasm—the swelling tide of generous and haughty defiance which, disdaining subterfuge, courting investigation, burst from the passionate depths of the orator's eloquent indignation. Madame de Stael declared she would have been used as badly as Lady Byron to have been addressed by his Lordship's muse. There are many who have said with hardly greater exaggeration that they would be accused of Mr. Canning's crime as the price of having made his defence.

In 1818 he came again into power. It was a dark and troubled

period; a period of great private distress, so that the minds of men were bent with more acerbity than usual upon the redress of public grievances. The country borne down by debt, harassed by taxation, which had no longer for its excuse a monopoly of commerce, looked naturally enough to the source from which these calamities had flowed. They found the theory and the practice of the constitution at variance, and hearing they had a right to be taxed by their Representatives, they thought it hard and unjust that over the great majority of those who taxed them they had no control. Retrenchment and economy were what they required. Parliamentary Reform was the means of economy and retrenchment. Public meetings in favour of Parliamentary Reform were held; resolutions in favour of Parliamentary Reform were passed; petitions in favour of Parliamentary Reform were presented; the energies of a free people were aroused; great excitementpr evailed. When a country is thus agitated, a Minister must resist with vigour, or yield with grace. Unjust and violent demands should be met with resistance—sober and legitimate requests with concession—weakly opposed, they are obtained by immediate violence; successfully refused, they are put off for a day—they are postponed for a week or a year; but they are not got rid of. Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning thought otherwise. The Habeas Corpus Bill was suspended—the Seditious Meeting Bill was passed—the lamentable affray—or, why palliate the expression?—the *infamous massacre*—at Manchester took place.

Mr. Canning defended his conduct in the House and out of it—that is to say, he made some bitter speeches in Parliament, and wrote three challenges, or demands for explanation. One to Mr. Hume, one to Sir Francis Burdett, and one to an anonymous pamphleteer. It was hard for liberty to have so ready and ruthless an antagonist: one who, not satisfied with those legitimate and classical weapons he was so well skilled to wield, forgot the days of "the Anti-jacobin," and pointed a pistol at every pen that was raised against him.

In 1820 the Qeeen returned to England, and Mr. Canning resigned his place in the Cabinet as President of the Board of Controul, and retired to the Continent. "His conduct on this occasion, according to universal consent, was marked by the most perfect correctness, and delicacy of feeling." Perhaps it was: we are not anxious to break a lance with Mr. Therry; but to us it does appear that a man of sound public principles, of high and honourable private feelings, had no middle course to take at that conjuncture.

Either the Queen of England was a guilty woman; she had draggled the high and royal rank she held, from which the honour of this country was inseparable, through the dirt in every Court in Europe; she was a disgrace to her exalted station; an unworthy consort to our Sovereign; a stain and blot upon our Court; shameless moreover as wanton, she had dared discovery and unblushingly solicited the exposure of her brutal amours; when she landed on the English shore, she stood before the people the very vilest of her sex;—*or* she was the most persecuted and aggrieved of women. Will any one say that in the first instance it was the duty of a Minister of high station to desert the painful but responsible situation in which he stood, from any feeling of esteem or attachment to an individual so unworthy? In the other case, if Queen Caroline, as many believed,

and as Mr. Brougham solemnly swore that he believed, was innocent, was there any circumstance or consideration upon earth, the wreck of ambition, the loss of fortune, the fear of death, which should have induced an English gentleman, a man of honour, a man who had the feelings of a man, to leave a female whom he called "friend," beneath the weight of so awful an oppression? To us, we must confess, Mr. Canning's conduct on this occasion is one of the greatest blots we are acquainted with upon his public and private character, the almost unequivocal proof of a mind unused to the habit of taking sound and elevated views of human action.

The years 1821 and 1822 Mr. Canning spent abroad. On his return he was selected by the East India Company as Governor-General of India; but Lord Castlereagh's melancholy termination of his existence took place, and he became once more Minister for Foreign affairs. This is the period which Mr. Stapylton may be said to have chosen for the commencement of "his Political Life," a work written with all the ability of a politician, but with all the partiality of a friend. Up to this time Mr. Canning had, through a long career, a career continued through nearly thirty years, been the forward and unflinching opponent of popular principles and concessions. He had never once shrunk from abridging the liberties of the subject; he had never once shown trepidation at any extraordinary powers demanded by the Crown. With his arms folded, and his looks erect, he had sanctioned without scruple the severest laws against the press; he had advocated the arbitrary imprisonment of the free citizen; he had eulogised the forcible repression of public meetings; he had constantly declared himself the determined opponent of Parliamentary Reform: the only one subject on which he professed liberal opinions (the Catholic Question), in corroboration of the theory we set out with, was precisely that subject to which the great bulk of the community was indisposed. Such had been the career—such was the character of Mr. Canning up to 1822. In 1827 he died—the Arch-Jacobin of Europe.

What were the doughty acts which procured him this fearful appellation?

The entry of the French troops into Spain was a new era in that war, which, as we have said before, has been carrying on since the Revolution of 1791 between Kings and the people. Our political interests, however, were in this instance decidedly opposed to the part we had formerly taken in the strife of opinions. The aggrandizement of France, and that spirit of military conquest by which she has been at all times distinguished, were almost as frightful to British eyes under the legitimate monarchy of the Bourbons as under the sway of the Directory, the Consul, or the Emperor. We would not that the French flag, whether white or tricolour, should float on the other side of the Pyrenees. Spain, moreover, was to English ears a name arousing peculiar feelings. It would have been impossible for any Minister to have sanctioned the French aggression; it would have been highly impolitic in him, not to have done all — all at least which could be done by peaceful means—to arrest it. Mr. Canning, then, as Minister of Foreign affairs, was obliged, within forty-eight hours of his accession to office, to state the views and feelings of this country as decidedly hostile to a Spanish invasion. But this invasion

was based upon certain principles: against these principles, therefore, he found himself called to contend.

The speech from the French throne, intended to convey (according to the usual tactics of the French Chamber) one sense to France, another to the world, or those parts of the world where the different reading might be required, was still so inexplicable, except as a bold assertion of the divine right of Sovereigns, (an assertion flowing, let us remember *en passant*, from the present liberal of legitimacy, M. de Chateaubriand,) that Mr. Canning, who, whichever side he took, was not very guarded in his expressions, roundly stated that to the construction to which that speech was liable, and which it *most naturally bore*, he felt *disgust* and *abhorrence*. From that moment to the Emperors of Austria and Russia, to the Cabinet of Prussia, to the legitimates of Spain, Italy, and France, he was a *liberal*, a *Jacobin*, a *Carbonaro*, a *regicide*. As far as they were concerned, his character was cast, and if the Opposition in England had been satisfied, the Tories at home would already have begun not to feel discontented. Mr. Canning's disgust and abhorrence, however, were only vented in words. We do not blame him for this. A war with France would have been perfectly justifiable: perhaps Lord Heytesbury, by assuming a responsibility, for which events warranted him, did more than the world generally knows in preventing it: but a war not for Spain, but a party in Spain, however we might approve the principles of that party, would have been an imprudent and useless war. Still, in stopping short of going to war with France, it was the duty of our Government to do every thing which could diminish her power, or put a check upon her ambition. Hence the memorable declaration, which led afterwards to the recognition of those Colonies as independent States: "That the British Government felt itself called upon to state, that it considered the separation of the Colonies from Spain to have been effected to such a degree, that it would not tolerate for an instant any cession which Spain might make of Colonies over which she did not exercise a direct and positive influence."

This declaration did not proceed from any feelings in favour of liberty; it proceeded from political reasons only: not from a wish that the Colonies should possess free Governments of their own, but from a desire to prevent their possible subjection to the Government of France. The steps which followed were necessary consequences of this, and we have Mr. Canning's express authority for stating that the recognition of South America was no act of his sole and extraordinary liberality, but a measure of policy jointly concerted, and jointly agreed to by the united Cabinet of which he formed a part.

"I have not thought it necessary to dispute the assumptions of the Honourable and Learned Gentleman with respect to the state of the Cabinet; but one of his assertions I must deny. He has taken it for granted, that because on one interest the Cabinet, like the nation, is divided into two parts, whoever is against me as to the Catholic question, was equally against me as to the recognition of South America.—He is completely mistaken.—I beg to assure him, that the line that is fancifully drawn between the liberals and illiberals in the Cabinet, is not straight but serpentine; and that however easily that division as to the Catholic question may be traced, on others, to which the members are not pledged by habit, connection, or personal honour, I hope they bring minds fairly open to the arguments of their colleagues."*

We now approach the affairs of Portugal. The free Constitution brought over by Sir Charles Stuart was necessarily a new offence against the unconstitutional Governments of Europe. They had engaged in a contest in favour of despotism. The recommendation of a Constitution, then, was almost like a declaration of war. Mr. Canning therefore found it necessary to explain, and he did explain that Sir C. Stuart had acted without his authority.

Still Sir C. Stuart remained without any mark of Ministerial displeasure, and he could hardly, therefore, be thought to have acted contrary to the Minister's inclinations. The form of Government to which we were inclined, since we* had protested against putting down the old Government in Spain, it became the policy of the new Government of Spain to put down. But that could not be done without waging war upon Portugal, and Portugal we were bound by treaty to protect. Mr. Canning was obliged again to confront the Holy Alliance: in the memorable speech, in which he announced the departure of our troops to Portugal he did so; and as he turned towards the benches beneath the gallery, his swelling voice, and his brandished arm and outstretched hand, seemed to defy the ministers of those sovereigns upon whom he threatened to let loose the indignation and vengeance of their subjects.—The character of the man overpowered the sense of his situation—the orator, anxious after immediate applause, forgot the minister balancing ulterior consequences. He spoke with vehemence, for with vehemence and bitterness he must speak, whether on the side of tyranny or revolution. It was indeed the same florid energy of diction, the same heat of temperament, which had formerly made him so obnoxious to the Reformers, which now exposed him to the censure of Royal and Imperial indignation.

What separated him from the enemies of Liberty united him with its friends; and as he had formerly been more assailed by the liberal Opposition than his colleagues, so now he became more praised and courted by it.

At this, to him, critical time, Lord Liverpool died. The talents, the length of service, the prominent situation in which he had long stood before the country, pointed Mr. Canning out as Prime Minister. There could only be one reason against his being selected—the sentiments he was known to hold on the Catholic question. His opinions on this subject, however, would hardly have gathered to him the ranks by which he had long been faced from the opposite benches—the resignation of Lord Eldon, of Mr. Peel, of the Duke of Wellington did; and he found himself on a sudden, without any act or solicitation, or perhaps even any wish of his own, at the head of the liberal party of England, which he had been so long opposing.

His last act (the foundation of which had long been laid) was happy for his fame—the Treaty of London, which allied the three Powers of England, Russia, and France, in favour of the liberties of Christian Greece.

It is easy to see, from the tone which we have assumed, that we rather trace the liberality of Mr. Canning's later career to circumstances extraneous from abstract feelings in favour of liberty, than from any

* Vol. v. p. 316, Canning's Speeches.

love or attachment for the great principles of civic freedom. Any Minister of this country, placed in his situation, must have acted very much as he did—a man of a calmer and less eloquent turn, of a more moderate and staid disposition, would probably have expressed himself differently. Had Mr. Canning lived five years longer, had he been living at this time, there can be little doubt that the situation in the Lords, to which he was about to be removed—his personal feelings towards Lord Grey, and the repeated and earnest objurgations of a long political life, would have placed him once more at the head of the Tory party. The defendant of that system by which he was introduced to power, the heat and impetuosity of his character might have led him to any extremes, and it is within the verge of probability that the country which is now building him a monument might ere long be erecting him a scaffold.

We say this without any intention to do him wrong; indeed we think that we spoke our feelings pretty fairly as to the individual when we stated our opinions of his class, which we believe careless to the interests of the great bulk of the people, but not indifferent to the honour and character of the country.

Like most men who have risen to great eminence, Mr. Canning owed much to chance. He was lucky in the time of his decease—in the day of his desertion. To very few has it happened to be supported by a party as long as its support was useful—to be repudiated by it when its affection would have been injurious. The same men who as friends had given him power, as enemies conferred on him reputation. But his glory is not connected with any great act of legislation. No law will travel to posterity protected by his name. After generations will see in him much to admire—little to be grateful for. The Memorialist will delight in painting the talents he displayed, the Historian will find little to say of the benefits he bestowed.

As an orator, Mr. Canning's style of eloquence was peculiar to himself; he was almost the founder of his own school, a school admirably adapted to what the House of Commons has yet been, an assembly of decently well-bred and not entirely-illiterate gentlemen. He was always easy and fluent—frequently passionate and sarcastic—while he peculiarly excelled in that light and playful, though not unfrequently ungenerous tone of raillery, by which an antagonist may be rendered ridiculous when he cannot be answered, and an audience amused, when it is too dull or too impatient to be instructed. Generally remarkable for the polish of his language; we have proofs, even to the last, in his own hand-writing, of the pains he bestowed upon it—"Erat memoria summa, nulla tamen meditationis suspicio." Those who knew him well, say that he would sometimes purposely frame his sentences loosely and incorrectly, in order to avoid the appearance of preparation. His action inelegant, not perhaps without intention, was warm, animated, and well suited by its vehemence to the florid colouring and figurative decorations in which it pleased him to indulge. His arguments were not placed in that clear, logical, and deductive form which enchains and enforces conviction; neither did he use those solemn perorations by which it is attempted to instill awe or terror into the mind. His was the endeavour alternately to distract the attention, to tickle the ears, to amuse the fancy, and to excite the feelings—(to arouse the passions

would be too strong an expression)—and in these various parts of this great science, he succeeded in no mean degree. Depth and sublimity he was without; but he carried those qualities he possessed to such perfection, that at times he almost seemed profound and sublime. Some merits he had, which eminently calculated him for the practice of state affairs. His strict and unwearying assiduity to business was more remarkable from the vulgar notion, that those who possess the more brilliant order of abilities are unfitted for attention to the dry details of office. His despatches, though not so exquisitely perfect in style as those of his successor, Lord Dudley, were beautiful state compositions:—Indeed, to the verbal construction of every paper that issued from his department, he paid the most scrupulous and minute attention. Indefatigable in Downing Street, he, notwithstanding, was rarely out of his place, or incapable of bearing the brunt of the various discussions, in the House of Commons; and even when the business of the night seemed concluded, the statesman and the orator turned courtier, and rarely went to bed without writing to the King an entertaining, and frequently eloquent account, of the party proceedings of the evening. Still his genius was not of the first order: there was something in his character and his talents which tended at once to diminish our respect for his merits, and yet to soften our censure of his defects. The same unstately love for wit—the same fatal facility for satire--the same petulant and imprudent levity of conduct, which sometimes involuntarily disgusted us with his abilities, at others led us involuntarily to excuse his errors. Now we blamed the statesman for being too much the child—now we pardoned the veteran politician in the same humour in which we would have forgiven the spoiled and high-spirited schoolboy. Mr. Canning was always young: the head of the sixth form at Eton: squibbing "the Doctor," as Mr. Addington was called—fighting my Lord Castlereagh—cutting heartless jokes on poor Mr. Ogden—flatly contradicting Mr. Brougham—swaggering over the Holy Alliance—quarrelling with the Duke of Wellington—he was in perpetual personal scrapes, one of the reasons which created for him so much personal interest during the whole of his parliamentary career. No imaginative artist fresh from reading that career, would sit down to paint him with the broad and deep forehead—the stern, compressed lip—the deeply thoughtful and concentrated air of Napoleon Bonaparte. As little would the idea of his eloquence or ambition call to our recollection the swart and iron features, the bold and haughty dignity of Strafford. We cannot fancy in his eye the volumed depth of Richelieu's, the volcanic flash of Mirabeau's, the offended majesty of Chatham's. We should sketch him from our imagination as we see him identically before us, with a countenance rather marked by intelligence, sentiment, and satire, than meditation, passion, or sternness—with more of the petulant than the proud—more of the playful than the profound—more of the quick irritability of a lively temperament in its expression, than of the fixed or fiery aspect which belongs to the rarer race of men whose characters are wrought from the most inflexible and violent materials of human nature.

M. DE SCHLEGEL'S FORTHCOMING WORK.

(Not Published.)

"Reflexions sur l'Etude des Langues Asiatiques, addressées à Sir James Mackintosh, par A. W. de Schlegel, Professeur à l'Université Royale de Bonn, Chevalier des Ordres de l'Aigle Rouge, de St. Wladimir, de Wasa, et de la Legion d'Honneur, Membre de l'Academie Royale des Sciences à Berlin, Correspondant des Academies de St Petersbourg et de Munich; et de la Société Royale des Sciences à Gottingen, Membre Honoraire des Sociétés Asiatiques de Calcutta, de Paris, et de Londres, et de la Société Littéraire à Bombay."

M. de Schlegel is best known to Englishmen by his Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature, and his translations from Shakspeare; but he is also highly celebrated for his exertions in the department of literature to which the above Reflexions relate, though he only began the serious cultivation of it at a comparatively late period of life. His first undertaking in this department was the "Indische Bibliothek," commenced in 1819, a periodical publication in occasional parts, of which seven have already appeared. His next, the "Bhagavad Gitá," in Sanscrit and Latin, appeared in 1823. In 1829 he published a part of the "Hitopidesa," the first volume of the "Rámáyana," and an Essay in the "Berliner Kalendar," on the History of our acquaintance with the East. In 1831, the second part of the "Hitopidesa," and another Essay in the "Berliner Kalendar." The second volume of the "Rámáyana" is in print, but not yet published. The last production of this distinguished man is the work of which the title is prefixed to this article. It is still in manuscript, but he kindly permits us to give a short account of the contents.

He begins by stating the reasons which induce him to address the work to Sir James Mackintosh: "I know no one in England to whose examination I should more readily submit my thoughts than to yours. Our conversations have often given me occasion to admire your vast knowledge, the universality of your mind, and the philosophic *coup-d'œil* that you bring to the different subjects of your meditations." What is more in point, Sir James is the founder of the Literary Society of Bombay, and has taken an active part in the establishment of the Asiatic Society of London. M. de Schlegel has been enrolled a Foreign Member of this Society: but understanding, he says, that none but certain officers of the Society are allowed to speak at its meetings, he prefers addressing himself to the public at large, as a mere private observer—"an infinitely small fraction of it"—to contesting the wisdom of this truly Laconic prohibition.

In 1828, an association, called the Committee for Oriental Translations, was formed in the bosom of the Asiatic Society, the object being to encourage translations by rewards. Nothing, it is allowed, can appear more useful at the first view. Translation presents one admirable mean for diffusing the literature of the East. But still, M. de Schlegel contends, encouragements offered to mere translators exclusively, tend rather to retard than advance the scientific study of that literature; one obvious reason being, that the European public is thus likely to derive its chief acquaintance with Oriental productions from men who have obtained a loose knowledge of the Indian dialects during residence, without time or capacity for philological investigation; and not merely the general scope of the plan, but the details,

as they appear upon the prospectus, are deemed extremely objectionable. For instance, it does not specify the languages into which the translations may be made; and our Author forcibly contends, that a saving clause should be added for Latin and French, at the least. He waives the claims of German (though, next to Greek, the best adapted of all) on account of its limited diffusion. "Though we are a numerous nation, and passably learned, we are unknown in the west and south of Europe, and we have wherewith to console ourselves." The critical remarks, occurring in this place, on these several languages, are admirable. From the languages *into* he turns to those *from* which translations are to be called forth; and here again an undue selection is said to have been made. Arabian and Persian are unduly exalted, and Indian (including Sanscrit) and Chinese unduly let down. M. Schlegel repeats, despite of M. de Sacy's argument to the contrary, his formerly avowed opinion, that the better part of "The Arabian Nights," all, in fact, that has made the fortune of the book, is of Indian invention. He quizzes the Persian style, and laughs Mohammedan criticism to scorn. The following is an amusing example. The historian Mirkhond says on a certain occasion:— "Some relate the fact in the manner above mentioned; others with entirely different circumstances. Allah knows which of them say truth!" "Behold," says M. de Schlegel, "the *ne plus ultra* of the historical criticism of a Mussulman!"

He uniformly awards the first place to Sanscrit, as the most beautiful and most useful of the Eastern dialects, and eulogizes it more than once with the tact and style of a first-rate critic, and the glowing energy of an impassioned amateur. This language also is the example he takes to prove that we have not yet sufficient requisites to render the extended patronage of translations safe; that we neither know the language thoroughly, nor are in possession of proper originals. That we do not know the language sufficiently, he infers from the glaring imperfections of our best Grammars and Dictionaries, which he passes one by one in review; according the highest praise to some English scholars—to Messrs. Colebrooke, Wilson,* and Haughton, particularly—and very freely commenting upon all. In illustration of our liability to be deceived into false estimates of the authenticity of manuscripts, he cites the tricks that have been played off successfully on the most sceptical historians and the most laborious investigators; for instance, on Sir William Jones and Voltaire. Oriental scholars are doubtless well acquainted with the instances to which we allude. Colonel Wilford is another well-known victim of this sort of imposition, though the Asiatic Society had the complaisance to publish his Essays *after* the spurious character of his chief authorities had been exposed. The general inference is, that the study of originals, the collection of manuscripts, with the formation of better grammars and vocabularies, ought to precede the multiplication of translations, extracts, and *résumés;* and for the better promotion of these several objects, M. de Schlegel proposes the formation of an Academy.

* This gentleman, though at present residing in India, has just been elected Professor of Sanscrit at Oxford, after a severe contest. He owes his success entirely to his reputation as an Orientalist, for he is not even a member of the University.

The essay concludes with a recapitulation of the subjects to which the academicians are to apply themselves, accompanied by an admirable commentary on the science, literature, philosophy, painting, sculpture, and architecture of the East. An appendix of illustrative papers is subjoined. One of these, a letter from a Secretary of the East India Company, is singular enough. M. de Schlegel, it seems, had presented a copy of his "Hitopldesa," with the remark that it is eminently adapted for a class-book in colleges, "when the teacher has a correct edition to assist him." The Directors replied that they had already acted upon a similar impression, having caused a large number of copies to be printed especially for that purpose. Now the Directors' edition is notoriously bad, and Schlegel's, in which the profoundly learned Dr. Lassen co-operated, is confessedly excellent. The Directors, therefore, must be in the habit of judging of books like the retired tradesman, who, having ordered an extensive library from town, sent back all the *last* editions with an angry letter to his bookseller, stating that he could afford the best of every thing, and was resolved on having none but the *first!*

We shall offer no comment on the plan or opinions developed in this work, until the public have the same opportunities of examining them as ourselves; and our apologies are due to the author for the very meagre abstract we have framed, which gives, indeed, about the same notion of the work that a map would give of a country abounding in beautiful views. It is his unrivalled critical sagacity, his constant reference to the higher principles of taste, his profound knowledge of the subjects he treats, and his mingled grace and vivacity of style, that have raised A. W. de Schlegel to his present enviable position in literature—and all these qualities are more or less discernible in the little tract he has allowed us to describe. Readers not acquainted with his mode of writing, may be pleased to see an illustration of the tact with which he lightens a grave discussion by a parody. With one such, taken almost at random and under the disadvantage of our own translation, we conclude. He is speaking of the "Bahar-Danush," translated from the Persian by Mr. Jonathan Scott:

"It is a pretty tale enough, of Indian invention, according to the author himself; but it is so drowned in idle words, and surcharged with flowers of rhetoric, that one has all the trouble in the world to follow the thread of the story. Lame comparisons, with arbitrary and capricious metaphors, abound in it It is of a sugared insipidity, to such a degree that the reading of a small number of pages is sufficient to produce a nausea. There is no sort of foolery, puerility, or hacknied common-place, of which examples are not to be found in it. If this be good prose, I undertake to dictate such without intermission, walking—in my bath—on horseback—at table—in a carriage—drinking tea—in bed—I might almost say, asleep. But I am not just now in a humour to mount the vigorous mare of criticism, descended from the noble race of the Alexandrian stallion, Aristarchus, to combat the bragging tribe of bad taste, marching under the banner of affectation. Firmly seated between the holsters of reason, resting on the stirrups of solid arguments, I am indeed sure of making head against the enemy; but in pursuing the fugitives too eagerly with the shafts of ridicule, I might easily lose myself in the sandy deserts of prolixity, and then I might detain you (Sir J. Mackintosh) in spite of myself—you, my worthy friend, who have come up on the dromedary of attention to accompany me—you, whose prosperity may Allah watch over—I should possibly detain you, I say, by the brackish well of yawns, under the gloomy tents of ennui."

A. H.

THE WILFUL MISSTATEMENTS OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Every one knows that "The Quarterly Review" arrogates to itself the protection of the Church and the guardianship of our morality, as well as of our literature. Will it astonish any of our readers to learn that, in its righteous office, this pious declaimer on the vices of the age and the sanctity of religion, has lent itself to the most perverted falsification of history, and slandered the characters of the dead for the amiable purpose of slandering those of the living? In its paper on "The Revolutions of 1640 and 1830," it has done all this with a strange and desperate dishonesty.

That paper professes to owe its title to a "very ingenious and well-written pamphlet," published by Mr. Murray, for the purpose of showing us what signs the history of antecedent periods had recorded for our guidance — and, as the author says, "of justifying the dealings of God towards man by showing that Providence has not left us without a guide." The Reviewer, in furtherance of the same pious object, but resolved, at the same time, not to attain it at the sacrifice of truth, tells us that, while "turning over Clarendon *to verify the quotations of the pamphlet*," he met with some additional passages, which seemed to him to make up a "wonderful and most instructive resemblance" between the present times and "the great Rebellion of 1640." This forms the staple of his article. Will it be believed that the man who could thus unblushingly profess such honest scruples against taking the quotations, even of his own party, without an examination and verification of the original sources, would himself falsely misrepresent and misquote every passage on which he laid his hand, and only cease from misquotation and misrepresentation to show an ignorance of the times he writes of, if possible, still more deplorable and equally to be despised? "Of outward show elaborate, of inward less exact," he has given the letter, and page, and edition, of his pretended quotations. Out of his own letter, page, and edition, he shall be condemned.

"The first *remarkable* similarity," says the Reviewer, "is, that in 1640, as in 1830, there was elected a new Parliament."

We leave him in possession of this important fact. But then he goes on to prove a more wonderful resemblance—that they were both dissolved before they had voted the ordinary supplies, and that the dissolution was produced, in both cases, by a gross misrepresentation made to the Kings by their respective Ministers, as to the indisposition of the House of Commons to grant the supplies.

"'Sir Henry Vane, the Secretary of State,'" says the Reviewer, quoting Clarendon, "'had made to the King a worse representation of the *honour* and affection of the House than it deserved. By this means he wrought so far with the King, that, without so much deliberation as the affair was worthy of, his Majesty, in the beginning of May, dissolved the Parliament.'"

Now we shall not quarrel with the Reviewer for saying *honour*, instead of 'humour,' though with the context of Clarendon it is of some importance; but we charge him with melancholy ignorance on this matter. It is sufficiently notorious that Clarendon is not the most accurate or impartial of historians, and needed no petty scribe to come after him, to interpolate or exaggerate his statements. In

this particular instance, the noble historian is universally admitted to have unjustly aspersed Vane; and had the Reviewer not been entirely ignorant of the evidences of that history, he must have known it. Nay, a few pages before. Clarendon himself flatly contradicts it; and in his collection of State Papers, the integrity of Vane is made broadly manifest.

The next charge is a little more seriously ridiculous.

"The first important measures proposed in 1640 and in 1830 were the King's revenue, or civil list, but the Reformers had in neither case quite made up their minds how much they would give him, 'and so they proposed, with all the expression of duty and affection to the King which can be imagined, and presented a grant of those Duties for a few months.'—*Clar.* vol 1, p 366.

"The *forms* which this business took were not exactly the same at both periods, from the differences of our modern practice, but the *principle* was the same; the provision for the King was in both cases delayed, and a provisional grant for a few months only voted"

It is scarcely possible to believe that any person could so perversely prostitute his pen as to write thus of one of the noblest among the noble assertions of the privileges of Englishmen—one of the greatest benefits we have derived from the virtuous struggles of our ancestors. Be it known that those "Duties," which the Reviewer would falsely have us to believe were the King's legitimate "Civil List," and which, he fraudulently asserts, our ancestors had restricted because "they had not made up their minds how much they would give him," were neither more nor less than the unlawful claims of Tonnage and Poundage, by which the lawless Charles had oppressed the merchants and merchandise of London, and for the repression of which the Reformers of 1640 received the thanks and blessings of their contemporaries, and have entitled themselves to the gratitude and admiration of posterity. Even Mr. Hume—no devoted partisan of freedom—does not withhold his praise from them for this; and we refer the reader even to his words.

"The Ministers of Charles and of William," the Reviewer goes on—"though they had ineffectually attempted a budget,"—(this is false) "had obtained *some* supplies and this modified civil list, and it was therefore thought necessary by those crafty popularity hunters to conciliate and reward the people with a Bill of Parliamentary Reform."

And it is thus that this pert and shallow Reviewer speaks of the famous Triennial Bill, a measure to which the political reputation of its great originators had been pledged years before—on which they staked their political existence,—and without which they could have had no check on the false and deceitful King:—"Finding that nothing less would satisfy his Parliament and people," says the Reviewer, quoting Hume, "'the King gave his assent to a Bill, which produced so great an inroad into the Constitution.'" This is a false quotation. Hume does *not* say it was an "inroad" into the Constitution; he calls it merely an "innovation"—and distinctly says that, in his opinion, it supplied a defect—that it was grounded upon the old acknowledged Statutes of Edward the Third,—and he ends by an emphatic testimony that—"nothing could be more necessary than such a statute for completing a regular plan of law and liberty." Vol. 5, p. 263.

We are next favoured by the Reviewer with certain extracts from

Hume—*every one of them misquoted*—describing the violence of the people and of their representatives in Parliament; and he goes on to tell us that Hume wonders that any of the Lords should have sided with the innovators.

"'But the tide of popularity,'" says he, quoting that historian, "'seized many, and carried them wide of the best-established maxims of civil policy.'"

We will not stop to say that the Reviewer might as well have given us Hume's own words—"*most* established"—for the truth's sake; but we charge him with deceit in omitting the next paragraph, and going on with his quotations. Why was he afraid to tell us in Hume's own words *who* and *what* they were among the Lords that supported the people, and the people's advocates, in that great crisis? Would it have interfered with the object of his parallels to tell us honestly and with truth, that Hume describes among those noble opponents of arbitrary power, men

"Of the first family and fortune, endowed with that dignified pride so well becoming their rank and station—celebrated for rigid inflexibility of honour, the proper ornaments of noblemen and soldiers—and persons distinguished by humanity, generosity, affability, and every amiable virtue!"

But this would have been candid and true, and unworthy of a person whose object was neither fair nor manly. Let the reader only turn from the quotations to the original, and he will read in the pages of Hume the context of those isolated passages which the Reviewer had misquoted for his purposes, and discover there the eloquent vindication, even by that partial historian, of the "violence of the Reformers of 1640," whose "*merits*," he will read,

"*So much overbalance their mistakes, as to entitle them to very ample praises from all lovers of liberty.*" Vol. 5, p. 281.

We now come to that portion of the article which it is our principal object to expose. It is introduced in the following imposing sentence:—

"Human nature, and, of course, human affairs, are much the same in all times; the same human passions will produce similar political events, and a similar course of events will, by reaction, produce the same temper in mankind. It is, therefore, not surprising to trace a similarity of characters in the actors of these two revolutions, and it is curious to find sometimes even an identity of names."

We shall give a sample or two of the misrepresentations made by the Reviewer, to support this very profound and magnificent dogma, by printing Clarendon's own words, and the Reviewer's report of them, in parallel columns. We shall take the liberty of marking with italics the passages particularly misquoted. One word, however, before we proceed:—the reader will perceive that the extracts of the Reviewer do not only strike at the living, to whom they are applied, but are so perverted and misstated as to malign the deceased, of whom they were written. Nor are these accidental and hasty errors—they were done, the Reviewer himself says, "while turning over Clarendon to *verify* other quotations," viz. designedly and systematically, with the book before him. What notions must this man have of morality? or what conduct could more deservedly rob, not only the writing but the writer, of that character, which all persons,

whatever their persuasions desire in the partizan, or esteem in the man? Now to our task.

The first character attempted is that of Lord John Russell.

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"*The House of Russell*, as Clarendon informs us in his notice of the Earl of Bedford, took the lead, and '*were the great contrivers and designers*' of the measures proposed by the innovating party, though it appeared in the sequel *that they* had not seriously intended 'to subvert the Government, (*though they did so*,) but only to *get themselves and their friends into place*.' —Vol. i. p. 317.'

CLARENDON.

'"Of the House of Peers, the great contrivers and designers were, first, the Earl of Bedford, a wise man, and of too great and plentiful a fortune to wish a subversion of the Government, and it quickly appeared, that he only intended to make himself and his friends great at Court, not at all to lessen the Court itself.'—Vol. i. p. 317.

The second is that of Lord Brougham, and is a curious instance of what an adventurous literary desperado, such as our Reviewer, will attempt at all hazards, with presumptuous confidence in the efficacy of downright falsehood, little dreaming of the judgment of parallel columns. Unable to find an "identity of names," or to twist out a resemblance in that way, he is resolute in tracing a 'similarity of character,' and with unparalleled effrontery proceeds coolly to blacken and misrepresent even Clarendon's characters of four most illustrious men, Lord Say and Sele, Sir Henry Vane the elder, Sir Henry Vane the younger, and Nathaniel Fiennes, in order that he may extort from them separate lines to fill in what he considers a sketch of the Lord Brougham!

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"Next Clarendon mentions 'a man of a mean and a narrow fortune, of great parts, and of the highest ambition, who had been for many years the oracle of the dissenters, and was a notorious enemy to the Church. He had always opposed and contradicted *all acts of State*.' *Some circumstances of opposition to the King* 'at York, the year before, had *given him much credit*, and, in a word, he had a very great authority *with all the discontented* throughout the kingdom.'—Vol. i. p. 318."

CLARENDON.

"A man of a close and reserved nature, of a mean and narrow fortune, of great parts, and of the highest ambition, *but whose ambition would not be satisfied with offices and preferments*, without some condescensions and alterations in Ecclesiastical matters. He had for many years been the oracle of those who were called Puritans in the worst sense, and steered all their counsels and designs. He was a notorious enemy to the Church, and to most of the eminent Churchmen, with some of whom he had particular contests. He had always opposed and contradicted *all acts of State, and all taxes and impositions,* WHICH WERE NOT EXACTLY LEGAL, *and* so had as eminently and as obstinately refused the payment of ship money as Mr. Hampden had done. *His commitment at York*, the year before, *because he refused to take an oath*, or rather subscribe a Protestation, *against holding intelligence with the Scots*, when the King first marched against them, *had given him much credit*. In a word, *he had very great au-*

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"'He had spent some time abroad, in Geneva, where he improved his disinclination to the Church; and *he finished his education in Scotland*, and was very little known, except amongst that people, until he was found in Parliament, when it was quickly discovered that he was like to make good what he had for many years promised.'—Vol. i. p. 325."

"'He was a man of great natural parts, of a very profound dissimulation, of a quick conception, and a very ready, sharp, and *crafty* expression. He had [illegible] which (though he

in him of extraordinary, and his life made good that imagination.' *His first appearance in public life was in Colonial affairs, in which he soon became an authority*; but 'his working and unquiet fancy' *soon turned the other way*, and *he became the greatest and most effectual enemy of the quiet and prosperity of the Colonies* He had 'contracted, *in France and Geneva*, a full prejudice and bitterness against the Church,' and was *remarkable for cultivating the good will* '*of all discontented and seditious persons*.'—Vol. i. p. 326-328."

CLARENDON.

thority with all the discontented party throughout the kingdom, *and a good reputation with many who were not discontented, who believed him to be a wise man, and of a very useful temper, in an age of licence, and one* WHO WOULD STILL ADHERE TO THE LAW."—Vol. i. p. 317-19.

"— had spent his time abroad, in Geneva, and amongst the Cantons of Switzerland, where he improved his disinclination to the Church, with which milk he had been nursed. *From his travels he returned through Scotland*, (which few travellers took in their way home) at the time when that Rebellion was in the bud; and was very little known, except amongst that people, which conversed wholly amongst themselves, until he was now found in Parliament, when it was quickly discovered, that as he was the darling of his father, so he was like to make good whatsoever he had for many years proised."—Vol. i. p. 325-26.

"— a man of great natural parts, and of very profound dissimulation, of a quick conception, and very ready, sharp, and *weighty* expression. He had an unusual aspect, which, though it might naturally proceed both from his father and mother, neither of which were beautiful persons, yet made men think there was something in him of extraordinary, and his whole life made good that imagination Within a very short time after he returned from his studies in Magdalen College, in Oxford, where, though he was under the care of a very worthy tutor, he lived not with great exactness; he spent some little time in France, and more in Geneva; *and after his return into England, contracted a full prejudice and bitterness against the Church*, both against the form of the Government, and the Liturgy, which was generally in great reverence, even with many of those who were not friends to the other. *In this giddyness*, which then much displeased, or seemed to displease, his father, who still appeared, highly conformable, and exceeding sharp against those who were not, *he transported himself into New England, a Colony within a few years before planted by a mixture of all religions*, which disposed the professors to dislike the Government

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of the Church, who were qualified by the King's charter to choose their own government and governors, under the obligation 'that every man should take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy,' which all the first planters did, when they received their charter, before they transported themselves from hence, nor was there in many years the least scruple amongst them of complying with those obligations, so far men were, in the infancy of their schism, from refusing to take lawful oaths. He was no sooner landed there, but his parts made him quickly taken notice of, and very probably his quality, being the eldest son of a Privy Counsellor, might give him some advantage; insomuch, that when the next season came for the election of their magistrates, he was chosen their governor; in which place he had so ill fortune, (*his working and unquiet fancy raising and infusing a thousand scruples of conscience*, which they had not brought over with them, nor heard of before,) that he unsatisfied with them, and they with him, he transported himself into England; having sowed such seeds of dissension there, as grew up too prosperously, and miserably divided the poor Colony into several factions." "He *betook himself to the friendship of Mr Pym, and all other discontented or seditious persons*."
—Vol. i. p. 326—328.

"Look here upon this picture, and on this"—is all we have to request of the reader; nor is more necessary to provoke his contempt for the miserable libeller of the "Quarterly Review." We need not point out to more particular disgust the nature of that person's head and heart who could thus disfigure the page of history; and translate the noble opposition to all acts of State *which were not exactly legal*, into base opposition to *all* acts of State—a very spirited act of heroic endurance which had conferred much credit on its author, into a petty circumstance of opposition to the King which had given him very great authority only with the discontented—a simple statement of a person returning from his travels through Scotland, into an assertion that he had finished his education in Scotland—weighty, into "crafty"—the circumstantial account of the giddyness of a youth who transported himself into the Colony of New England, was made governor, quarrelled with the people out of his scruples of conscience, and pettishly returned home, into the pompous statement that his (the same youth's) first appearance in public life was in Colonial affairs, in which he soon became an authority, but that he afterwards turned the greatest enemy of the colonies—with many other equally amusing and malignant translations, of which our readers may judge in the parallel columns.

We confess that we are heartily sick of pursuing these inquiries further: we had purposed to go through the few remaining attempts at character, all of which may be stripped of their false and deceitful colouring; but we have said enough to hold up this Reviewer to universal distrust. We must be allowed, however, to smile at his infelicitous choosing of a Lord Grey, (of whom there were two or three in the days of the "Great Rebellion") for he has hit on a person who was a mere boy when the struggle began, and whom, in *the middle* of the war, Clarendon describes as "a *young* man of no eminent parts,"—not as the Reviewer would falsely have it " 'a man of no eminent parts.' "

One more exposure, which is rather curious, and we have done. It has been of late a current rumour that the present Archbishop of York will certainly support the second reading of the Reform Bill. This was sufficient ground for our Reviewer to go upon. Accordingly we were not surprised to meet among his falsehoods the following:—

"There happened to be, *at that period*, in the Archiepiscopal See of York, a man who had 'made himself popular' with the Reforming party, as 'a supporter of those opinions and those persons which were against the Church itself.' When the infamous Bill of Attainder was introduced, and sent up to the Lords, and that 'the cry resounded against the Bishops' for their supposed hostility to that Bill, the Archbishop of York was the first not only to abandon his personal duty, but to advise and assist in the passing of that monstrous and fatal measure of injustice."

Now we beg to say that this is untrue, and that the Reviewer must have known it. The person alluded to was not then Archbishop of York, nor did he become so for some time afterwards. He was Bishop of Lincoln: and if the Reviewer would draw a parallel between him and the present Archbishop of York, he must prove the latter to be

"A proud, restless, and overweening spirit, of a very imperious and fiery temper, a man of great pride and vanity, a liar, a passionate and dissolute man, a man of very corrupt nature, who had been imprisoned for perjury and subornation of perjury"—

for all this Clarendon describes the Bishop of Lincoln to have been.

We have finished our task. After this—will any man say that the "Quarterly Review" can be considered an authority with any honest party whatsoever? The slander of the living, the warmth of politics may extenuate; but who, that remembers the sanctity of the dead, can think, without deep indignation and honourable disgust, of one who could thus, to serve a momentary purpose, wilfully garble the pages of History into a deliberate calumny of the Great Actors of the Past? For the reasonings and the arguments of the "Quarterly Review," we have only to say they are worthy of the arts we have exposed. Considered as a Literary and Critical work, general opinion has now ranked it below contempt, and perhaps so wretched a book at the sum of six shillings, as the present number, was never sold before by a respectable publisher. The poor stuff about Mary Collings, and Mrs. Trollope, and Fanny Kemble, and Captain Hall, excites the pity of men of sense. The delusions we have exposed will excite the nausea of men of honour. In these tricks the Libeller ministers to the great cause of advancing Liberty, and "the Knave is our very good friend!"

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Free-trade in Theatricals—The West Indies—The price of Prayer in England—Cruelty to Animals—The Majors and Minors—Imprisonment for Debt—Hunting by Steam—A Classical Scene in the Mountains of Coimbatoor—Judge-Law—The State of the Metropolis—The Street Keepers—Penny Papers—The Fast—The Want of Accomplishments in Actors—One of the Beauties of Legislation—The Boy King for Greece.

Free-trade in Theatricals.—This is a nicer subject of speculation than may at first strike the person who is, on principle, a general enemy of monopolies. To destroy the patents and throw open the stage, it is alleged, will be the destruction of the art: the public in general are but wretched judges, and unless a school of a superior order is in a manner forced by a monopoly, the taste of the majority will be consulted, and acting will be reduced to the level of the Surrey and the Cobourg. A theatre is a Court affair, it is said: it has always best succeeded where the company was a licensed body, and the audience a particular class—the more you admit the mob, the more the Drama degenerates. By maintaining and favouring particular houses, they become schools of acting, objects of ambition for the inferior performers—in short, academies, into which all professors esteem admission as a patent of ability. This creates a high standard of taste both in the performer and the spectator, whereas, on the other hand, throw the Stage open, the good actors will quickly disappear with the present generation, and you will have a race of men and women content with cheap applause, and all but universal suffrage. This is a specious reasoning. In answer to it, we may allege, that, if monopoly had this tendency naturally, through desire of gain or other causes, the monopolists themselves have diverted it. The size of the theatres, the nature of the performances, and the promiscuous audience, are themselves enough to destroy good acting; and, in fact, good actors are diminishing in number every day. The theatre is so far from being a Court affair under the monopoly, that it is actually a mob-entertainment, rarely frequented by persons of refined habits—for very good reasons. The confusion, noise, beastliness, and danger of insult, in our large theatres, is almost proverbial: a lady sitting in an open box, though surrounded with male relatives, feels hardly one remove from the uproar of the street. As for the maintenance of an academy of acting, we do not see what should exempt acting from universal laws. As well might it be said that certain butchers should possess a monopoly or privileges to keep people in the taste for good beef. It might be alleged that the universal appetite for animal food, and the dangerous facility in opening butchers' shops, reduced the standard in oxen; that since the public could get mutton any where, the breeders would be no longer particular in the breed of sheep. But we do not find it so; but that, on the contrary, the more the people eat, the better is the beef. Graziers are solicitous as to the nature of the supply, seeing that the demand is on the increase, as the reward is proportionate. They who have money and taste will create of themselves an academy, whether it be of graziers or actors: there is a natural spirit of competition in all men who gain their livelihood and accumulate capital by their own exertions:

actors and companies will endeavour to excel one another, and neither nature, precept, nor example, will be wanting.

The effect of a free-trade in theatrical representation will be manifold. One assuredly will be, that the entertainment in each theatre will differ, and fall into classes, according as the taste of the public varies and may be classified. There are hotels, inns, public-houses, adapted to all wants, pockets, and tastes—why not theatres?—the rich and the refined will go to the Clarendon, the poor or the coarse to the Cat and Bagpipes.

THE WEST INDIES.—Major-General Cox, in writing (in a letter quoted in the *Times*) of the present condition of Jamaica, says, "This unhappy rebellion is going on favourably." The next sentence of his letter is a commentary on the meaning of the term, "going on favourably."—"The fellow that was shot in *Unity Valley* seems to have had the effect of quieting all here!" This strongly reminds us of what Galgacus is alleged to have said of the Romans, in much better Latin than Major-General Cox writes English—"Ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant;" or, as the modern Briton would translate it, "When the fellows are all shot, we shall be quiet!" When we read Lord Belmore's despatches, and then turn to the debates in Parliament, we think of the Chancellor Oxenstiern's saying, "How small a portion of wisdom seems necessary to (*mis*)-govern the world!"

THE PRICE OF PRAYER IN ENGLAND.—The German Prince tells us, in his "Tour," that, among the curiosities, he went to hear the Rev. Robert Taylor preach against Christianity, and observes that "he retains only one thing of the Anglo-Christian Church—to make you pay a shilling for your seat." This remark will afford a good comment upon the appearance of St. Paul's on the Fast Day, as described by "The Times:"—

SAINT PAUL'S.

"The Lord Mayor's chaplain preached the sermon at this cathedral yesterday, on which occasion the Lord Mayor and a few of the members of the Corporation attended.

"The seats were not half occupied, but the nave was crowded; and in this part of the church were many females, who were compelled to stand during the whole of the service upon the stone floor, because they did not bribe the officers. Surely this is a subject which is not unworthy the attention of the diocesan. Might it not tend to promote religious sentiments amongst the humbler classes, if the distinction between wealth and poverty were made less offensively apparent, in our churches at least!"

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—Mr. Gompertz, the Secretary for preventing cruelty to animals, considers it wrong to use animals for food at all, *unless* they have died a natural death.—(*Voice of Humanity*, p. 93.) This is humanity with a Vengeance! It is a desperate crime to kill a bullock, but none to poison a whole population. This is a specimen of that spurious humanity which must be carefully distinguished from the true. When ladies so love their lapdogs, that a whole family might be starved sooner than the little wants of their pets be neglected, we laugh at or despise the morbid fancy; but in the secretary of an active and wealthy society, it becomes at least respectable. It is on the same principle that poor men are taken from their families and clapped upon the treadmill for three months, because they cannot drive oxen to the slaughter-house with humanity. The fact, is that cattle are

not to be coaxed down long streets and up narrow passages, but if the humane would establish markets out of the town, and build *abattoirs* in the same neighbourhood, their benevolence would be of a less questionable character. Mr. Gompertz's humanity is scarcely less absurd than that of Hindoos, who feed dogs and cats as pasture for fleas and other vermin.

The Majors and Minors.—The drama is just now in a state of transition the most disagreeable. State theatres have a monopoly, and do not enjoy it; play-houses spring up on sufferance; they depend on connivance for existence—a movement would destroy them. Thus they exercise a perilous freedom—the free-trade of piracy. The consequence is, that old enterprises are on the brink of ruin, and new ones are catching at a straw to save themselves from drowning.

The Covent-Garden people, it seems, have come to a resolution to work the ship for the benefit of the company; the owners throw in house-rent, fire, and candle. This is always done in desperate undertakings, as in the case of the Whalers, in which every man who risks the catching of fish is entitled to his share of blubber. The public is a dangerous creature to harpoon: with a fling of its tail it sometimes upsets a boatful of speculation; and if, when it is wilful, line enough is not given, or the man with the axe is not prompt to cut away when the case requires it, it is too often that it carries along with it to the bottom much enterprise and energy.

Imprisonment for Debt.—This age assuredly gives signs of regeneration, in some respects, at least. We are beginning to open our eyes to the most venerable abuses, though, it is true, we are very slow in correcting them. If Cyril Bergerac, who pretends that he made a voyage to the moon, and amused the Lunites with our absurdities, had told them of our plan of making a debtor pay his debts, they would have been as astonished as they were at hearing that it was the sign of a gentleman on the earth to have an instrument of destruction dangling at his side. First catch your debtor is the prescription of the English law; then give him his entire liberty within certain walls, whence he has all possible opportunity to waste his substance, but none to increase his store. If he be industrious, put him where he cannot work; if he be idle, place him in the midst of more indolent companions; if he be well-principled, send him to a school of vice. Then, when the debt is increased, and the means of the debtor exhausted, his character lost, his habits ruined, turn him out into the world, that he may make that a business which was before an accident—the living upon credit. All this time the creditor must care as little about his own improvement as the debtor: a gambling trade, unconscionable profits, huge losses, unlimited credit, the King's Bench standing in the place of caution, and the bailiffs being at hand to correct the blunders of grasping blindness. We trust Lord Brougham will carry his project through.

Hunting by Steam.—A friend of mine startled me a little by stating, that he occasionally took the *same* horse *ninety miles* to cover, and after a day's hunting, brought him home a like distance. "Unless you hunt by steam," I exclaimed, "it is impossible!" "Why," says he, "that 's the whole secret. I go with my horse on board the steamer at Quebec, and reach Trois Riviere in good time to breakfast,

hunt with my father-in-law, who keeps a pack, and return to Quebec by the afternoon boat."—*Fergusson's Notes on a Visit to the United States and Canada, in 1831, in Journal of Agriculture.*

This is undoubtedly an improvement upon Melton Mowbray. No occasion for the hack to cover, or the carriage and four: booted, spurred, on his horse, ready to throw off, the sportsman mounts his hunter, and his ship is a moveable stable, he and his steed are floated half across a country into the very centre of the most secret haunts of his game. This is certainly as far removed from the English as the Indian chase. In this very same land, and not many years ago, the red aboriginal,

"When wild in woods the noble savage ran,"

lived by what is now the white colonist's relaxation. What tracking and studying of footsteps was there, and marking of trees! How often did the savage hunter anxiously gaze upon the sky, and steer his path by the stars! His family were left for months, while he dived into the pathless wilds, and pursued his game, like another creature of the desert, differing only in form, and excelling only in craft. Now careless, perhaps blundering, with senses dulled for want of exercise, and with a body, to clothe which all the world has contributed, the Anglo-American goes to the same business, scarcely depending for his guidance on a single faculty of his own, and not trusting, either on land or water, to himself. By land, he mounts another animal, of the existence of which the Indian was utterly ignorant; and by water he is borne by a power which the Red Hunter was even incapable of comprehending the nature of. A main distinction between savage life and civilization seems to be, that in one, man does every thing individually, and in the other, every thing collectively,—in bodies.

The changes effected by steam deserve another illustration from the splendid dream of an author on North America, who has scarcely gained the attention he deserved—Mac Taggart:—

"The town of Nootka (!) is likely yet to be as large as London, and ought to be laid out on an extensive plan, as the trade between it and the Oriental world may become wonderfully great in a short time. Then, when the steam-packet line is established between Quebec and London, as it soon will be, we may come and go between China and Britain in about two months. The names of the stages will be London, Cove of Cork, the Azores, Newfoundland, Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Port Dalhousie, Maitland, Erie, Huron, Superior, Rocky Mountain, Athabasca, Nootka, and Canton. Can this be called a foolish prophecy or an idle dream? It is perfectly practicable. The magnitude of the whole may, probably, be too much for the minds of the generality of mankind to grasp. But what signifies that? Were the work absolutely finished, millions would not believe it. Pagans consider the sun in a different light from astronomers: the eyes of both are dazzled by his beams, while his real nature is unknown--as far beyond the understanding of man as he is in miles from the earth, and probably farther."

A Classical Scene in the Mountains of Coimbatoor:—

"A family of the Burghers had assembled, the head of which was about to commence ploughing: with them were two or three Curumbars, one of whom had set up a stone in the centre of the spot on which they were standing, and decorating it with wild flowers, prostrated himself to it, offered incense, and sacrificed a goat, which had been brought there for this purpose by the Burghers. He then took the guidance of the plough, and having ploughed some ten or

twelve paces, gave it over, possessed himself of the head of the sacrificed animal, and left the Burgher to pursue his labours."

This passage, which seems descriptive of an antique gem, is from Captain Harkness's lately published account of an aboriginal race of people who inhabit the Neilgherry mountains in the Carnatic. It abounds with curious vestiges of manners and customs, which carry us back to the remotest antiquity.

JUDGE-LAW.—In the trial of a gamekeeper, for shooting a poacher, at the current Assizes, the Judge (Vaughan) observed:—"The witnesses were living by poaching, but they were still entitled to the protection of the laws which they were engaged in violating." This is a maxim of law not of universal application. Very different has been the language of other judges—Lord Eldon, for example—who held, that in the case of the piracy of "Cain," and other works of Lord Byron, the author, or his assignee, was entitled to no protection from the law which he had himself violated.

THE STATE OF THE METROPOLIS.—The Bishop of London, in his sermon on the Fast-day, made the following pointed remark, which is worthy of the attention of those who see in the Cholera an instrument of Divine vengeance. After alluding to the disease now prevailing, and which had occasioned their assembling for religious worship that day, the Right Reverend Prelate exhorted his hearers to charity and the alleviation of the sufferings of the poor,—observing, that the *prevailing sins of this country were the covetousness and luxury of the rich, while the visitations of disease, as well as of other calamities, had fallen principally upon the children of poverty.*

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," says the old proverb. After the exposure of the starvation, penury, and destitution which enormous masses of the people of London are hourly suffering from, it is not possible but that relief of a permanent kind will be thought of and extended to them. Mr. Trench's letter, describing his visit, in company with Mr. Doyle, the Roman Catholic clergyman of Southwark, to the poor Irish in that district, is a document which will be preserved as a memorial of shame upon this age, and a warning to all others:—

"By far the greater number of families whom we visited occupied but one single apartment, in which all lived and slept. In many of the rooms were young and strong-built men, crouching over a few miserable sparks of fire, and quite haggard from want. There was something deathly and corpse-like in their countenances, and despair was evidently among them. Many were labourers, accustomed to hard work at the river side. A large portion had been out of employment since Christmas, some since November last. They said they had often known suffering before, but never any thing equal to the present. In one dark and damp apartment, on the ground-floor, two men were sitting on two old boxes, which were absolutely the only articles of furniture. No table, no chair, no bedding. Every thing had gone to the pawnbroker's to obtain food. We asked them where they slept, on which they opened a kind of recess, or cupboard. A small piece of an old sack formed the only pretence to bed-covering, and this, with the exception of the two boxes, was the only moveable article in the tenement. Another apartment in the roof of a house was exactly in the same state, with the exception of a few bed-clothes on the floor, on which a woman was lying in sickness. In some abodes were widows with large families. At present, however, the want of employment is so prevalent, that families with a large number of labouring hands are scarcely better situated than those containing none. A woman, who kept a lodging-house, pointed to several stout young

men, and bitterly complained of the time during which she had been obliged to maintain them at her own cost. In vast number of instances, the blankets of the family were in pawn. The appearance of the people was the best possible test of their destitution as to food. So far from being loud in their complaints, these poor unfortunate people, in several instances, showed an unwillingness to display their real state of privation."

Such are but a few of the appalling facts which this gentleman has thought it his duty to present to the attention of the proprietors of the soil of Ireland—the inhospitable land that has driven these poor creatures to seek abroad the chance of a livelihood, and the certainty of misery and wretchedness. If Ireland does not soon see the necessity of Poor-laws, England must.

The Street-keepers. (*Scarabæus trivialis!*)—That very curious insect, which may have been long observed in the streets of London —colour, blue, fringed with gold—bearing a reed in the right-feeler, proboscis red and large, gait strutting and pompous, known by naturalists under the name of *Scarabæus trivialis*, is, we hear, likely soon to become extinct. This insect is of the same genus as the *Scarabæus ecclesiasticus*, which indeed it closely resembles in appearance. Swainson has, however, pointed out the difference with his usual acuteness: the head of the *Scarabæus ecclesiasticus*, as he observes, in his Entomological Commentaries, is surmounted by a triangular-shaped organ, of a soft, elastic substance, and fringed with the same species of golden-looking lamina that edge the other parts of the loose, robe-like covering—whereas the *Scarabæus trivialis*, though possessing a similar moveable prolongation of form, has it entirely round. In other respects, too, the same author has observed a difference. The *Scarabæus ecclesiasticus* is lower in stature, less pompous in demeanour, and is altogether, for a reptile, of a grave and reverend aspect. It is thought by many that the species *Scarabæus ecclesiasticus* will not long survive its kindred the *Scarabæus trivialis*.

It is astonishing what a very vulgar mode the Best Possible Instructors have of communicating scientific facts: we observe the above interesting particulars thus announced in "The Times." It must be observed that the *Scarabæus trivialis*, or Road Beetle, is vulgarly called Street-keeper. See Macleay, in his great work on the "Scarabæi:"

"The race of street-keepers, with their gold-laced coats and hats, are about to be extinguished in their last strong-hold, the City. They are to be superseded by a new police "force," which is to patrole the streets by day only, and which is to be paid and regulated on the model of the county police. A hundred men have been chosen, and measured for their suits of blue. It is supposed the 'swell-mob' will speedily be routed."

Penny Papers.—Every thing in this country, at this moment, seems to be falling between two stools. The Theatre is going to the ground, between monopoly and contraband plays: so are the gloves, they say, and commerce generally. Trade languishes, because we have neither Reform nor Anti-reform; and even Cholera assumes no decided character, it seems to be dying between the true Asiatic and the real English. The Tories tell us the Constitution is getting a fall between the two Houses of Parliament; and assuredly the Press is going to the dogs between the stamped and the unstamped publications. The expensive newspapers are to be ruined in sale on account of their dearness, and the low-priced papers are good for nothing by

reason of their cheapness. Thus the superior papers will not be able to pay good writers because they are undersold, and the inferior papers can only sell a very inferior commodity at a non-remunerative price. This is the race of ruin; and if the present Government are not to be blamed for any thing else, this mischief must at least be laid at their door, until they have put into accomplishment their former promises in regard to the Press.

The public are in general so little acquainted with the history of the newspaper they have eternally between their hands, that the following analysis of the expenses of a daily paper per year may be interesting to them:—

	£	s.	d.
To the Subscriber, At 7*d.* per day	9	2	0
Duty	4	4	0
Newsman	1	12	0
Paper-maker	1	6	0
	£7	2	0
By deduction, there remain for Editing, Writing, Intelligence, Printing, Publishing, Profit on Capital	£2	0	0

The Fast.—Persons of all parties agree that never did fast-day pass with so little reverential observance as the last. Even classes of that quiet and orderly character which receives every thing stamped with authority with a degree of reverence, received the fast *ordonnance* with a most unusual levity of spirit. Is this a sign of the times, or does it originate in the consciousness that the whole affair was a piece of hypocrisy forced on the Government by a fanatic or a madman? "In whose name is it that you titter?" We apprehend it was the name of Perceval that prevented the good people of England from piously composing their countenances with prescribed solemnity. It has been said, that a Government that ordains a fast and is laughed at, proves its deficiency in moral force; but what shall we say of the position of a Government that ordains a fast against its own conviction, through fear of the denunciations or machinations of a small party of fanatical factionists?

The want of Accomplishment in Actors.—It is a striking fact that the pretenders to public approbation on our stage seem none of them, or with few exceptions, educated to their profession: the Stage is a kind of *pis aller*—when either man or woman can do nothing better, and will do nothing worse, they become an actor or actress. This is owing to an unjust, and indeed absurd odium, which lingers about the Theatre, from the nature of its origin in England, and its supposed connexion with the Devil. If people were brought up to the Theatre as to any other profession, as assuredly they might be without discredit, and with the hopes of a livelihood, they would assuredly know more than one thing, and that imperfectly. The instant it were decided that a child should be brought up to the Drama, the education of the form, and the voice, and the countenance, should immediately be begun, so that at nineteen or twenty we might

expect to see an artist, instead of an escaped apprentice or a rejected dressmaker. If an actress can sing now-a-days, she can never dance; if she can dance, she can neither sing nor speak—it seems as if the liberty of the toes threw a constraint upon every other organ of the frame: and, on the other hand, if the author, under an idea that his heroine would be able to exhibit grace of form as well as sweetness of voice, introduced a dance, it is always on our stage turned over to some one else, awkwardly enough—almost as awkward as it is to see Wrench, who never sang a note, play Count Almaviva, and get his valet to sing for him. In the "Belle's Stratagem," the heroine is expected to dance a kind of minuet in the masquerade—now, though Lætitia Hardy is represented as a most accomplished actress of real life at all points, and Doricourt, her lover, the pink of all perfection; it always turns out on the stage that one or the other cannot dance, and a substitute is to be sought among the figurantes. The time will come when young persons will be as regularly bred to the Stage as the Bar, and when there will be as little evil reputation at one as at the other. We throw a load of rubbish on a piece of vegetation, and then wonder that it does not flourish: the Stage has sprung up in spite of obstacles, but it is with a twist—just as the acanthus did under the tile that was placed over the pot in which it grew, and from which the idea of the capital of a Corinthian column is said to have been taken.

One of the Beauties of Legislation.—Let us add to the list of anomalies in which this extraordinary country is indulging in its old age of luxurious vice—the prosecution of cheap laws. The Printer of the Acts of Parliament is actually applying for an injunction against, or prosecuting for damages, those who dare to infringe his privilege of printing Acts of Parliament, and in a portable form communicate to the world the laws passed by the legislature, at a more moderate rate than himself. Thus people are every day hanged, transported, and fined for not knowing the laws, but yet the King's Printer is the only legitimate channel of information, and they may hang or drown, but he must have his legitimate profits. Now we challenge any country in the world to produce a parallel absurdity to this. The King of Spain, it is true, burned till the proper officer came to pluck him out of the fire; but here is a whole people, who are not permitted to hear of the laws by which their fortunes or their lives may be forfeited, until the proper officer comes forward, in a most awkward and expensive manner, to tell them in what manner their best and dearest interests have been regulated by their own servants.

The Boy King for Greece.—The value of Monarchical Government is not likely to be better understood anywhere than in England, where we have experienced it through nearly all the gradations of the scale from the fever-heat of tyranny, through the temperature of a Constitutional King, to pretty nearly the Zero of nominal chief magistrate. And we surely ought to know better than that, however useful a royal head may be, still royalty is not a panacea for all the evils of a wretched and distracted country. But it seems to be a common idea, that, in order to appease the storms of a troubled state, all that is necessary to be done, is to clap a king upon it—a boy

king or a man king, it matters not, provided that he hath "the divinity that doth hedge a king." The project of sending a Bavarian boy to govern the Greeks, is only a folly capable of being hatched in the brain of superannuated diplomatists who have long made "ducks and drakes" of states, by shying protocols at one another. The Greek will never obey unless he is forced or paid; he has no pleasure in order, consequently no motive to be quiet. The Greeks are in Europe, what pickpockets are in London—lightfingered, restless gentry, who would rather starve to-day on the chance of a prize to-morrow, than accept honest but uniform occupation. They have been and remain morally and politically corrupted; if they cannot rob anybody else, they will scratch and fight with each other. As long as there is booty in the midst of them, they are comparatively happy, for they set about quietly circumventing it by every form of cunning, treachery, hypocrisy, talent, and even seeming generosity and patriotism. When the plunder is gone, they will strike another stroke. All men have been acceptable who brought them money, and no longer. Even Capo d'Istrias was a god as long as he was an agent of the benevolence of Europe. And this boy king will get on well till he is sucked as dry as a squeezed orange: but that will not take much longer than the visit of one of his Bavarian country-women in England—the young ladies of the broom, who arrive with the swallow, and depart with it. Otho will never come of age in Greece.

The Lion's Mouth.

"ALIENA NEGOTIA CENTUM."—*Horat.*

The unexpected length to which our Correspondent's strictures on the Quarterly have swelled, and our unwillingness to curtail an exposure so merited by that work, have obliged us to encroach upon the space allotted to the "Lion's Mouth," and to cut off some of its legitimate supplies.

We are informed with regret by a friend of the late Mr. Buckle's son, that a paragraph in the Commentary of last month has given pain to that gentleman. Nothing could be farther from our wishes than to offer any intentional slight to his father's memory or his own feelings: and though we have again turned to the passage in question, and cannot well conceive that persons in general, under similar circumstances with Mr. Buckle's son, would have felt annoyed at it, we have all respect for feelings which do him honour, and much sincere regret that unconsciously through us those feelings should have been wounded.

We have applied in vain for a copy of "Glen Moubray," at the author's request. He will perhaps again communicate with us.

Thanks to our Correspondent of "St. George's Terrace, Canterbury"—and also for the communication of "T."

We shall find room for Mr. Gilfillan's song in our next number.

The translations from Horace, from the pen of so distinguished a scholar, shall shortly appear.

We are sorry we are obliged to decline the favours of "A. S. A."—"C. E. S. J."—"A. C. H."—"P. V."—"T. J. R."—"Oscar."—"T. C."—"S. W."—"Death!"—"B. B. F."—"D. G."

"The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill." We have *had* nothing but the bill!

Communications are left at the Publishers' for "Crinissus,"—"The Water Wreath,"—"The West Indian's Bride."—"H. B."

Mr. Hustletrump's Story is as old as the Hills.

"A Day Dream" shall be inserted. We have planned a paper, and may shortly publish it, in which a number of our poetical correspondents will find honourable mention, yet not without some critical remarks.

. "Guloseton" is accepted, and will be inserted the earliest opportunity.

THE

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MAY 1, 1832.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

THE RECESS.

JACKFISH have been found with a Carp in their mouths, one half of which has been digested, while the other half remains stubborn and unconquered. Will the latter half choke the Jackfish, or be digested also? The Jackfish is exceedingly like the House of Lords; a very arrogant, blustering fish, with a great swallow, and a very unpopular flavour. Will the House of Lords digest the rest of the Bill, or choke at the attempt? It is a difficult question to decide upon. Meanwhile, we have adjourned Parliament that the Jackfish may do the

best it can with the Carp. It may (or more likely may not) be remembered, that in our number for November, (the first month in which this Magazine passed under its new management,) we predicted, in the teeth of all our contemporaries, that the House of Lords would (so far, we meant, as the second reading was concerned) be gained rather by conversions than creations. We attempted to show, that the nature of that assembly, its comparative freedom from party, its small knots and individual caprices, and above all, the absolution of its members from responsibility to others, rendered it far more accessible to the arts by which a few votes are detached from the mass, than the House of Commons, with its violent political affections, and under the control of constituents on the one hand, and nominators on the other, possibly could be. Our prediction has come to pass. The Bill has been read a second time. There have been seventeen converts, and no creations. In the same article we did not the less urge the necessity, philosophical and legislative, of a creation of Peers; not to obtain the second reading, but to unite the two antagonist assemblies; not to make the first step in reforming the Commons, but in preserving the Lords. That necessity is equally apparent now as then. Will it be obeyed? There is the question. Ministers have *now* no excuse for not making the Peers. The principle of the Bill has been carried; the House has *not* been swamped to admit the Reform;—will enough of the stream of English opinion be turned into the channel to bear off the vessel already launched? Seventeen Lords have voted for the second reading of the Bill. Why? In order that they may play the devil with it in the Committee. They have let the stranger into the Harem as being the place above all others where they will have the best apology to mutilate it. The stranger went in a man, will it come out an eunuch? or rather, like the pious Don Raphael, in Gil Blas, will it change its creed to suit that of the company it has fallen amongst—go in a Christian and come out a Mahometan? Nine reluctant votes have carried the second reading of the Bill:—to those nine votes will my Lord Grey trust the Bill in the Committee? We believe he will; and we believe the Bill will suffer accordingly. But here let us pause. The public are not generally aware that no alteration in the Committee can be considered permanent until the third reading, or the bringing up of the Report, takes place. Suppose, for instance, schedule A is cut down to six boroughs in the Committee, and the elective franchise is raised from 10*l.* to 50*l.*; and suppose my Lord Grey, notwithstanding these defeats, goes on with the Bill, he can restore, by an amendment, when the Committee is fairly gone through, and the Bill is to be read a third time, the whole of the

limbs and members thus amputated—no defeat whatsoever is a real, a permanent defeat, until (safe from all amendment, all restoration) the Bill has gone through the third reading. Let the public mark this, for it is of deep importance. And supposing Peers are not made for the Committee; supposing the great schedule A is dwarfed down into a paltry schedulekin, such as Lord John might have given us some ten years ago; supposing the Metropolitan districts are left memberless; supposing the 10*l.* franchise is raised—still, let not the people be discouraged; but let them *then* pour in from all quarters petitions, such as a free people should present—bold and urgent, that all the benefits of the Bill that are removed should be replaced before the third reading makes them definitive. Now, according to the newspapers, my Lord Grey appears to have said, in his very able, eloquent, but nevertheless somewhat over-lauded speech, that, "though he should be sorry that a less number of boroughs should be disfranchised, or that the 10*l.* qualification should be altered, still they formed no part of the principle of the Bill, and both might be altered with perfect consistency." Now, on this declaration, the Tories, (our keen and subtle contemporary, "The Standard," among the rest,) have naturally set up a shout at my Lord Grey's definition of principle; and these expressions have doubtless given great dissatisfaction to the Reformers. But we have made it a point to see and converse with several who were present at the delivery of that speech, and some of whom, as Lord Grey's immediate connexions and friends, we suppose are likely to know what that eloquent orator really meant to say; and it seems that the true spirit of the remarks as spoken was very different from what it would seem as reported. Lord Grey's observations were in reply to some Tory Lord, (Lyndhurst, we believe,) who said, that if the House passed the second reading of the Bill, it was compelled to disfranchise, as the principle of the Bill, sixty-four boroughs, and to grant unconditionally the 10*l.* franchise. "Heaven!" says Lord Grey, "what an affront the Noble Lord puts on the House, to suppose any Minister can thus dictate to it! It is for the Committee, not the Ministers, who propose it to the Committee, to decide whether the number of boroughs disfranchised shall be sixty-four, or the rate of franchise be a 10*l.* house. *I* should be sorry to see the Bill altered in these particulars. *I*"—here we quote the papers, *i.e.* "The Times," verbatim—"*I* should certainly oppose any proposition for reducing the number of boroughs to be disfranchised, or for raising the 10*l.* qualification much higher." But it is for the House to decide these points. Whether *I*, whether the Ministry can continue in office after that decision, is another question.—This, we repeat, was (we are informed from several per-

sons present at the delivery of that speech) the purport and spirit of Lord Grey's argument. If so, it was an argument that he might fairly use, and one which put the question of the second reading in its true light. The remark being more of a personal retort on Lord Lyndhurst (a species of arguing of which the statesmen of both Houses are particularly fond) than any confession of Lord Grey's own sentiments, was designed to convey this sneer:—"What! you—you, Lord Lyndhurst, talk of the dignity of the Lords, while you tell them they are tools to carry the Bill, and *I* tell them they are judges to decide it." We have thought it necessary to enter into this explanation, as the misunderstanding upon the subject of it has been very extensive, and might be very dangerous.

Very well! The Bill has been carried through the second reading. No Peers are made; and, as we have explained, if no Peers are made, the Bill cannot *permanently* lose any of its provisions before the last stage. And this, we fancy, will be the excuse for not making the creation. We confess that it seems a most inconsistent one, and we will briefly prove why it is so. Peers were not made for the second reading, because, forsooth, the Lords were to have the credit of passing the principle of the Bill; and if a creation were afterwards necessary, it would only be to carry the details. We have now come to the details. The necessity is allowed, and the creation put off till the third reading! What is the third reading? *Why, the adopting a second and more solemn time of the principle of the Bill!* so that the very reason for which Peers are *not* to be made at one stage, is the exact reason why they *are* to be made when the identical same stage is returned to. We cannot make Peers on the principle;—we must make them on the details. We cannot make Peers on the details;—we must make them on the principle! Behold the cycle of Ministerial logic! Excellent logicians! Now, in the first place, if Peers are to be made at all, this shilly-shallying is only a perpetual wear-and-tear on the patience, the affections, the confidence of the people. And in the next place, it would be better, according to all the precepts of Whig Lords and of Tory Lords—better for the dignity of the House, that the creation should take place, in order to perfect the details, not to carry the principle; that is to say, better in the Committee now, than for the third reading hereafter. To us it would indeed seem an insult to sit coldly by while the enemies are talking and fretting, and say, when all is over, and they seem to have won the day:—"Gentlemen, you have taken great pains with this Bill; you have discomposed all its provisions; you have wasted a vast deal of time, and a vast deal of breath, and now, if you please, we will restore matters exactly to what they were

before you took all this gratuitous trouble." Here is an affront to the Lords, if you like. But mark,—the affront will come too late to rejoice the people. The creation will then seem not the courageous providence of a great statesman, but the desperate resource of a falling party. Mark this, my Lord Grey. You are still a great man—may our posterity honour you as such! Those who now watch your motives, will write your history!

While the ark of the Bill rests thus on the doubtful height of Lord Harrowby's shoulders, what other matters will follow the breathing interval of repose? A vast press of questions, deeply important in their nature: "the West India question;" "the Poor-laws;" "the Substitution of a Property-tax for those taxes bearing on industry;" "the Commercial state of the Country;" "the Currency Question;" "the Taxes on Knowledge;" all these are on the Order-book of the House of Commons;*—all these will be discussed, unless, as they have done some four times, almost consecutively, during the last session, Ministers think fit to put the House of Commons in their pockets to keep company with the Peers that are to be;—viz. unless Ministers refuse "to make a House." Be it known to the public, that Tuesdays and Thursdays are the only days set apart for the motions of independent Members of Parliament; the other days are at the control of Ministers; and whenever, on the said Tuesdays or Thursdays, Ministers anticipate a troublesome motion, no House is made. The motion is dropped *sine die;* and every other day being already engaged, is probably lost for the whole of the session. This is a trick which savours more of the old system we are to get rid of, than the new one we are wading through fire and water to establish; and while it betrays the feebleness of the Government, it renders them yet more feeble by disgusting every honourable man amongst their supporters.

We cannot dismiss this subject without alluding, in terms of strong censure, to a most unwarrantable reply which Lord Palmerston is said to have made to Mr. Dixon, who had given notice of a motion relative to the Brazilian seizures. On the day the motion was to come on, there was no House! Mr. Dixon seems to have been in a passion at the "*accident,*" and to have attacked my Lord Palmerston pretty sharply for this enlargement on the Roman policy—"Quum solitudinem faciunt pacem appellant." We do not blame Lord Palmerston for replying sharply in return: far from it, such retorts are parliamentary enough, Heaven knows! but we do blame

[illegible] to say, that Bentham has penetrated among the Tories, and that Mr. Mackinnon has given notice of a Bill for the partial (?) repeal of the Usury laws.

him for this expression, which we would fain hope, for the honour of an English Cabinet, has not been literally reported:—"The honourable member had forgot himself in the importance he attached to himself and his motion, which was viewed with *supreme indifference!*"*

Is it possible that any Minister should dare to tell a Member of the British House of Commons that his motion "was viewed with supreme indifference!"—and what motion? One that related to the property of British subjects—the security of British Commerce—the honour of the British flag; one that Lord Althorpe himself avowed, with that fair and gallant candour which forms the life of the Treasury benches in the Lower House, brought into notice "acts of a most gross injustice, and wholly unjustifiable on the part of the Brazilian Government." And this was the motion that the Minister for Foreign Affairs *dared*—we repeat the word—to tell a Member of the English Senate "was viewed with supreme indifference!" Pooh! this will never do! We will spare him at present; he has been too little down at the House of Commons not to have the excuse of recent inexperience in parliamentary business; but another such drawing-room impertinence, and my Lord Palmerston's claim to office must be examined a little more closely.

There is a great deal to admire in the better and higher portion of the Ministry: that courage and patience in supporting the Bill—which do not appear to the Public virtues so extraordinary, considering that the fate of the Government depends on their exercise—are nevertheless rare virtues in men who are under the control of those conventional restraints and intimidations engendered in every Aristocracy. At Lord Grey's age, and to his susceptible and proud mind, the reproaches of men with whom he has mixed all his life, and who accuse him of destroying their rights as well as his country's constitution, are not to be despised by him with the same facility that they are by the people. But for certain other functionaries, whom we will not at present name, there are not the same excuses for policy far more vacillating than that which we believe to be Lord Grey's. Their minds have been radically cramped by the narrow commonplaces so dear to parliamentary wisdom. Alas! they have yet to learn that the Public and the House of Commons see things through a very different medium; they are compromising and conciliating one doubtful enemy where they are alienating fifty honest friends, and, like the wise man of Laputa, instead of walking out into the light of Heaven, they busy themselves with the ingenious speculation of extracting their sunbeams from cucumbers.

* "Times," April 14th.

PASSAGES TRANSLATED FROM THE IPHIGENIA OF GOETHE.

JOY OF PYLADES ON HEARING HIS NATIVE LANGUAGE.

O sweetest voice! O blest, familiar sound
Of mother-words heard in the stranger's land!
I see the blue hills of my native shore,
The far blue hills again!—those cordial tones
Before the Captive bid them freshly rise,
For ever welcome!—Oh! by this deep joy,
Know the true son of Greece!

EXCLAMATION OF IPHIGENIA ON SEEING HER BROTHER.

Oh! hear me, look upon me!—how my heart
After long desolation, now unfolds
Unto this new delight!—to kiss thy head,
Thou dearest, dearest one of all on earth!
To clasp thee with my arms, which were but thrown
On the void winds before!—Oh! give me way,
Give my soul's rapture way!—Th' eternal fount
Leaps not more brightly forth from rock to rock
Of high Parnassus down the golden vale,
Than the strong joy bursts gushing from my heart,
And swells around me to a flood of bliss—
Orestes! O my brother!

FATE OF MAN AND WOMAN COMPARED BY IPHIGENIA.

Man, by the battle's hour immortalized,
May fall, yet leaves his name to living song.
But, of forsaken *woman's* countless tears,
What recks the after-world?—The poet's voice
Tells nought of all the slow, sad, weary days,
And long, long nights, through which the lonely soul
Pour'd itself forth, consumed itself away,
In passionate adjurings, vain desires,
And ceaseless weepings for the early lost,
The lov'd and vanish'd friend!

LONGING OF ORESTES FOR REPOSE.

One draught from Lethe's flood!—reach me one draught!
One last cool goblet fill'd with dewy peace!
Soon will the spasm of life departing, leave
My bosom free—soon shall my spirit flow
Along the deep waves of forgetfulness,
Calmly and silently!—Away to you,
Ye dead! ye dwellers of th' eternal cloud!
Take home the son of earth, and let him steep
His o'erworn senses in your dim repose,
For evermore!
—— Hark! from the trembling leaves,
Mysterious whispers!—Hark! a rushing sound
Sweeps through yon twilight depth!—E'en now they come,
They throng to greet their guest!—And *who* are they?
Rejoicing each with each in stately joy,
As a king's children gather'd for the hour
Of some high festival!—Exultingly,
And kindred-like, and God-like, on they pass,
The glorious wandering shapes!—Aged and young,
Proud men and regal women!—Lo! my race,
My sire's ancestral race!

F. H.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE WEST INDIES?

'Something must be done with the Indies! Yes: but what? Oh! *fiat justitia ruat cœlum*, cries the Abolitionist. Let us alone, says the Planter, and we shall get on very well. The advice of neither is to be taken, decides a third: we must not emancipate, and ruin the Colonies: we must not leave the Slave in the power of the Planter, nor, what is more likely, the Planter in the power of the Slave.

The Fiat Justitia principle is, that the Slave is his own property; that to retain him, is to rob him of himself; to do justice, therefore, means to restore the stolen goods. The *ruat calum* which follows, is the establishment of another Hayti, and a race of Boyers and Petions: this is not a consummation to be wished, either for the blacks or the whites.

To do nothing in the matter, is a recommendation that cannot be followed, for all parties are in motion; and to do nothing, is simply to be left behind. The Slaves will be free, the Abolitionists will emancipate, and nobody temporizes but the British Government, the eternal temporizer.

The question is, undoubtedly, a scabrous one; and its discussion is rendered more difficult by the combined power of ignorance and eloquence that has been brought to bear on it. The contest has been one of bugbears; it has been who shall frighten the other out of the field. For this goodly purpose, there is scarcely any kind of horror that has not been tried. The result is, that both parties absolutely foam at the mouth, are bespread with the pallor of affright, and suffer under an excitement of the imagination extremely inimical to the progress of truth.

Now, as to a slave's *right* to be free. Do they who enunciate this proposition with the greatest confidence understand the nature of this right? It may be just as well said a slave has a right to be happy, and generally, that every man has the right to be happy. How many of us get our rights? That, it is true, is the best state in which the most of us have this same right. Freedom is said to be one of the grand constituents of this happiness; it is, however, a rare luxury. Look at the condition of three parts of the globe; three-quarters of the population of the globe may be divided into tyrants and slaves: in the countries more especially whence we derive our Colonial slaves, man is at a discount—life is a drug—blood is spilt like water, and always has been. The African tyrant says of his subjects, "*Kill a few:*" as the proprietor of a rabbit-warren observes to his friend with a fowling-piece over his shoulder.

Slavery has many degrees: in the extremest form, the slave is wholly at the disposition of the master, life, limb, and labour. This is the common idea attached to the word, and which ordinarily arises in the mind on the mention of the subject. The form in which it exists in the West Indies is a mild one, milder than the form of New South Wales. The master claims the labour only of an individual, and that labour is restricted in quantity. In return, he is supplied with ample subsistence, habitation, and attire. It is certainly an inconvenient form of society: we are all slaves, more or less, but it is better that an abstract idea, *necessity*, should be the general master, and that no fellow-creature should be placed in that relation to another. The truth, however, is,

that though freemen are often changing their masters, they generally have one. Take the agricultural labourer of England, in the most favourable point of view: he shall have worked from dawn to sunset, Sundays and fevers excepted, for perhaps fifteen years, and under the same master. In illness, he has applied to the parish for the support of his family; in health, he has earned just so much as would purchase the necessaries of life. If this man were turned off by his employer, work being scarce, he would probably experience an interval of destitution, or at best, scanty relief: he would job a day here and there, at a low rate, and perhaps lose a year or more before he ensured a regular supply of the necessaries of life, by again falling into a place of constant employment. When his wife is brought to bed, he must have been provident enough, or starved enough, to have saved the doctor's guinea, or the doctor will not come; nay, will parley with him in the night, while the wretched woman is in the agonies of labour, to learn, before he stirs from his bed-room, whether the one-and-twenty shillings have been duly garnered in the broken pitcher on the shelf—the poor man's bank! True, at this time, the lady-patronesses of the neighbourhood are bountiful; they are charitable of caudle and condolence: but heavily falls the voice of condescension on the unhappy father. Here this man's labour is the property of no particular master—he would be glad if it were a commodity his master were bound to take—but is it his own? or is it not something, being his own, he must exchange, but is with difficulty able to meet with one who will take the burthen from his arms? Say what we please, such a man is the slave of any one who will constantly employ him. His only retreat from slavery is the parish—a worse slavery. There is much in a name. A Manchester weaver is similarly situated—the difference is for the worse; the filth, and vice, and uncharitableness of towns, being added to the chances of utter destitution. Here, as in other cases, the resort is the prison or the parish—the two great retreats of the noble Briton, whose flag flies from the groves of the Antilles to the jungles of Arracan!*

In the West India question, names have had far greater force than things. Cruelty is exercised everywhere—would it were not! Sometimes the iron is burnt into the soul, sometimes upon the back. The fact of our being *contemporary* with suffering, makes it neither more nor less; and the idea that it exists at the same moment with us, ought not to transport the mind beyond the bounds of reason. It is our duty to mitigate suffering and diminish cruelty wherever found; but one generation cannot do everything, and a too hurried course of procedure may aggravate the wound we would heal.

In England, a man is compelled to labour by the fear of starvation

* We know the liberal opinions as well as the talents and information of our correspondent; but we are not quite satisfied with his comparison between the slave and the peasant. for supposing them on a par as to the comforts they enjoy, which, we fear, is more than probable, we must remember, that slavery itself, on the one side, *is a barrier to amelioration*, which does not exist on the other. This is no inconsiderable difference: for to legislate wisely, it is not enough to provide for man as he is, but to see that there is no obstacle to his advancement: and in all comparisons between one state of mankind and another, we must give the preference to that which, though not better in itself at present, affords the greatest facilities for being better hereafter. This we consider the true reason why there can be no just comparison between the free man, however impoverished, and the slave, however supported.—Ed.

—in Jamaica, by the fear of punishment. For himself, the Negro is under no motive to work—the desultory labour of one month would support him for the rest of the twelve. We must, therefore, if we expect to make the black population of the West Indies labour, give them a motive. Where is another to be found?

This is the difficulty in the grand conversion of the negro-slave into the free peasant.

In our hearts, we believe the West Indian slave has all the requisites of a good British subject, under tutelage. It is utterly inconsistent with our principles, and it is painful to our sympathies, to witness the present state of things. We say not that we hate slavery, for this means nothing: we are indignant that, after the servile war of Rome, six thousand slaves should have been crucified in double rows, which reached nearly all the way from Rome to Capua: we always steam with wrath when this fact is presented to us; and what does that signify? At Rome, this was deemed an example of the Fiat Justitia; but we are educated differently and far better, and have less selfish sympathies. There is not a man in the country, be he Colonist or Abolitionist, who does not wish to see the end, or rather a smooth course, for this great experiment of *forced emigration*. We are, in fact, in the most difficult point of it, at the spot where the two roads part—the one to Industry and Prosperity, the other to Carnage and Savagery. If the Legislature of England proceed in their old track of Colonial blunder, the way the slaves will take is pretty apparent; but, we trust, better times are coming.

The question now is, and for the settlement of which all the wisdom and experience of the country ought to be brought into action, how the working slave may be turned into a working peasant?

Those who are careless of Colonies, and independent of sugar, ask why the free peasant should work if he does not like it. The answer is short: industry is preliminary to every scheme of permanent happiness, however rich the soil. But there is another answer, which would immediately satisfy the person most difficult to be satisfied—the candescent Wilberforcite. The average importation of sugar from the various sugar-gardens of the world, during the three years ending with 1830, was nearly as follows:—

	TONS.
British West Indies, including Demerara and Berbice	193,000
Mauritius	25,000
Bengal, Bourbon, Java, &c.	30,000
Cuba and Porto Rico	95,000
French, Dutch, and Danish West Indies	95,000
Brazil	70,000
Tons	508,000

Now, if two-fifths of the supply of the European market were withdrawn, not only in sugar but in rum, or other West India productions, what would be the natural consequence? An enormous stimulus on the industry of Cuba and other fertile islands, out of our jurisdiction, to be satisfied only by an additional supply of slaves. These places at present—more particularly all those within Spanish authority—carry on the slave-trade with activity: but the reward consequent on the neutralizing

of our West India islands would be such, that, probably, the Spanish and other slave-trades would, for many years, be quintupled—an amount which would equal that of the most virulent period of this flagitious commerce. Thus our Abolitionists would, simply out of a mistaken humanity, be undoing all the great work to which their patriarch owes his immortal name, and for which humanity owes them 'a national debt!' No! if the negro is to be converted into a free peasant, let us have the benefit of modern experience.

The man who is neither slave nor freeman enjoys a crepuscular state of being exceedingly difficult to preserve. The planter may encroach, the labourer may be discontented: who is to decide? A protector-institution would cost an enormous sum, and we do not know who would pay any thing for so equivocal an establishment.

The practical suggestions for real emancipation have been few, the preliminary steps taken which lead from a state of slavery, many: the result is, that the subject of all this solicitude is left in a state of *bascule*, as mischievous to himself as it is injurious to his capitalist.

The condition of the slave of the Antilles at this moment is simply this: he owes so many hours of labour to the proprietor of a particular estate as long as he lives, and that proprietor owes him so many pounds of food *per diem*, so many slops, so much garden-ground. The cases of cruelty are much dwelt upon: it is heart-breaking to think that such cases in different forms occur everywhere, and in all parts of the world; but let it be recollected that among the slaves of an estate there is not, as with us, a distinction made between the respectable and the *mauvais sujets;* and that in many cases, if closely looked into, it might appear that the ill-treated person was a most refractory and unmanageable character. In free countries such a person would meet with a cart-whipping, the *carcan*, the hulks, or transportation; that is to say, the worst kind of slavery. It is the plain interest of every planter, proprietor, manager, or attorney, to treat every labourer well, and when we meet melancholy exceptions, let us look for a moment to our own list of capital convictions, solitary imprisonments, and tread-wheel inflictions. The advertisements in the West India papers have done more to mislead the mind of the public, than many long and intemperate speeches. But let them be compared to our Hue and Cry; and if the deserters from our army and navy were advertised for, where would be the difference? Would not the marks of the lash (if the climate encouraged bare backs) always, when they existed, be looked to as a means of identification? We say not this to defend the use of the whip, if it be defensible; but let wide justice be done. Do not anathematize the planter, and eulogize the military officer. Vagabondage, be it also remarked, in the state of society existing in the West Indies, is an *à priori* argument of crime. Where labour is a fixed plant, it is suspicious to find it on the move. And this must be borne in mind when the detentions advertised in these same newspapers are brought in evidence of the cruelty and oppression of the laws of the West Indies. But neither these nor other considerations are made—the state of the slave is compared with an ideal state of liberty, and the result of the comparison is a howl of lamentation to be heard all over the land, and across the Atlantic.

As long as the question is in the hands of individuals, there is

more difficulty than necessary in its management. A paramount legislature might, we think, settle it without all this excessive agitation, and in a manner causing no loss to any one.

The average worth of an adult slave is between 70*l.* and 80*l.* in our West India Islands. Now, supposing a large company established at Swan River, having a commercial connexion, what would they give for the life interest in a full-grown man's labour?—at least the West India price. What does this mean but that the existence of disposable labour on a fertile spot is of great and essential value to the capitalist? And does it matter whether the individual's labour belongs to one proprietor, or to a company of proprietors, or to the whole body of proprietors as in England? There is in our West India Islands a co-existence of capital and labour which is invaluable, but to bring out their true use, there must be perfect amalgamation: how is this to be brought about? Suppose that in the case of any particular island, the following experiment were made. Let the whole island be taken possession of by a President, a Board of Counsellors chosen partly among men conversant with the Antilles, but independent of its produce. Let it be divided into districts, and a magistrate stationed in every square of ten miles, he, and indeed all the authorities of the island, supported by an efficient force. In the mean time every local proprietor, or manager, should be withdrawn, and a substitute, black or white, placed, having a full inventory and a personal cognizance of every estate or district put into his charge. Next, let every acre of unappropriated land be formally taken possession of in the name of the King of England; if it can be cultivated by free emigrants from Britain, or freed men from other islands, let it be so, at a given rent. All this being prepared, let the entire emancipation of the Negroes be proclaimed.

What is the consequence? subsistence they have none, and the lands on which they depend are not theirs, but belong nominally to the estate where they are found, or rather to the Board of Management, or, as it might be expressed, to the King. If they retain them, they must pay a *rent;* and if they expect not to starve, they must sell the only merchandize they have—their labour. Thus takes place a revolution, which implies this change—that the labour which before belonged to *different individuals* now belongs to the *whole island.*

With the proclamation of freedom it should be announced that every day's labour for an adult would be remunerated at a given rate—that the unoccupied land might be had on such and such terms—that at the Government depôt every hundred weight of sugar, coffee, or other articles of European consumption, would be received according to a varying price list, just as silver and gold were received at the mints of the Spanish Government of India. That these were the *sole conditions of freedom*—that in all respects *civil rights were equal,* and that *the code of laws* was that which regulates their fellow-subjects of Great Britain, equally administered to blacks and whites, by persons properly qualified. We are sanguine as to the success of this project as regards the slaves—no longer slaves—and as respects the capitalists no loss would be sustained after the first year, but, on the contrary, there would be ease and gain. We only fear, that in the manner in which our Government has been carried on of late years, the occasion would be seized upon as a famous

opportunity for jobbing. This is, however, an objection that lies against every change, and as changes go on in spite of it, we suppose it is not insurmountable.

In a paper of this description it is impossible to enter into details; but because the plan is hastily announced, let it not be thought crudely conceived. There is a dilemma of the most peremptory description in the West Indies, and we shall soon have to choose between its horrors.

A Council for the Indies, with a code of laws managed South America in perfection, according to its principles; under other and far more enlightened principles, might our colonies be trained to the enjoyment of perfect freedom.

A West Indian proprietor would become like a fundholder, inscribed a state creditor in the great West Indian Book, and would quarterly be entitled to his dividend, redeemable under circumstances which may be made matter of future arrangement.

SPIRIT OF SONG! BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

I WELCOME thee back again, Spirit of Song!
I 've bent beneath sorrow's cold pressure too long;
I 've suffered in silence—how vainly I sought
For words to unburthen the anguish of thought.
Despair haunts the silent endurance of wrong,
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song!

I welcome thee back—as the Dove to the ark—
The world was a desert, the future all dark;
But I know that the worst of the tempest is past,
Thou art come with the green leaf of comfort at last;
Around me thy radiant imaginings throng,
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song!

I feared thee, sweet Spirit! I thought thou wouldst come
With *memory's* records of boyhood and home;
The home where I laugh'd away youth, and was told
It would still be my dwelling-place when I grew old:
But visions of *Hope* to thy coming belong,
And I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song!

Thou wilt not, sweet Spirit, thou wilt not, I know,
Mislead to the fruitless indulgence of woe;
That shrinks from the smile that would offer relief,
And seems to be proud of pre-eminent grief:
Thou'lt soothe the depression already too strong,
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song!

There 's a chord that I never must venture to wake—
The sorrow a *loved one* hath borne for my sake;
But *her* love which no change in my fortunes could chill,
Her smile of affection that follows me still;
Oh! *these* are the themes I will proudly prolong,
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song!

I welcome thee back, and again I look forth
With my wonted delight on the blessings of Earth;
Again I can smile with the gay and the young,
The lamp is rekindled! the harp is restrung!
Despair haunts the silent endurance of wrong,
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song!

"THE CONTRAST." BY THE AUTHOR OF "YES AND NO."

"Yes and No" contained the best *tableaux* of actual—human—English—society, in the nineteenth century, of any novel we know of. There was in it no affectation of sparkle, or of passion, and yet it abounded in racy sarcasm, and in an acquaintance with the genuine springs of emotion, that penetrated very far beyond the surface over which the genius of the author appeared contented to hover. The same characteristics that distinguished that most agreeable novel, are equally remarkable in its successor. The greatest merit of Lord Mulgrave's novels is not one which English readers are apt duly to appreciate, viz. the absence of all meretricious effect. It is the whole that he consults, more than its parts. He resembles the German actor, who said "Don't applaud me till I have finished." He has no starts, no grimace, no rant, and yet he never loses your attention for a moment. Perhaps, of all novel-writers, Miss Edgeworth alone excepted, he deals the least in *longueurs*. He never proses or stops on the way, like the good Jacques in Diderot's tale, that he may enliven the journey by a disquisition. The stream of the narrative flows on uninterruptedly, and the effect of excitement, which others take so much pains to achieve, is here obtained from the never seeming to demand it. There is also another characteristic of these novels—their conventionalism is never offensive; he laughs, it is true, at vulgar people—but he laughs equally whether they are of one grade or another. There is no cant about rich *parvenus* and Bloomsbury Square. He is equally impartial to the exclusives and the excluded. He never speaks of the best society, as being made so by rank—but as being so because its inmates, having no other occupation but society, are trained from their youth to please and to be pleased—and they are agreeable from the same reason that in the sterner walks of life people are ambitious. This leisure to enjoy, certainly, in other countries renders the sphere of a court the circle of the wittiest and pleasantest people. We do not agree with Lord Mulgrave in thinking it produces the same effect in England; but while we quarrel with his notion, it is the notion at least of a gentleman, not of a dandy—it is the view of a St. Evremont, and not of a Brummell. In this view, too, our author differs from nearly all the writers of fashionable novels. He shows us quietly what is amusing in "good society," as the cant phrase goes, and with a skill not the less happy from the ease with which it is done.

The story of "The Contrast" is soon told. A young nobleman of very fastidious habits, and desirous, like Marmontel's Alcibiades, to be loved for himself alone—marries the daughter of a country farmer, pure, simple, beautiful, and devoted to him. It is on this plot that Lord Mulgrave has constructed a narrative of great domestic interest, heightened by some singularly touching and subtle glimpses of the human heart. The whole character of this innocent girl, the victim of an experiment a vain man so naturally charms himself by making, is conceived with equal delicacy and truth;—there is no pastoral affectation of nature in her conversations—she uses bad grammar and

rude phrases—but the internal beauty of the character prevents her from ever being vulgar. Her love for the hero is exactly of that kind which it must have been if she loved him at all. The superiority of the rank was at first unknown, but the superiority of manner which attracted, also awed her—she loves, but with respect rather than passion. There can be no confidence in this connexion, because there is no equality of interchange. Custom would increase the distance between them; and the wife, as conversation grew more frequent than caresses, would only grow more ashamed of thoughts unlike those of one whom she considers as the noblest of human beings. Thus her very attachment would induce reserve. There is a very beautiful and simple picture of this feeling in Volume I. page 177. Lucy had conceived a sort of frank, girlish affection, half love half not, for a cousin, who goes to sea—meanwhile Lord Castleton, the hero, in the disguise of an itinerant artist, endeavours to win her affections. The contest in her mind between the absent and remembered cousin—wild, bold, and congenial to herself in habit and manner—and the respectful admiring interest she forms for the gentle, accomplished artist, who is not absent;—the partly loving both, the not entirely loving either—are all managed with great happiness, and singular adherence to nature. But the cousin returns—his high spirits at rejoining Lucy make him more coarse in remark even than heretofore. Lucy suddenly discovers, that since his departure new standards of refinement have been presented to her—she looks aside, catches the glance of the painter, and blushes. She owns to him afterwards that he made her feel ashamed of the returned sailor. He questions her eagerly in what manner, and she says, "Last night, when cousin George talked rather rude like, I looked at you, and I saw by your face that you were fashed, and then I felt so uncomfortable, and, don't be angry—"

"Angry, no, why?" asked Churchill (i. e. Castleton).

"*And then I wished you away with all my heart.*"

This is one of those quiet and skilful touches of nature in which the work abounds; at the same time that it shows the sentiment that would necessarily be felt by the poor girl—angry with herself for feeling the inferiority of her early, unforgotten, but half-acknowledged lover—angry with the new admirer that he should have taught her that inferiority; it also tells the reader (without the necessity of any farther dilation on the point, which forms one of the most affecting reflections in the tale)—that her heart's natural bias was to her wild and daring cousin—that she would have married him—redeemed him—been happy and obscure—but for the vanity of a proud man who never was so selfish as when fancying himself most generous. We think Lord Mulgrave might have greatly spiritualized and elevated the character of the hero had he made Lord Castleton much older, and supposed his experience of society and of women to have been at once more bitter and more extensive—at present, with the hero at three-and-twenty, it is the experiment rather of a dreaming boy, than a fastidious and disappointed man;—which latter was the conception evidently designed by Lord Mulgrave, and certainly more high and interesting in itself.

The author has well imagined that the same feelings of ideal longing—of too exacting a refinement, that produced the experiment, would produce also the after repentance. Yet, through the scenes of artificial pomp and glitter in which Lucy appears, there is a dignity in her softness and purity that prevents one ever being in pain for her, while one pities the husband—another proof of dextrous management and great delicacy of thought.

The whole character of Lady Gayland, who is pointed-out as the natural wife to Castleton, as Lucy should have been to George, we consider a failure; and she can no more bear comparison with the simple beauty of Lucy, than Lady Teazle with Fanny Andrews. Nay, even on the score of vulgarity—we think the fine lady infinitely more to be ridiculed than the country girl. The theatrical affectation of wit—the tawdry sentiment—the mingled insolence and coquetry which Lady Gayland evinces, are to us the very perfection of Mrs. Slipslop in high station—aping at once the blue and the flirt. We know several such persons in the fine world; and the commonness of the character increases its native vulgarity. If Lord Chesterfield said rightly, that people were not vulgar from what they are, but from what they affect to be—what in the world is so vulgar as a mere woman of ton affecting the genius—rude without independence—and only the more frivolous, in proportion as she grows the less feminine?

There is one moral we must beg leave to deduce from this charming novel, though we suspect its author never designed it. Lady Gayland, describing Castleton's character, says—"His means have always been in exaggerated proportion to his ends. Faculties which ought to have extended over *society*, he has confined to *company*;—his mind is something like the magic of Harlequin's wand amongst the chairs and tables—a superior power misapplied to petty purposes, and therefore as often perverting and confounding as improving." Lady Gayland says this case is not a common one. We think it is—we hold it the inevitable misfortune that a very wealthy aristocracy inflicts on those who belong to it. As much talent is frittered away amongst an indolent nobility as is crushed amongst an overlaboured peasantry. The world loses incalculably by both extremes. The human mind was formed for something better than only dissipation in one circle, and only toil in the other: and God did not mean that it should be the end of patrician life to go to balls, and of plebeian life to go to the parish.

THE UTILITARIANS.

"This word Utility—is it quite noble enough to be applied to all the cravings of the soul!" DE STAEL.

THIS question has been asked a hundred times over. It is not fairly put—it has not been fairly answered. In the first place, "all the cravings of the soul" is, to say the least of it, a very ambiguous expression. We establish a plain rule for the conduct of the mass of mankind—we establish a rule whereby to examine Legislation, Politics, and those moral laws that relate to the daily intercourse of Society—and the Sentimentalist complains that we do not make it unintelligible. We desire it to be the common property of all—and we are told that it is low and material, because we do not raise it to that height on which it becomes the monopoly of metaphysicians. In fact, wise men would do a great service to mankind, if they would talk less about matters which can never be of service to the great herd of their fellow-creatures—if they would talk less about "indefinite desires" and "cravings of the soul," and more about common interests, in the language of common sense. We want Morals, and they give us Metaphysics. Yet even in those abstruse and more bewildering exertions of intellect admired by the Mystics, we are willing to grapple with our antagonists. We would strengthen the limbs of Truth for ordinary exercise on the plain surface of life; but that very strength will enable her, if needful, to ascend the highest summits, and make discoveries on the most difficult promontories of Science. Because we can walk well, is it a reason that we should be unable to climb? I answer, then, the question of the Enthusiast—as it is put, as it is meant—I answer Yes! There is no virtue, no aspiring of the human soul, to which the word "Utility" is not to be applied. It has happened, unfortunately, in this country, that the Utilitarian doctrine, the moment it became generally noticed, fell into the hands of young men, who, in the natural heat and presumption of their age, pushed the opinions of the disciple into paths unrecognized by the master—they made the doctrine seem hard, dry, and unalluring. An iconoclastic warfare was waged on the monuments, as well as the idols of the past. We were told much sad stuff against the elegancies of life. Painting and Poetry were to be shattered from their bases—and out of every temple dedicated to the Graces, we were only to construct buildings inscribed to the more necessary mysteries of Cloacina. All this disgusted the unthinking—and they condemned the system because it had a few coxcombs among its proselytes. They did not recollect that these assertions came not from the fountain-head—they did not recollect that these were only points, on which certain sectarians of the great creed disputed, but with which the creed itself had nothing whatsoever to do. The Utilitarians became a name, with the vulgar, for a school inexpressibly plodding, graceless, and inimical to the refinements and softness of life: they were considered, at the best, as philosophers, who, like the hypochondriac, lived but by scruples and drachms, and who considered, as some savage nations are said to do, that to laugh is insanity—and the proper conduct of life is an unvarying perpetuity of dulness.

How persons, decently educated, could fall into this error would be

perfectly incredible, if we did not meet with them every day. Do they know that nearly *all* the great masters of the Utilitarian Morality have been even accused sometimes of too lofty and abstruse an intellectual theory—sometimes of too devoted an attachment to the pleasures, the graces, or the gaieties of life? Do they know that Epicurus is one of the early sages of the school? Do they know that even the golden Plato* mingled its doctrine with his dreams? Do they know that it was among the gay circles of Paris that Helvetius, of whom Voltaire said—

> "Des sages d'Athene, et de Rome,
> Il eut des mœurs et de candeur,"

wrote, in a style—the great fault of which is its floridity and abundant ornament—that book, which the cloistered dullards of Germany consider too agreeable to be wise? Do they know that Bolingbroke, who unhappily sacrificed his nobler genius to his appetite for pleasure, was an Utilitarian in his best performances, and is only dull when (as in his posthumous works) he forgets what in his earlier writings—those wonderful models of a style at once lovely and aspiring—he so profusely embellished? Do they know that the polished and easy Hume valued himself (if erroneously, it was the fault of his times) on his taste for the belles-lettres and the delicacy of his criticism? Do they know that Bentham is even—witness the Book of Fallacies, and his friends add, the vein of his conversation—less profound in his wisdom than happy in his wit? What is the wittiest of existing periodicals?—"The Examiner:" and that journal, so remarkable in its philosophy, has not disdained to contain also some of the most beautiful criticisms on Letters—the Drama—the Arts. Hazlitt was an Utilitarian. What is Hazlitt chiefly remembered by?—his Lectures on Shakspeare and his knowledge of paintings! So little, when this great code of Morals has fallen into the hands of men who have in the least illustrated or distinguished it, so little, therefore, has it militated against that wit—that grace—that love of the lighter letters—that due veneration for Art—that generous sympathy with genius—that embellishment of expression, which it has thus most singularly and infelicitously been declared to oppose. If, unfortunately, among so many great disciples it should have a few little ones, who square the principles of the sect to their own comprehension, that is the case with all sects, moral or religious; and the easier and simpler, that is to say, the wiser and more practical the code, why the greater is the number of blockheads who are able to consider themselves belonging to it.

One word more on the relation between Utility and the Fine Arts—it shall be on a subject to which Utilitarianism has been considered the least genial—the Art of Music.

Madame de Stael was a very great woman—the tendency of the

* As the writings of Plato are really very little known in this country, I intend in the course of the summer, when men's minds will be less occupied with momentary and political topics, to make a plain and familiar exposition of the real character and nature of his works. I shall not approach to this great task irreverently. I approach it supported by the earnest study of years, which it has not been in the leisure of many to bestow on a single writer.

age, especially in England, is rather to undervalue than to overrate her. Her richness of fancy—her depth of feeling—her truth, whenever sentiment, not reason, was concerned—her various information—her noble benevolence, and a style which is the most favourable specimen of *florid* prose (witness the chapter on Enthusiasm in "L'Allemagne") that European literature can produce—all rank her, by many degrees, above any female writer perhaps that ever existed; but nevertheless she certainly, now and then, wrote the most extraordinary nonsense. *Ex. gr.*—Speaking of Music, she says—"Of all gifts of the Divinity, it is the most noble—*for* it may be said to be a superfluous one. The sun gives us light—we breathe the air of a serene atmosphere—all the beauties of Nature are in some way serviceable to man—Music alone has—*a noble inutility*, and it is for that reason that it affects us so deeply." And these are the sort of arguments with which Utility is assailed! Now, it is because the harmony of sweet sounds does affect us so deeply that Music is essentially useful. Whatever gives us an innocent pleasure, Utility recommends, because Happiness is its object. If Music be the noblest of the Arts, it is because the pleasure it gives is the most universal—it extends to the greatest number—the painting and statue are for the few, the melody for all. And who, then, is to talk of the inutility of a single honest enjoyment to mankind? But all the Arts, Music especially, tend to soften—to excite—to stir—in a word, to call forth emotions: and what emotion can be kindled in the heart without an use, either for evil or for good? Emotions are the great reservoir of Actions. Our thoughts, our feelings, make that treasure which the Moral Sense is to distribute to the ends of Virtue. If the treasurer be honest, we may safely increase to the utmost the funds we place at his command.

Having thus briefly, and, for the main part, by the never-failing wand of fact, cleared away a great popular prejudice that encumbered our path, we are enabled to look more at our ease at the true principles of the Doctrine of Utility. Now a certain set of Mystics, Madame de Stael among the rest, think fit to assert that the German Schools of Philosophy are more exalted in their philosophy than the Utilitarians—that the doctrine of Utility is essentially a selfish doctrine. This is the favourite cry. Anything useful is exceedingly selfish! What a belief! Let us examine it.

The doctrine of Utility in Morals is this: We would consider an act virtuous or not, in proportion to its usefulness; and in order that there may be no mistake as to the word Usefulness, we explain that word by the clear phrase—"the greatest happiness of the greatest number." That is a very selfish doctrine, to be sure!—the greatest happiness of the greatest number! What an interested notion! My dear Madame de Stael, you must pardon me—but it is the school of philosophers you admire, the contemplative, rapt, dignified sages, who, for ever examining themselves alone, live in a village, like Kant, all their lives, and forget that there is a mighty world without—who serve Science, but neglect Mankind—who pursue theories into the clouds, but never condescend to tell the nations of the earth whether they should be better or worse governed;—these are the men—these the philosophers, whom I call selfish, and whose notions

seem to me to want that very purity—that very ardour—that very exaltation, which I agree with you in requiring from the real enlighteners of the world.

But seriously, is it possible that any one could call this doctrine selfish? Can any one have dreamed that that is a low, or debasing, or sensual, or harsh, or sterile creed, the very first principle of which is the Happiness of Mankind. The life of Utility is Benevolence—this is its guiding soul—

"The axletree that darts through all its frame."

Will any one tell me that there is not in this sublime and Christian doctrine enough to satisfy all "the cravings of the soul?"—enough to exercise our most lofty meditations?—enough to nerve our most exalted ambition?

The Utilitarians are supposed to reason away all feeling. Mark how feelingly Paley defends alms-giving. In what manner?—By the doctrine of Utility, and no other. You will encourage imposture by this heedless charity, it is said.—Possibly, is the answer; but it is more good for mankind to encourage the habit of benevolence, than it is evil to relieve a few persons who do not deserve it.—Yes, all that renders us more tender to human sorrows, or more zealous for human wrongs—it is, indeed, the duty of our sect to encourage. Softness to sympathise with the sorrow, is the true source of courage to redress the wrong. To act zealously, men must feel deeply. And this, among many, is another reason why Poetry, the Arts—even Music, have their use. Every thing that softens to love, or excites to enthusiasm, is of inestimable service, when *once there is a guiding principle fixed in the mind*, by which the love may be regulated and the enthusiasm directed.

It seems to me strange that the pious anger of Churchmen should have been directed to this doctrine. Of all conceivable Moral Schools, the spirit of Utilitarianism approaches the most to the spirit of Christianity. In both we see the same enlarged and comprehensive benevolence—the same active principle—the same desire to make knowledge plain and serviceable—the common property and blessing of mankind. But, then, the Utilitarians look to the flock, and the Churchmen to the pastors. "It is very selfish to look to the flock," cry the Churchmen; "it is low, degrading, sensual; it is sedition, it is atheism." *Monsieur le Berger*, we must refer this question to *Messieurs les Moutons!*

I have stated the first principle of Utilitarianism—that statement speaks for itself—and until it can be proved that, to make the rule of our conduct the greatest happiness of the greatest number is a selfish and debasing doctrine, I say that that statement alone is sufficient utterly to destroy the chief objection of Madame de Stael, and the main assertions of the little De Staelings,* her unconscious disciples in England.

* Mr. Macauley (not of course included in that epithet) in his papers in the "Edinburgh Review," has touched only on certain political opinions held by an Utilitarian—the great Moral Principles of Utility he has left untouched. He says he will turn to them hereafter—be it so. We wait the time, proud of so brilliant an adversary. At present he has quarrelled only with words—more rhetorum. He has spoken, and he

But now, up start another set of men. "It is a visionary school—the Utilitarians are a set of dreamers—they are not practical men." Observe the way Truth is always attacked—the assailants answer each other. One set of foes declare we are too sensible, too earthy, too practical—and another that we are too inflexible, and too visionary. But let us examine this cry for a moment. Not practical!—very well. I assert that Utility is the only practical rule of conduct, the only rule adapted to the varieties and subtleties of this artificial world that has yet been invented. In all other political terms there is a confused jargon, a venerable disguise of language, which conceals from the disputants themselves a knowledge of that for which they are contending. "The Government,"—"the State,"—"the Constitution," are very ambiguous terms, about which people may fight for ever. But "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," is a very naked, homely expression, about which phrase there can be no mistake. In the debate, "whether the Reform Bill is good for the country?" you raise two questions—first, what is good?—and, secondly, what is the country? By the Country, the Whigs and the Tories mean very different things; yet, by the jargon we have heard on both sides about property, and intelligence, and middle classes, I very much suspect they have been disputing about the two sides of the oyster, and never thought of the oyster itself. But in the question —"Is the Reform Bill good for the greatest happiness of the greatest number of the People?" we have considerably simplified the matter —we have here only one question, instead of two. We may dispute whether or not it is good, but we have no dispute as to the meaning of the words, "greatest number of the People." All the metaphysical cant about "Country,"—"State,"—"Government,"—"Property," —"Intelligence," vanish at once. I confess that I always have thought, in the machinery of morals, that that was the most practical which could be the easiest simplified—that that could be the best acted upon which was the soonest understood.

Again, in the expressions, Virtue, Vice, &c. what eternal confusion! Are not half the works of half the Sages of the universe occupied in explaining to us what Vice and Virtue are? So that when we ask the question—"Is such an action virtuous?" we may squabble for ever as to the signification of the adjective. But "will it be of benefit to mankind?"—"will it be useful to the world?" is every whit as significant a question, and it is certainly a more intelligible one.

There is, I grant it, this hardness in the principle—it is not easy to reason away integrity. That awkward phrase, "the greatest number," destroys many beautiful illusions, by which we might colour a sinecure and defend a privilege. The dignity of a Government is a sounding apology—"the rights of our Ancestors" is a noble phrase; but beneath the broad simplicity "of the greatest happiness of the greatest number," a subtlety of political conscience cannot easily hide itself. When Mr. Canning defended the Taxes on Knowledge,

has been sufficiently answered already. But in some future paper, it is probable that we shall revert to his objection inquiringly and courteously. It is for Schoolmen to dispute —but for Philosophers to examine.

doubtless that statesman honestly believed he was preserving "The State" from the disturbances caused by unseasonable questionings on political anomalies. But he could never have thought it for the greatest happiness of the greatest number that they should be ignorant, because he expressly and often declared, that, to be happy, a people ought to be enlightened. So far, then, as dishonest subterfuge with conscience goes, this doctrine may be a little less practical than those which are more ambiguous; but so far as an honest compliance to circumstances unconnected with private interest is concerned, its very nature, its very principle of being practically useful, renders it sufficiently malleable.

Yes! those are certainly awkward phrases — "Utility," — "the greatest Happiness of the greatest number!" Conscious of their inconvenient homeliness, the whole world of sophists and self-servers have been bitter against them; the terms have been abused—they have been laughed at—they have been Billingsgated—they have been lampooned. But ridicule is the favourite weapon wherewith whatever is not artificial, is always assailed by artificial people. When a man, tolerably well made, went into the country of the Hunchbacks, all the Humps were in a roar. "My God! did you ever see any thing so absurd—the man's back is as flat as a pancake!" Certainly, of all things ridiculous to a nation of crooked men, a straight man must be the most!—certainly, of all things ridiculous to dreamers or to hypocrites, what naturally must seem so absurd as the doctrines of Utility—viz. Useful Activity and Energetic Benevolence!

But ridicule, which sometimes crushes individuals, only gives power to sects. Silhouette * was caricatured into unimportance — but the Hugonots made their very nickname the badge of their strength.

The few words I have devoted to this subject are not without their use, if they induce farther examination; they may suffice, in the mean while, to contradict the two leading prejudices against the doctrine of Utility—may suffice to show that there is nothing low or selfish in the wisdom that teaches universal love—nothing impracticable or visionary in the doctrine that prefers useful actions to abstract theories. The great principle of Utility is, indeed, its active relation to the affairs of life. Unlike the mere philosophy of schools, it extends its application to public government and to private conduct. This is the true cause why the few oppose, and why the great multitude should adopt it. Yet, while thus simple in its code, and adapted to our daily uses, in its more abstract and distant speculations, how vast and lovely is that field which it opens to our gaze! Inculcating that sublime trust in the good elements which God has planted within his creatures—associating itself with the august and steady hope of human amelioration, it exalts our vision from the ills and disparities of the present time to the progress which the career of light shall make in the far future—it gives our hopes a resting-place amidst the ages that are to come—and bounding the prospects of Virtue to no petty limits of time or space, unites our momentary ambition with eternal objects, and our individual aspirations with the deep cause of the great family of Man!

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* See the ingenious Essay on "Political nicknames" in that delightful work "The Curiosities of Literature," the most entertaining book in which learning ever administered to amusement.

ASMODEUS AT LARGE, NO. IV.

*Unexpected Hospitality—A change of scene—The Cell—The Wonders of the Inner World—A Voyage of Discovery beyond the North Pole —Conversation with Kosem Kesamim—The Ear of the Earth, and Him that sitteth by it—*The Nameless—*The City of Cyprolis—The buried of Forty Centuries—Dressing-room of a dandy four thousand years back—Breakfast, and Asmodeus instead of a Newspaper—Mrs. Trollope's America—Conventional, and Mental Vulgarity—Göthe — The effect produced by Wilhelm Meister—The House of Lords and the Bill—The Waverers—The suddenness of the new light to Lords Harrowby and Wharncliffe—The Bill seen with different eyes—Duke of Wellington's Protest—Horror of the Lords at being supposed capable of writing—Lord Durham's accusation against the "pamphleteering slang" of the Bishop of Exeter—The Duke of Newcastle's new work—The Cholera falsely accused—A late melancholy event—moralized on—Men like Perches—General Remarks- -The Breakfast concluded.*

When I had finished my narration of our doings in England, Kosem Kesamim said in a melancholy voice:—

"Thou speakest, O man! of the more vulgar concerns of life, which thy race have so falsely deemed the more important. Thou tellest us of the vain policy of states; thou speakest of the outward signs of change; but of the Deep River of Events that floweth within, dark and hidden, thou art silent, save by hints, or it may be a chance approach. Yet he that liveth only with the world, thinketh with the world also. Thou wilt be wiser when thou hast sojourned with us some time."

"Some time!" echoed I, smitten with alarm; "your Highness is exceedingly obliging; but I am not provided even with a change of clothes, and business of vast importance summons me to town. Nay, I fear it is already time to depart.

"Not so," answered the mysterious Amphitryon; "has not Asmodeus explained to thee our customs:—he who visits our court may not leave it for one calendar month. What, ho! music!"

And straightway, as if to cut off my reply, there arose—about, around, beneath, the most melodious sounds, so that I could almost have fancied myself at the Opera, as it was in the good old days, ere Mr. Monck Mason promised it should be better;—had not indignation and surprise cut short my disposition to be delighted, and, shaking my hand at Asmodeus, I told him across the table, that I considered he had deceived me.

"Peace!" said Jesthah reproachfully, "am I, then, so disagreeable to thee? Canst thou not stay with me one little month?"

Fearful visions shot across me; I thought of Burgher's Leonora, of ghost-loves, and bed-chambers on the ground floor. I looked very wistfully in Jesthah's face, but I saw nothing of the spectre in its fair, round, smiling proportions, and accordingly I answered, with a deep sigh:—

"Ah! Madam, a month in London would be a moment by your side; but, shall I confess? a prospect of staying in this Abbey a little freezes my ardour—I am very subject to colds and——"

"You mistake," interrupted Jesthah, "you will not have to stay in this Abbey; we shall transport you to the most delicious residence."

Alas! thought I, I am fairly in for it; I know what these promises mean; I have not read German for nothing; I am certainly a lost man. "And this residence is—e-hem!—doubtless very well known to my friend the Devil!"

"Nay, he has no power to enter it, unless by special permission."

"Madam!" I exclaimed with enthusiasm, "I am quite at your service then."

Here the music slowly ceased, and a soft stupor suddenly grew over my eyes—a drowsiness like that produced by some great preacher seized me, and even with Jesthah's hand in mine, I fell into a most profound slumber.

When I woke, I found myself alone in a sort of cell formed of the most brilliant spars. A vast, but continuous and steady noise, as of the march of a mighty sea, sounded in my ears—a voice of inexpressible power, depth, and intenseness. I was awed, but not startled. I rose gradually from the rude couch on which I was lying, and gazed round. Through an aperture in my cell, I caught the perspective of gigantic arches and mighty columns of some rough and gloomy substance which I did not recognize as familiar. A vague, silent alarm seized me. I rose, and cautiously quitting my cave, looked forth on the scene without. Wonderful! far as I could see, stupendous halls, arches whose height soared aloft into dim and impenetrable shadow—courts opening one into the other, thousands and tens of thousands, with areas in which cities might have stood—stretched in solemn and deep solitude around me. Every where gloomed the majesty of immeasurable space: it seemed the sepulchre of some giant world. And now, as my steps involuntarily glided on, millions of rills and waterfalls broke down the dark sides of the mighty walls around me: this seemed to account for the sound that had so appalled me. There was no heaven above this vast domain. My eye penetrated far, far as the eagle might soar, but still rose the rocks and walls around me, shadow their only roof and canopy. This new world, for such it seemed to me, was lighted by strange, unsteady fires, that flashed, danced, and crept around the pillars and crags at close intervals; and these playing against the waters that rolled or glided down the steeps, gave forth a changeful, but ruby-like and universal glow.

"Is this enchantment?" said I, inly, "or is it the Dread World of Death?"

The ground beneath me was rough and uneven, and looking down I beheld large fragments of gold and silver ore. Was it possible that I was in some mighty mine as yet undiscovered by human avarice? While I asked myself this question, from a dim, sulphureous cave, at a little distance beyond, over which a dull smoke simmered, as it were, there suddenly burst forth a column of dazzling fire, and soared rapidly aloft, like some wonderful fountain of flame, higher and higher, till it illumined the whole gigantic space around; and looking up, I beheld it disappear through another dark aperture in an opposite

wall. But still the cavern continued to pour forth, pile after pile of this deep, and it almost seemed, solid flame, and still pile after pile wound regularly through the aperture above, emerging and vanishing like the defiles of a demon army.

"Thus Ætna is supplied," said a voice at my side. I turned hastily, and beheld the dark figure of Kosem Kesamim, all unrelieved by the lurid glow that played on all else—dull, shadowy, and indistinct, as if seen at a distance by the uncertain twilight; yet was he within touch of my hand, and the red light of unnumbered fires burnt fiercely round him.

"Fear not," said that mournful and solemn voice, "knowest thou on what spot we stand?"

"Great Enchanter, no!"

"It is a spot where fear should be unknown, though awe may wake; for here crime and war, and man's guilty deeds, have come not since eternity. This is the Centre of the Earth. Behold the womb of the round world! Is it not a goodly palace? Shrink not the petty rocks and towers that crown its surface, into mole-hills and bullrushes, beside its stately walls and immeasurable arches? In this gigantic laboratory all the operations of Nature perform their everlasting course. Here, around the arch secret of our orb; here, around the magnet which makes our affinity with the stars, and holds the solid earth on its airy axis; here are the seeds and germs of all things—the elements of elements. This is the Hades of Earth—the dark Reign of Shadow—the Mystery of Mysteries—the Wheel of the Vast Machine—the Mother that bears—the Grave that concealeth all! Welcome, stranger! I—human, like thyself, alone with thee in these awful depths—I bid thee welcome." Thereat a coldness and chill penetrated into my marrow, although my heart beat with a wild exulting joy to find myself thus privileged above my race. I bowed down my head, and after a pause, in which I endeavoured to nerve and to collect myself, I replied:—

"Dark and mysterious Shade! I know not well in what words to answer thee; for I cannot persuade myself that I do not dream. From that gay, light, wild revel of last night, how drear and solemn a transition! Something in my adventures hitherto has been human and familiar. I might imagine Asmodeus of my own race, and the witches of my own flesh. These occasioned me the surprise of amusement, not the marvel of awe. I am past the growth of mind when curiosity or fear is powerful; and I have known enough of mortal friendships not to be very much alarmed at having a devil for a companion; but now my heart is at once roused and appalled. Tell me, O magician! where are those whom I saw yesternight? Do they, too, inhabit these realms, or were they but creatures raised by thy wand—gay yet grotesque delusions, the incongruous but not terrible beings of a dream,—but thou of that dream the mystic and mighty God, moved not, relaxing not, at the fantastic mirth of the phantoms thou createdst?"

"They thou speakest of," replied Kosem Kesamim, "*are* yet palpable and living, as they seemed to thee; but their homes penetrate not into these stern recesses. They hold the purlieus of the temple, but their steps cross not the veil."

"And why, Enchanter, am I distinguished above them?"

"Because thou darest more. Thou wouldst cross an ocean of fire for a novelty on the other shore; and in this temper I recognize what once was my own. The key to all mysteries is the thirst to discover: the search for novelty is the invention of truth."

"But how comes it, O Kosem Kesamim, that these ladies ever arrived at the dignity of witchcraft? Some of them, I grant, silent and weird, looked fitting receptacles for such solemn gifts of the spirit; but my buxom coquette, my lively Jesthah, appears somewhat too earthly a lamp for so preternatural a light."

"Ask not these questions now," replied the sad voice, that dampened, as it spoke, my returning vivacity; "but while yet in these hoar recesses, summon thy graver powers to seize advantage of the occasions offered them."

"I am prepared," said I, in a subdued tone, "for all thou canst show me."

We moved on silently; but I found by the current of air that rushed against my face, and by the swiftness with which arch and column glided by, that some unseen power unconsciously winged my steps, and that our progress was suited to the mighty space that we traversed. And now we paused below a circular chasm in the rocks, that seemed to rise spirally and lessening upward; and from this chasm I heard a wild and loud hubbub, but no distinct sound.

"Is this the Cavern of the Winds?" said I, stunned by the mingled uproar.

"This is as the Ear of the Earth," replied the Enchanter, "and through this channel come down all the tidings of the million tribes of mankind. From the first breath in Paradise, from the first whisper of Eve's virgin love—from the first murmur of Adam's repenting soul, to the universal clamour of contending interests, crimes, and passions that now agitate the crowded world—all come mellowed and separate down, confused, indeed, to thy ear, but distinct and intelligible to that Being which the sounds are destined to reach and guide."

"And who is that Being?" said I, wonderingly.

"Look yonder!" answered Kesamim, raising his shadowy arm.

I looked in the quarter to which he pointed, and beheld, on a Throne of grey stone, gigantic, motionless—an aged Man, or rather a manlike Shape. His vast countenance was unutterably and dreadly calm; his brows, like the Olympian Jove's, overhung his majestic features; but the orbs beneath were dull and lifeless—there was no ray in them.

"Is that death?" said I, shrinking back; "if so, it is the death of a god."

"Look again," said the deep voice of the magician, and I obeyed. Then I saw that around him—so that he sat, as it were, in the midst—was a web of numberless fine and subtle threads, the ends of which disappeared among the million apertures round, pores, as it were, of the rock; and then as my eye, waxing bold, gazed more intently, I found, that with every hollow blast that descended momentarily from the upper world—his hands, scarce moving, so quiet *was* the motion, touched some one or other of these meshes, and straight threads here and there snapped asunder, and the shape of the web changed, but

slightly, and only in parts. Then saw I that the dullness of the eyes was not of Death, but Blindness.

"And who," said I, within my breath, "is that dread old man?"

"He," answered Kesamim, "who moves in blindness, but with method, the strings of the external world. He moves the puppets, men and kings; he snaps or weaves the meshes of life; he sends forth through those webs the electric orders to the lower delegates of the universe—the Monster King, whom you call Ocean, and the Spirit of the leaping Fires. He, so mute and worn with years, is yet the life and principle of the restless machine of earth. How far wise or gifted none know;—himself a mystery, he unravels none. And it is the dark, relentless, inscrutable office he wields, from which men, shuddering at the unseen power, have taken the dream of Destiny; and others, noting blindness amidst the power, have conceived the term of Chance. But he himself is *Nameless*."

While I was yet gazing, I felt myself hurried on. The grey old man vanished gradually from my eyes, and the descent of the sounds of earth faded on my ear as the voice of a distant waterfall. We now travelled upward; and darting through one of the intricate chasms that yawned on the side of a lofty rock, we glided on till a more cheerful light than that which had hitherto guided us, streamed down; and making towards it, I suddenly found myself in a most beautiful city, not, indeed, vast and gloomy, like the nature-formed palaces I had just left, but a city built by human hands for human habitation. Theatres, circuses, squares, met me on every side. Yet still I noted that there was no heaven above, and that the light which illumined the place was from artificial sources; but they were rosy and cheerful lights, such as should look on the meetings of lovers, or the revelry of voluptuous gardens. And all around, the inscriptions on the walls, the shapes of the buildings, the fashion of the streets,—was unfamiliar, though evidently human. "And what, O Enchanter! what new wonder is this?"

But the Enchanter was gone, and by my side stood Asmodeus, helping his nose to a pinch of snuff.

"Your obedient servant, sir," said the Devil coolly; "having looked at the figures of the dial so long, what think you now of the clockwork?"

"Asmodeus, is that really you? What a vision have I seen! But where is the Great Enchanter?"

"Gone! He loves not these lightsome abodes. Humanity in thine inferior shape will not bear, too long at a time, the solemn marvels to which thou hast been admitted. He has, therefore, kindly conducted thee hither, for a short respite, and will reveal to thee more of the stern secrets of his wisdom anon. Meanwhile, thou art in a city which an antiquary would give his ears to visit. Know, that above thee glows an eastern sun, and these stately buildings are not far beneath the surface of the Earth."

"And is this the work of Kesamim?"

"The work of fiddlestick!" replied Asmodeus, tartly—"of mere vulgar mechanics, some four thousand years ago. At some short distance from the spot on which this city formerly stood, is a lofty mountain, once a volcano; but the flames have been dried these thirty

centuries, and this city, in an hour of revelry and feasting, became its prey. The camels of the traveller pass over it; none (not even tradition) know what hath been. This is no vulgar Pompeii, no hacknied Herculaneum. It is a treasure known but to us and our agreeable friends the witches."

"Ha! then they reside here: upon my word, they have excellent taste."

"And," continued the Devil, entering a very pretty bachelor sort of house, "these are your lodgings. I have set out your dressing-table for you, and brought over your wardrobe on the soul of the Duke of B———'s shoulders—big enough to carry any thing."

"Excellent Devil!"

And a very pretty dressing-room it was:—there were dandies in those days! A bath-room of white marble, a mirror of polished steel, balconies filled with vases of bronze, tables on which curling-tongs, pincers, paint-pots, and wax for the eyebrows, a little hardened by age, made a part of the scene. One might have thought oneself in the boudoir of the Duchess de ———.

"You have made a mistake, Mody; this must have been a lady's apartments."

"Ah, no! I remember the owner well—a great friend of mine—such a *beau garçon!* He was just dyeing his hair a light green, (the fashionable colour at that day,) when the flood burst over him. But while you are eating your breakfast—the witches always send one of their band to market for dainties in the Palais Royale; you remember that corner shop?—while you are eating your breakfast, (you see it is very comfortably set in the niche by the window,) shall I tell you the news of the upper earth?"

"Especially of London; but tell me, how came you here? Jesthah informed me that you required a special permission; did you receive it, and from whom?"

"Jesthah told you right. I was summoned by Kosem Kesamim from a house at Cincinnati, where Mrs. Trollope's book on America had just arrived."

"Ah! a droll book enough, but full of absurdities. A work like Mrs. Trollope's resembles a pantaloon's acting; one laughs at the tricks, but one would not do them oneself for the world. It is the sort of approbation that belongs to contempt; and the more one is amused, the more one despises the source of the amusement."

"The Americans say that they would not receive very cordially a lady travelling with Miss Wright, who, in the midst of a nation particularly starched on the affairs of the sex, preached up the absurdity of marriages; so that her abuse, according to them, is only retaliation."

"And it is only the more ordinary ranks whose manners the good lady thinks vulgar. (Open the Chablis, old fellow!) She allows that the *elegants* preserved a mysterious exclusiveness; so that, in fact, it is those classes who, in England, would be wringing their souls out at their fingers' ends in a retail trade of candles, soap, pepper, mousetraps, and other sweetmeats, to pay their rent, their bills, and their taxes, whom she finds living well, talking big, and going to balls, and instead of being surprised at their prosperity, she is surprised at their vulgarity. Now, if you, Asmodeus, were to sit down and describe

the domestic habits of Wapping and Shoreditch, and then call the book "England," you would go hard on out-trolloping Trollope herself."

"But," said Asmodeus sneeringly, "no free States ever do enjoy the grace of manner that belongs to despotic ones. The English seemed as rude to the Old French as Mrs. Trollope's Americans to the most fastidious English."

"Right," said I, "nations alone are judges of their own conventional manners—one nation cannot censure another. The lively Frenchman seems the most vulgar of all animals to the solemn Turk. Vulgarity *of mind*, not of manners, is the only vulgarity which a people can charge against their neighbours.* Mrs. Trollope accuses the Americans of this vulgarity, but in vain. The very rudeness of their equality belies the charge, (mental vulgarity is always servile to wealth,) and the purity of their political idols proves a certain largeness of mind. No vulgar souls could appreciate Franklin, or adore Washington. The true vulgarity—that is, mental smallness, is in Mrs. Trollope herself. The Americans point to their cities—their senate—their public institutions—their cheap food—their universal education—and Mrs. Trollope says the men sup in one room, and the women in another. They point to the Colossus, and Mrs. Trollope sneers at the ring on its little finger!"

"Never mind her nonsense," said the Devil yawning, "but prepare for news—Göthe is dead."

"Dead—the Great Spirit gone!"

"And the 'Atlas'† newspaper says he was but a very poor creature after all."

* It is rather singular that about the very time there appears among us Mrs. Trolope's English attack on American manners, a much finer (and a much cleverer) person than Mrs. Trollope, Prince Puckler Muskau, has published a work equally severe upon *our* want of breeding and manners. In fine it is impossible for any traveller to be an *arbiter elegantiarum* to any country but his own. The Frenchman spitting into a handkerchief held at arm's length, is to us the acme of vulgarity. The Englishman, with a coat skirt under each arm, basking and soothing his "rearward man" by the fire which he carefully conceals from the ladies he is flirting with, seems equally monstrous to the Frenchman. We called George IV. the finest gentleman in Europe, and the allied Sovereigns when in London thought him the essence of *mauvais ton*. There is a very good example of the difference between conventional and real, i. e. mental vulgarity, in the Memoirs of Sir James Campbell lately published. Sir James visits Voltaire, not, he has the curious hardihood to admit, in order to admire the man, but to shoot over the man's preserves. "One day at table, Voltaire, in cutting up a partridge, first thrust his fork into it, and then put the fork into his mouth, apparently to ascertain if the *fumette* was as he would have it. He then cut it up and sent a part of it to me, (Sir James;) I sent it away without eating of it, and on his asking the reason, *I told him the true one, without any circumlocution*, that in carving the partridge, he had used a fork which had just been in his own mouth." Here is the conventional vulgarity in Voltaire,—very disagreeable, but that designs no rudeness; and here in the poor little stranger, the proudest day of whose life ought to have been that in which he saw the Lord of Ferney, is the mental vulgarity that wantonly insults. But we have not yet done with our example. Voltaire, so far from thinking the ill-breeding lay at his door, replies with a sardonic laugh, "that *the English* were a strange people, and had singular customs!" So much for the judgment one country forms of the manners of another. But to go on with our parallel. "*This little scene*," says Sir James Campbell, with all the innocent exultation of the true Jeremy Diddler, "*however, did not prevent me from occasionally dining with him, or from shooting over his estate.*" No, we'll be sworn it did not; and in that remark lies the very soul of mental vulgarity, chuckling over the wit of its own littleness.

† What could induce the able editor of the "Atlas" to admit so very discreditable an attack on Gothe as the one alluded to in the text? *Can* he suppose that the man

"What wonderful stores has he left behind him! every work illumining a separate train of thought. 'Werther,' 'Wilhelm Meister,' 'Faust.' How different—how mighty each!"

"Nevertheless," said Asmodeus, "the 'Wilhelm Meister' is a wonderfully stupid novel."

"What an effect it produced on me!—what a new world it opens. You read the book, and you wonder why you admire it. When you have finished it, you find yourself enriched: it is like a quiet stream that carries gold with it—the stream passes away insensibly, but the gold remains to tell where it has been. This is the great merit of the books of the German Masters—ineffective in parts, the effect as a whole is wonderfully deep. 'Wilhelm Meister' is to the knowledge of thoughts what 'Gil Blas' is to knowledge of the world. Peace to the ashes of a man that has left no equal! What next?"

"The House of Lords were up at seven o'clock in the morning for the good of their country! We shall never hear the end of it."

"And the Bill?"—

"Floated off by nine little drops."

"And the New Peers?"

"Fructifying still in Lord Grey's pocket."

"And the Waverers?"—

"Made speeches on this Bill, in which they answered their objections to the other. The universal wonder is, why the light that has visited Lord Wharncliffe's and Lord Harrowby's eyes did not deign to visit them long before. The newspapers, with Mr. Radical in the midst of them, tell the people to be excessively grateful to these two individuals—as if to do good to the people through necessity were a greater favour than doing them good through choice. The people are not such fools, and consider tardy kindness as mammon wisdom. But what a strange House—the House of Lords is! Here is a question exactly the same now as it was some few months ago, and yet this notable Assembly have put on their spectacles, and declared it quite a different thing. They sent the Bill, when the Commons were first delivered of the Brat, out of their House, and now declare it has been changed at nurse. Good easy gossips! How the world laughs in its sleeve at them! They put me in mind of the city sparks in some London Tavern, who send away the bottle of bad port in order to seem fine; and when the waiter, with a grave face, brings them back exactly the same bottle, they shake their wise noddles at each other, and say—"Ah, this is quite a different thing, waiter!"

"Did you see the Great Duke? How looked he?—lowering?"

"Nay, he smiled, Prometheus like, and has vented his wrath in a Protest—a sort of political kite—that is to go to posterity charged with the Duke's wisdom, and a long tail of small names pinned to

who changed the whole literature of Germany, perhaps of Europe, was not a genius of the highest order? We are sorry, by the way, to find our contemporary stand forth as the champion for the taxes on Knowledge. He has been already so fully answered in the "Examiner" and "the True Sun," that we shall not at present revert to his arguments; but we think sufficiently well of his Journal, despite, by the way, of certain slighting remarks on ourself, that we shall hope to see a treble sale of it when the said taxes are removed, as a practical reply to his anticipations.

the end of it; a proof, as it were, how many silly little men were hereditary legislators in the reign of William IV. But there was one thing that delighted me in the debate—the rage the good Lords were in at being supposed capable of any intellectual effort. '*I* write for the newspapers!' cries my Lord Durham in horror. 'My son-in-law write for the Times!' echoes the Premier. 'What a calumny!' says Lord Durham. 'It is enough to agonize one,' groans Lord Grey. 'But,' cries Lord Durham, collecting all his venom, and darting a fiery look at the poor Bishop of Exeter, 'any libel is not too bad for a man who can write popular pamphlets.' 'Order! order!' cries the House. 'Take down his words.' Accuse a Bishop of writing good pamphlets! — horrible breach of privilege—to be supposed able to write decently. The noble Lords might spare themselves the trouble of denial. The 'Times' would not be worth abusing if their Lordships had much to do with it."

"But there's the Duke of Newcastle—has not he just committed a pamphlet?"

"Yes, to prove to the complete satisfaction of the Universe, that a Duke has not the remotest idea of English—'tis a type of the Peerage—sounding and brainless."

"Oh, Asmodeus! sometimes I think thee a Tory, sometimes a Whig. Which art thou?"

"Sir! would you insult me?—is it not bad enough to be a devil?"

"Well, and the cholera?"—

"Amusing itself in Paris, and listening to false accusations in London. Everything is laid to the poor cholera's charge. There was a still-room maid died of having Lady Holland for a mistress—a very natural death, and of course it is the cholera that killed her."

"Ah," said I, "died of Hollands—those ardent spirits are worse than the cholera; but his Lordship, at least, must be confessed to be weak enough."

"And what else?"—

"A fine mind is grown darkened—a more interesting sight to some people than all the vulgar squabbles of States. Oh, it is a strange spectacle to see shadow after shadow darkening over the human Temple, until the light is quenched at the altar, and the Priest passed from the aisle, and the blind bat, and the birds of night cower and brood over the Holy of Holies, gibbering, and wild, and flitting restlessly to and fro. But this was a mind I have marked from its youth upwards, and seen the germ of the deadly tree slowly—slowly unfold. When the crowd laughed at the wit, I was by, and saw that the shaft came from a loosened bow; when the crowd whispered, and spake of 'humours,' I was by, and knew that the start and the mutter were of the brain's disease.* And now I have mixed in the mob of the time-servers, and seen what pity a man who feasts, and shines on, them, can glean. 'Poor man! very shocking, and I dined there last month; but he was always disagreeable.' It is a fierce moral, when some great Woe darts into lofty houses, singles out some one whom Fortune honours, Genius serves—often in the mouths of men, and bids him come forth from his greatness, and walk with the Lazars of mankind—it is a fierce moral, but none heed it. Men," said the Devil, sinking into his familiar vein of jesting, "men are like

perches; one may pull you out by dozens without your taking the slightest alarm at the fate of your comrades. As for all the rest of the world, things go on much the same as before. Whenever Ministers are embarrassed by an awkward motion, they don't make a House; and when a Member, seeing his motion thus scattered to the winds, ventures to complain, Lord Palmerston affects the supercilious, and assures him that himself and his motion are 'not of the slightest importance to the public.' People go to the theatres, and Charles Kemble acts Macbeth. Lord Mulgrave has written a novel, which I intend to read aloud to the ladies of Cyprolis, (so this city is called,) for which no doubt his brother Lords think him especially unfitted to go out to Jamaica. To be at all clever is to be uncalculated for public service. Statesmen of the true red box calibre catch places as oysters catch pearls, by sitting quietly and gaping for them. Meanwhile there are Easter holidays in London; and people are striving to amuse themselves a little in the intervals of politics—much with the same success as the German who jumped out of window, exclaiming ruefully—'See how I am trying to be lively!'"

"Thanks, my good Devil, enough for the present; my breakfast is finished—my toilet arranged—lend me your arm. So, so! let us make our bow to the Witches."

(To be continued.)

TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE. BY ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.

I. 30.—*O Venus, regina, &c.*

Of Cnidus thou and Paphos Queen,
Quit, Venus, quit thy Cyprus, scene
Of many an hour of glee;
And with thy bright attendance come
Where Glycera to her tasteful home
With incense summons thee.

And thither haste thy glowing Son;
And thither, all-unloosed their zone,
Oh bid the Graces hie;
And tripping Nymphs, and Hermes there
Join the gay group, and Youth—but fair,
When thy sweet self art by.

III. 13.—*O fons Blandusiæ, &c.*

Fount of Blandusia, glassy spring
Worthy of hallow'd offering,
Of scattered flowers and sweetest wine!
A kid to-morrow shall be thine,
Whose budding horns threat love and war—
Falsely, alas!—poor wantoner!
To-morrow with his heart's red tide
Thy gelid streamlet shall be dyed.
Thee not the dog-star's fiery ray
Visits with unrelenting day:
Th' o'er-labour'd ox, the roving kine,
Glad in thy cool fresh shade recline.
Rank amid noblest brooks shalt thou,
While in my song yon oak shall grow
Based on the rock, from whose rough steep
Headlong thy babbling waters leap.

HEREDITARY HONOURS.

A TALE OF LOVE AND MYSTERY.

Preliminary Chapter.

"Si tu es pot de chambre, tant pis pour toi."—VOLTAIRE.

HEREDITARY honours are, certainly, the most rational of human devices. It was an excellent idea to suppose that a man propagated his virtues to the most distant posterity. Few notions have succeeded better in keeping the world in order. In fact, it was the best method of granting to the multitude the inestimable gift of a perpetuity of dependance. Had the idea stopped with the King or Chief Magistrate, it would not have been half so beautiful, or a hundredth part so useful. So far, a reason for the custom is obvious to the most superficial. Hereditary distinction, it is said, preserves a people from the wars and tumults that might arise from the contests of elective distinction. Very well—I do not dispute this assertion—it is plausible. But Dukes and Earls?—if their honours were not hereditary, would there be contests about *them?* The World suffers itself to be disturbed by individuals wishing to be Kings, but it would not be so complaisant to every man that wished to be a Lord. "*On ne désarrange pas tout le monde pour si peu de chose,*" we should not have wars and discords, as the seed of that sort of Ambition. We do not, then, grant Hereditary Honours to these gentry as the purchase of Peace —we do not make them as a bargain, but bestow them as a gratuity. Our reasons, therefore, for this generosity are far deeper than those which make us governed by King Log to-day, because, yesterday, we were governed by his excellent father, King Stork—so much deeper, that, to plain men, they are perfectly invisible. But a little reflection teaches us the utility of the practice. Hereditary superiority to the few, necessarily produces hereditary inferiority to the many—and it makes the herd contented with being legislatively and decorously bullied by a sort of prescriptive habit. Messieurs the Eels are used to be skinned—and the custom reconciles them to the hereditary privilege of Monseigneurs the Cooks.

Chapter II.

THE MEETING.

"As it fell upon a day."

There is a certain country, not very far distant from our own: in a certain small town, close to the metropolis of this country, there once lived a certain young lady, of the name of Laura. She was the daughter and sole heiress of an honest gentleman—an attorney-at-law —and was particularly addicted to novels and falling in love. One day she was walking in the woods, in a pensive manner, observing how affectionate the little birds were to each other, and thinking what a blessing it was to have an agreeable lover—when, leaning against an elm tree, she perceived a young man, habited in a most handsome dress, that seemed a little too large for him, and of that peculiar complexion—half white, half yellow—which custom has dedicated to romance. He wore his long, dark locks sweeping over his forehead—

and fixing his eyes intently on the ground, he muttered thus to himself—

"Singular destiny!—fearful thought! Shall I resist it?—shall I fly? No! that were unworthy of the name I bear! For four hundred years my forefathers have enjoyed their honours—not a break in their lineage—shall I be the first to forfeit this hereditary distinction? Away the thought!"

The young gentleman walked haughtily from the tree, and just before him he saw Miss Laura, fixing her delighted eyes upon his countenance, and pleasing herself with the thought that she saw before her an Earl Marshal, or a Grand Falconer at the least. The young gentleman stood still, so also did the young lady—the young gentleman stared, the young lady sighed. "Fair creature!" quoth the youth, throwing out his arm, but in somewhat a violent and abrupt manner, as if rather striking a blow than attempting a courteous gesture.

Full of the becoming terror of a damsel of Romance, Laura drew herself up, and uttered a little scream.

"What!" said the youth, mournfully, "do *you*, too, fear me?"

Laura was affected almost to tears—the youth took her hand.

I shall not pursue this interview farther—the young people were in love at first sight—a curious event, that has happened to all of us in our day, but which we never believe happens to other people. What man allows another man to have had any *bonnes fortunes*? Yet, when we see how the saloons of the theatres are filled by what must once have been *bonnes fortunes*, the honour must be confessed to be of rather a vulgar description! But what am I doing? Not implying a word against the virtue of Miss Laura. No, the attachment between her and the unknown was of the most Platonic description. "They met again and oft;" and oh, how devotedly Laura loved the young cavalier! She was passionately fond of Rank:—it seldom happens in the novels liked by young ladies that a lover is permitted to be of less rank than a peer's son—smaller people are only brought in to be laughed at—odd characters—white-stockinged quidnuncs—fathers who are to be cheated—brothers to be insulted: in short, the great majority of human creatures are Russell-squared into a becoming degree of ludicrous insignificance. Accordingly, to Miss Laura, a lover must necessarily be nothing of a Calicot—and she reflected with indescribable rapture on the certainty of having a gallant whose forefathers had enjoyed something four hundred years in the family! But what was that something? She was curious—she interrogated her lover as to his name and rank. He changed colour—he bit his lip—he thrust both hands into his breeches-pockets. "I cannot tell you what I am," said he: "No! charming Laura, forgive me—one day you will know all."

"Can he be the King's eldest son?" said Laura to herself. After all, this mystery was very delightful. She introduced the young gentleman to her father.

"Ah!" quoth the former, squeezing the Attorney's hand, "your family have been good friends to mine."

"How!" cried the Attorney—"Are we then acquainted! May I crave your name, Sir?"

The lover looked confused—he mumbled out some excuse—just at present, he had reasons for wishing it concealed. Our unknown had a long military nose—he looked like a man who might have shot another in a duel.

"Aha!" said the Attorney winking; and lowering his voice—"I smell you, Sir—you have killed your man—eh!"

"Ha!" cried the stranger; and slapping his forehead wildly, he rushed out of the room.

Chapter III.

THE LAWYER MATCHED.

"But let us change the theme."—MARINO FALIERO.

It was now clear:—the stranger had evidently been a brave transgressor of the law; perhaps an assassin, certainly a victorious single combater. This redoubled in Laura's bosom the interest she had conceived for him. There is nothing renders a young lady more ardent in her attachment than the supposition that her lover has committed some enormous crime. Her father thought he might make a good thing out of his new acquaintance. He resolved to find out if he was rich—if rich, he could marry him to his daughter; if poor, he might as well inform against him, and get the reward. An attorney is a bow,—a crooked thing with two strings to it. It was in the wood that the lawyer met the stranger. The stranger was examining a tree. "Strong, strong," muttered he; "yes, it is worth buying."

"Are you a judge of trees, Sir?" quoth the attorney.

"Hum—yes, of a peculiar sort of tree."

"Have you much timber of your own?"

"A great deal," replied the stranger coolly.

"Of the best kind?"

"It is generally used for scaffolding."

"Oh, good deal!" The lawyer paused. "You cannot," said he archly, "you cannot conceal yourself; your rank is sufficiently apparent."

"Good Heavens!"

"Yes, my daughter says she heard you boasting of your hereditary distinctions—four hundred years it has existed in your family."

"It has indeed!"

"And does the property—the cash part of the business go with it?"

"Yes! the Government provide for us."

"Oh, a pension!—hereditary too?"

"You say it."

"Ah, 'tis the way with your great families," said the lawyer to himself, "always quartered on the public."

"What's that he mutters about quartered!" inly exclaimed the stranger with emotion.

"It is from our taxes that their support is drawn," continued the lawyer.

"Drawn, Sir!" cried the stranger aloud.

"And if it be not the best way of living, hang *me!*" concluded the lawyer.

"*You,*" faltered the stranger, clasping his hands: "horrible supposition!!!"

Chapter IV.

ENLIGHTENED SENTIMENTS.

"Joy was not always absent from his face,
But o'er it in such scenes would steal with tranquil grace."
CHILDE HAROLD.

"You will really marry me then, beautiful Laura," said the stranger kneeling on his pocket-handkerchief.

Laura blushed. "You are so—so bewitching—and—and you will always love me—and you will tell me who you are."

"After our marriage, yes,"—said the stranger somewhat discomposed.

"No! now—now,"—cried Laura, coaxingly.

He was silent.

"Come, I will get it out of you. You are an eldest son."

"Indeed I am," sighed the stranger.

"You have an hereditary title?"

"Alas! yes!"

"It descends to you?"

"It does!—"

"You have a—a—the means to support it?"

"Assuredly."

"Convince me of that," said the Lawyer, who had been listening unobserved, "and my daughter is yours—let you have killed your man a hundred times over!"

"Wonderful liberality!" cried the stranger, enthusiastically, and throwing himself at the lawyer's feet.

Chapter V.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

"The soul wears out her clothes."—PLATO.—Apparently not!

The stranger wore a splendid suit of clothes. The mystery about him attracted the admiration and marvel of the people at the little inn at which he had taken up his lodging. They were talking about him in the kitchen one morning when the boots was brushing his coat. A tailor from the capital, who was travelling to his country seat, came into the kitchen to ask why his breakfast was not ready.

"It is a beautiful coat!" cried the boots, holding it up.

"What a cut!" cried the chambermaid.

"It is lined with white silk," said the scullion, and she placed her thumb on the skirts.

"Ha!" said the tailor,—"what do I see! it is the coat of the Marquis de Tête Perdu: I made it myself."

"It is out—it is out!" cried the waiter. "The gentleman is a Marquis. Gemini, how pleased Miss Laura will be!"

"What's that, Sir? so the strange gentleman is really the Marquis de Tête Perdu!" asked the landlady. "John, take the *fresh* eggs to his Lordship."

"Impossible!" said the tailor, who had fixed on the fresh eggs for himself. "Impossible!" and while he laid his hand on the egg-stand, he lifted his eyes to heaven. "Impossible! the Marquis has been hanged this twelvemonth!"

Chapter VI.

THE DEPARTURE.

"They have their exits and their entrances,
And each man in his time plays many parts,
Of which the end is death."—SHAKSPEARE.

"Good heavens! how strange," said the lawyer, as he dismissed the landlord of the little inn. "I am very much obliged to you—only think—I was just going to marry my daughter to a gentleman who had been hanged!"

Laura burst into tears. "What if he should be a Vampire!" said she: "it is very odd that a man should live twelve months after hanging."

Meanwhile the stranger descended the stairs to his parlour; a group of idlers in the passage gave hastily way on both sides. Nay, the housemaid, whom he was about, as usual, to chuck under the chin, uttered a loud shriek and fell into a swoon.

"The Devil!" said the stranger, glancing suspiciously round; "am I known then?"

"Known! yes, you *are* known!" cried the boots. "The Marquis de Tête Perdu."

"*Sacre bleu!*" said the stranger, flinging into the parlour in a violent rage. He locked the door. He walked up and down with uneven strides. "Curse on these painful distinctions — these hereditary customs!" cried he vehemently, "they are the poison of my existence. I shall lose Laura; I shall lose her fortune; I am discovered. No, not yet; I will fly to her, before the boots spreads the intelligence. I will force her to go off with me—go off!—how many people have I forced to go off before!"

To avoid the people in the passage, the stranger dropped from the window. He hastened to the lawyer's house—he found Miss Laura in the garden—she was crying violently, and had forgotten her pocket-handkerchief; the stranger offered her his own. Her eyes fell on a Marquis's coronet, worked in the corner, with the initials "T. P."

"Ah! it is too true, then," said she, sobbing; "the—the Marquis de Tête Perdu—" Here her voice was choked by her emotion.

"Damnation! what—what of him?"

With great difficulty Laura sobbed out the word "H—a—ng—e—d!"

"It is all up with me!" said the stranger, with a terrible grimace, and he disappeared.

"Oh! he is certainly a Vampire," wept the unfortunate Laura; "at all events, after having been hanged for twelve months, he cannot be worth much as a husband!"

Chapter VII.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

"*The tendency of the age is against all hereditary demarcations.*"

M. Royer de Collard.

It was a melancholy dreary day, and about an hour after the above interview, it began to rain cats and dogs. The mysterious stranger was walking on the high road that led from the country town; he hoped to catch one of the public vehicles that passed that way towards the capital. He buttoned up the fatal coat, and took particular care of the silk skirts. "In vain," said he bitterly, "is all this finery; in vain have I attempted to redeem my lot. Fate pursues me everywhere. Damn it! the silk will be all spotted; I may not get another such coat soon; seldom that a man of similar rank," here the rain set full in his teeth and drowned the rest of his soliloquy. He began to look round for a shelter, when suddenly he beheld a pretty little inn, standing by the road-side: he quickened his pace, and was presently in the traveller's room drying himself by the fire. There was a bald gentleman, past his grand climacteric, sitting at a little table by the window, and reading "Glumenborchius-isiculorum on the propriety of living in a parallelogram, and moving only in a right angle." Absorbed in his own griefs, the stranger did not notice his companion—he continued to dry his shirt sleeves, and mutter to himself. "Ah!" said he, "no love for me; never shall I marry some sweet, amiable, rich young lady; the social distinctions confine me to myself. Odious law of primogeniture! hateful privileges of hereditary descent!"

The bald gentleman, who was a great philosopher, and had himself written a large book in which he had clearly proved that "Man was not a Monkey," started up in delight at these expressions—"Sir," said he, warmly, holding out his hand to the stranger, "your sentiments do credit to your understanding—you are one of the enlightened few whose opinions precede the age. Hereditary distinctions! they are, indeed, one of the curses of civilization."

"You speak truly, venerable Sir," said the stranger sighing.

"Doubtless," continued the sage, "you are some younger son deprived of your just rights by the absurd monopoly of an elder brother."

"No, I am myself the elder son; I myself exercise, and therefore deplore, that monopoly."

"Noble young man!—what generosity!—see what it is to be wise!" said the philosopher: "knowledge will not even allow us to be selfish."

The stranger kindled into enthusiasm, and into eloquence. "What,"

said he, "what is so iniquitous as these pre-ordinations of our fate against our will? We are born to a certain line—we are accomplished to that line alone—our duty is confined to a certain routine of execution—we are mewed up like owls in a small conventual circle of gloom—we are paid sufficient for what we perform—we have, therefore, no incentive to our enterprise and ambition—the greater part of our life is a blank to us. If we stir abroad into more wide and common intercourse with mankind, we are perpetually reminded that a stamp is upon us—we cannot consult our inclinations—we must not marry as we please—we can never escape from ourselves—"

"And," pursued the philosopher, who liked to talk himself as well as to listen; "and while so unpleasant to yourself are these dangerous and hateful hereditary distinctions, what mischiefs do they not produce to your fellow creatures!—condemned to poverty, they are condemned to the consequences of poverty;—ignorance and sin —they offend, and you hang them!"

"Hang—them!—Ah!" the benevolent stranger covered his face with his hands.

"What philanthropic tenderness!" said the philosopher; "Pardon me, Sir, I must introduce myself: you may have heard of me; I am the author Slatterenobigioso; you, so enlightened, are probably an author yourself; perhaps you have turned your attention to Morals, and are acquainted with the true nature of crime."

"Ay," groaned the stranger, "I am acquainted with its end."

"Or perhaps biography, the great teacher of practical truths, made you first learn to think. For my part I amuse myself even now by taking the lives of some of the most remarkable of my cotemporaries."

"Indeed!" said the stranger with inexpressible dignity, and then putting on his hat with an air, he stalked out of the room, saying over his left shoulder, in a voice of conscious pride—"And I, Sir, have done the same!"

Chapter VIII.

THE JEALOUSY.

"She wrongs his thoughts."—The Corsair.

"Ah, miss!" said the tailor, as he passed through the country town on a high trotting horse, and met the unfortunate Laura walking homeward with "The Sorrows of Werter" in her hand: "Ah! so the spark has carried himself off. How could you be so taken in? What! marry a——"

"I know what you would say," interrupted Laura haughtily, "and I beg you will be silent. You knew him, then."

"Ay, by sight. I have seen him on trying occasions, sure enough. But you will meet him no more, I guess: he is wanted in town to-morrow morning."

"Gracious Heaven! for what?" said Laura, thinking the Marquis de Tête Perdu was again apprehended for not having been hanged sufficiently.

"Why—be prepared—Miss, he is going to tie the noose."

"Wretch! perfidious wretch!" shrieked Laura, as her fear now changed into jealousy; "do you mean that he is going to lead another to the altar?"

"Exactly, Miss!" said the tailor, and off went his high trotting horse.

Chapter IX.

THE DENOUEMENT.

"It is not for myself I do these things, but for my country."
PLUTARCH'S APHORISM WHEN IN PLACE.
Common Aphorism among all Placemen.

"Poor cousin Jack!" said the Lawyer, as he was eating his breakfast; "he has been playing very naughty pranks, to be sure; but he is our cousin, nevertheless. We should pay him all possible respect. Come, girl, get on your bonnet; you may as well come with me; it will divert your mind."

"La! papa; but, to be sure, there will be a great crowd. It is a most affecting sight; and, after all, I think a drive may do me good."

"That's right, girl," said the father; and they were soon on the road to the capital. They arrived at an open space, but filled with spectators; they beheld a platform, raised above the heads of the people; Laura grew very faint with anxiety and heat. She heard the spectators talking to each other. "They say," observed one, "that it is with great difficulty he was persuaded to the calling—it has been four hundred years in the family—he took himself away, but came back when he heard the fees were augmented—you know he gets all the clothes."

"There's poor cousin Jack," quoth the Attorney: "how pale he is!"

Laura looked. To the side of cousin Jack, who was about to be hanged, moved a well-known figure.

"The Marquis *de Tête Perdu!*" cried the Lawyer aghast!

"My lover! my lover!" screamed Laura.

"My eye! that's the Hereditary Hangman!" said a bystander with open mouth.

"Hereditary Hangman!" said an English Lord, who was by chance an attendant at the spectacle. "Hereditary Hangman!—what a burlesque on the Peerage!"

Is it a burlesque truly, or is the one about as wise as the other?

MITIO.

RETROSPECTIVE CRITICISM.

is one of the pleasantest; although I fear it is one of the most neglected of the duties of a Critic, to go back somewhat from the Books born of the present time, and examine whether among the vast hordes that have sunk into obscurity, there may not be some deserving an exemption from the general doom. "The world is too much with us," and it is the sin of the times—that the times only are consulted. It is thought a sufficient excuse not to review a book if the book has been published some six months, as if ephemera were the only creatures that merited dissection.

The more we look to the reputations acquired in Literature, the more we must be convinced that they are decided rather by the wheel than the balance—that Fortune is their deity, not Justice. Doubtless no great and daring Genius can be altogether without an audience, though often an audience late and few; but how many mediocre and insignificant authorlings are raised by the circumstances that throw *a personal* interest on their writings, into an importance which Time seems to think it not worth his while to annull! Looking over the long list of our British Poets, such as they are found in a "well-selected library," or such as they are known by the current cant of reputation; is it not a startling proof of my proposition—to see Pomfret included and Peile forgotten:—and Sheffield and Parnell, names more commonly "standard" than Drummond and Carew? The two finest Tragic Dramas of our day, the "Cenci" of Shelley, and the "Wallenstein" of Coleridge—(the latter perhaps the most magnificent, the *most original* translation in the English language)—are known to some two or three hundred of the select few. But Mr. Murray has just announced the sixth edition of Miss Kemble's "Francis the First!" The Mosaic gold is more popular than the real. In fact, when we come strictly to examine the claims of those who have made the most noise in the world, we shall generally find it depended less on the genius, than those circumstances which gave effect to the genius. Burns was a great poet, but the sudden celebrity of his works arose from his being a poetical ploughman. Byron, young—wild—strange—beautiful—unhappy—mysterious—in those adjectives referring to himself, not his poetry, lay the main secret of the influence he produced. In Swift was seen the eccentric parson. In Bolingbroke the all-accomplished exile. How much in them of what was just in renown arose from what was adventitious in circumstance! and I doubt whether Pope himself would have won so completely the ear of the Town, had it not been extremely odd, as my Lady Mary observed, "that so prodigious a genius should be so little a creature!" Who would have remarked the beauty of the toad's eye, if the toad himself had not been so ugly a reptile? The vulgar like the melo-drames of fame, and contrast and effect are the spells to charm them into admiration.

But there arises a consequence from this current injustice, or deficiency of taste, which has not been remarked. It has been said by a philosopher, that there are no "mute inglorious Miltons"—that Genius will shine out wherever Genius is bestowed; and this assertion is dear to that indolence among mankind which loves to think that there is no necessity for taking pains about our neighbours, and that

Fate always orders their affairs for the best. The fact is, that the Literary Genius is more than any other painfully susceptible to failure and discouraged by neglect. Exceptions in the sterner order of minds there are and have been; but he knows little of the Literary character who does not confess this to be the general rule. When a man has succeeded in some attempt—when he has arrived at the honour of followers and revilers;—shame—pride—hope—fear—anxiety to justify the friends and to silence the enemies—all conspire to nerve him for efforts, that he would never have dreamed of had his energies been damped by failure. It is the nature of all ambition that every success gives a new step to our aspirings. What we thought yesterday the height of our wishes, we obtain to-morrow; and to-morrow—lo! a new height has arisen before our eyes. There is often to be remarked among writers who have not attained to the popularity their genius deserved, something stinted and imperfect in their efforts—they want the daring—the ease—the brilliant energy which are acquired by success. Like the Actor who plays to half-emptied boxes, the feeling that the audience is wanting—damps the preternatural intoxication by which the highest efforts of genius are produced.

These reflections have been occasioned by a very beautiful little volume of Poems,* which was published some few years ago, and which both in the faults and excellencies of its contents, is full of a promise that deserved the warmest encouragement. I suspect that it was then scarcely noticed. I fear it is now scarcely known. I had a vague recollection of the book at its first appearance, but was not able to recollect the title or the name of the author. Having lately been fortunate enough to re-possess myself of the work, I cannot refrain from giving to my readers some portion of that pleasure I have received from its contents.

The principal poem in point of length is called "A Poet's Bride;" but it is the lowest in point of merit, being full of the affectations of a youthful taste, and strong in the two capital errors of any long poem in these days—obscurity and the absence of human interest. Yet everywhere breathe the freshness and odour of a true and luxuriant Genius, and the very weeds are but a proof of the fertility of the soil. I shall, however, pass in silence over this and all the longer poems in the volume, and come at once to some sonnets which I think are entitled to rank among the finest, the most expressive, and the most original in the language.

TO-DAY.

" A liberal worldling, gay philosopher,
Art thou that lift'st thy young and yellow head
O'er the dim burial of the scarce-cold dead—
Building above thy brother's sepulchre
A home of love, that sense might almost err,
Deeming thine end therein to woo and wed
The flower-haired Earth for ever. Yet the red
In yonder west may well such dreams deter!
Yes, thou, all-hailed To-Day! whose out-stretched hand
Scatters loose riches on a bankrupt land,

* Lyric Offerings. By Laman Blanchard. W. Ainsworth. 1828.

Even thou art but a leaf from off the tree
Of yellowing Time: a grain of glistening sand
Dashed from the waters of that unsailed sea,
Where thou to-night shalt sink, and I as soon may be."

The next sonnet is still more beautiful. There is a rich and mellow softness of thought glowing over it that is literally as—

"The syllables that breathe of the sweet south."

MORNING.

"Wake from your misty nests—instinctive wake,
Ye fine, and numberless, and sleeping things!
The Infant Saviour of all blossomings
From heaven's blue womb hath passed; and for the sake
Of Earth, and her green family, doth make
In air redemption and soft gloryings.
The world, as though inspired, erectly flings
Its shadowy coronals away, *to slake*
A holy thirst for light: and, one by one,
The enamoured hills—with many a startled dell,
Fountain and forest—blush before the Sun!
Voices and wings are up, and waters swell;
And flowers, like clustered shepherds, have begun
To ope their fragrant mouths, and heavenly tidings tell."

In another sonnet on Noon occur the following exquisite lines:—

———————— "*This is sweet,*
To see the heavens all open, and *the hood*
Of crystal Noon flung back! the earth meanwhile
Filling her veins with sunshine—vital blood
Of all that now from her full breast doth smile
(Casting no shadow) on that pleasant flood
Of light, *where every mote is some small minstrel's isle.*"

The next sonnet is on

EVENING.

"Already hath the Day grown gray with age;
And in the west, like to a conqueror crowned,
Is faint with too much glory. On the ground
He flings his dazzling arms; *and, as a sage,*
Prepares him for a cloud-hung hermitage,
Where Meditation meets him at the door;
And all around—on wall, and roof, and floor,
Some pensive star unfolds its silver page
Of truth, which God's own hand hath testified.
Sweet Eve! whom poets sing to as a bride,
Queen of the quiet—Eden of Time's bright map—
Thy look allures me from my hushed fire-side,
And sharp leaves rustling at my casement tap,
And beckon forth my mind to dream upon thy lap!"

In a sonnet on Midnight there is one most solemn and even sublime verse:—

"The Pulse of time is stopt——

The Altar of all Life stands victimless."

Again, among some very fine lines, in which, however, the mannerism of Shakspeare, if I may use the expression, has been too much imitated, is the following bold image:—

"All earth is but an hour-glass, and the sands
That tremble thro' are men!"——

* * * * *

The author of these poems is a gentleman chiefly known in periodical literature—a contemporary and rival of our own. Be it so. The Public hath room for all!

Our poet, it is true, however, requires advice if he meditate another volume of verse. Let him break up the staff he has borrowed from the old poets, and walk alone. Does he remember a certain line in Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella:"—

"*Look,*" said my muse to me, "look in thy *heart* and write."

Let him more diligently study simplicity, and more carefully shun the ambition to be quaint. Charles Lamb and Wordsworth are beautiful writers, but bad models. Let him not forget too that Periodical writing is the grave of much genius—it leads men to write more than they reflect. All great works require stern and silent meditation. We must brood deeply over what we would wish to last long. Therefore among his stores—let there be one more sacred than the rest—not to be wasted lightly, but to be constantly and secretly fed. There is a beautiful passage in Quinctilian, an author not sufficiently studied, whom I would rank beyond Aristotle himself as a critic. What he says of oratory in the passage I allude to is equally applicable to poetry:—"Ars magna sicut flamma materiâ alitur, et motibus excitatur, et urendo clarescit. *Crescit enim cum amplitudine rerum vis ingenii.*" The power of the genius is increased by the abundance of the fuel that supplies it.

I trust, however, despite these admonitions for the future, that I have quoted enough of the present performance to induce the lovers of poetry to possess themselves of a new treasure. Perhaps in the common process of "this working-day world," in the hurry, and toil, and fever which in these stormy events engross so large a share of the rising talent of the age, it may happen that the genius that produced these beautiful fruits, may be turned now and hereafter to other and drier tasks. As in the early season of the year, when the Heaven sends forth its pleasant rain, and every valley secretes some fountain formed in the hollow of its lap, and girded by a thousand flowers,—so in our youth, silent and unknown is nourished that fountain of verse which (bright and crystal as it is) belongs only to the time, and withers up as the sun deepens and the summer of life comes on. Few of us ever return to the altars we have once forsaken. We exchange the wealth of our first feelings, as the eastern traveller exchanged the diamonds of an enchanted land for more common and daily coin; and if we ever purchase them back, it is not until they are pared and modelled after the fashion of the world.

A.

PHRENOLOGY. BY DAVID UWINS, M.D.

The writer of the following remarks presents them with his name, rather than with a feigned signature, in order that the responsibility, both for matter and manner, may rest entirely with himself. The reader, then, will be pleased to consider this paper as in no measure implicating the Editor's sentiments, but merely as a frank avowal on the part of the writer of his own individual opinions on a debatable point. Dr. U. would be glad to see an opposition paper provoked by the present; and he has no doubt that the Editors of the Magazine, although he believes they are not desirous to make their pages the arena of controversy, would readily act on the equitable principle of "audi alteram partem."

Phrenology, from φρεν, Mind, and λογος, *rationale*, or science of. However disreputable the announcement may prove, I nevertheless fearlessly make it, that philosophers have been at work some thousands of years in researches respecting Mind, without having gained the smallest ground in the way of advance. Plenty, indeed, of rattle and bustle, and *seeming* of business, have been brought to bear on the inquiry; but all this hurly-burly has begun and ended, like the rattle and whirl of the squirrel in his round-about prison, by bringing the agitator and the agitated precisely to the same point, again and again, and again, from which the primary start was made. From Plato to Priestley it has all been one and the same thing. The proud Athens of former times, and the equally presumptuous Athens of the present times, stand upon exactly the same unsound eminence; and while in other departments of philosophical pursuit, something real and tangible has been gained, a mere change in terminology constitutes the sum and substance of what has been named Mental Philosophy.

And why is all this so? It is because false analogies have been assumed as real resemblances—because final have been confounded with efficient causes—because spirit and matter have been considered absolute essences, instead of merely terms of convenience; and finally, and more especially, as more particularly applicable to the purposes of the present paper—because *workmen have essayed to work without materials*. In the same spirit as the idolaters of old, they have instituted abstractions from the coinage of their own brains, and then, having embodied these abstractions, they have fallen down and worshipped them.

Even they who *have* seemed somewhat nearer to the true track of their game, have, if possible, receded farther from it, by pacing the path of truth in a wrong direction. Like the man who tumbled from a stage-coach, and recovering his legs, made use of them, by rapidly running in a direction opposite to that in which the vehicle was travelling. Like him, these metaphysical physiologists, who thought it necessary to take into account that there are such things as brain and nerves, when they have reasoned on the thinking principle, have gone backward, instead of forward; or rather, perhaps, we might say, have reasoned up to, instead of down from, the organs of perception and intellect. They first conceived vaguely of a soul, and then placed this same soul in combination with the material fabric by lodging it on the pineal gland, or some other part of the encephalon, as shall have best suited and served the whim of the moment.

"To all" (theories of Mind), says the acute and learned Dugald Stewart, "I apprehend the following remarks will be found applicable. First, that in the formation of them, their authors have been influenced by some general maxims of philosophy borrowed from physics; and, secondly, they have been influenced by an indistinct, but deep-rooted conviction, of the immateriality of the soul, which, although not precise enough to point out to them the absurdity of attempting to illustrate its operations by the analogies of matter, was yet sufficiently strong to induce them to keep the absurdities of their theories as far as possible out of view, by allusion to those physical facts in which the distinguishing properties of matter are the least grossly and palpably exposed to our observation."

This is exceedingly just, and admirably stated; not that some of our modern

physiologists have been very nice and fearful in thus keeping their notions, drawn from facts in the material universe, as much as might be in the background—one of them comparing ideas to configurations of the organs of sense, while another tells you that thought is secreted from the brain, as bile is by the liver. But I imagine that bile laid up in the folds of the liver for some sixty or seventy years, would not prove very subservient to the offices which this secretion is destined to serve in the animal economy; while we are all very familiar with the fact that particulars of very early perception are particulars of very late recognition, so that in the very last stages of this our "eventful being," circumstances recur to the mind which had been obliterated, or lain latent, during the whole period of intellectual maturity and mental vigour. Thought, a secretion indeed! you may just as well tell me that life is oxygen, and that the breathings and burnings of poetry are the smoke and stir of a Margate steamer, bearing its cockney freight to its cockney destination.

In a word, Materialists and Immaterialists, Organists and Spiritualists, have been all along aiming to grasp shadows, and localize "airy nothings:" they have waged warfare with one another, having nothing to combat for or against; and one Sancho-Panzayan expression, accidentally dropped from a half-witted sceptic, has not seldom availed in showing up these dreamers and system-mongers in all their nakedness and nullity. Metaphysics! why it is a word possessing no signification whatever; or at least, if it mean any thing, it means a tissue of conjectures and extravagancies; these conjectures being so tortured into unnatural alliances with absolute truth and legitimate science, as to make the resemblance of reality, when probed to the bottom, more conspicuously ridiculous than had no such union been attempted. What has been said with equivocal propriety in respect of Medicine, is *un*-equivocally applicable to Metaphysics—viz. that a mixture of right and wrong is worse than all error.

While writing these desultory strictures, the first line of the inscription which Dante places on the portal of the infernal regions presents itself to my mind, as applicable, by the change of a word, to all metaphysical initiation. On the doors of every temple devoted to the cultivation of mental philosophy, might be inscribed—

"Per me si va nella Città"—(d'errori.)

And from the same inscription might be selected, with still more appropriate force, its concluding line, of dreadful import—

"Lasciate ogni speranza, O voi, che intrate."

That is, all hope of having your desires satisfied, or your queries resolved. "Now, if you please, you may walk back again," did a practical joker once write at the end of a long avenue which had no thoroughfare, for the additional mortification of those who thus found themselves shut out from further proceeding; and so it may be written or said at the *cul de sac* (blind) termination of metaphysical windings; glad enough, indeed, ought we to feel in being able to get out, by any means, from these dangerous and delusory paths, before the old giant Despair pounces upon us for permanent inhabitants of his Doubting Castle.

But "Io! triumphe!" say a certain set of new-light philosophers, who call themselves, *par excellence, Phrenologists*. All indeed has been, hitherto, darkness and error; but now—as old John Brown, in his masterly style, expressed himself—now, "veluti viatori, *ignota regione*, perditis viæ vestigiis, in umbrâ noctis erranti, perobscura quædam, quasi prima diurna, *lux demum adfulsit*."

Sufficiently presumptuous, at any rate, my reader will say, is all this pretension; but our new masters in Psychology not only presume, but persevere. "Edinburgh Reviewers," they exclaim, "may dart down upon us with their feeble flippancy; Quarterly critics may dole and twaddle with *ex-officio* wrath and inanity. The proud may feel humbled, the fearful appalled, but we advance, nothing daunted; and advance we must and will, so long as there be any power in truth to push aside its semblance and its opposite; and amidst darkness, doubt, and difficulty, eventually to work its way into life, and liberty, and light!"

Pretensions like these, supported by persons who have a little something more to recommend them than "pea-green coats" and German extravagances, demand an investigation as to their legitimacy; be it, then, our endeavour, on the present occasion, to investigate the validity of phrenological assumption; or, in other words, to ascertain whether the new lights are false lights, tempting us over swamps and deserts, and terminating in nothing better; or whether they fulfil their engagement of diverting our course from the dreariness and restlessness of error, into the solace and comfort of satisfaction and peace.

It has already been said that the Phrenologists found the speculative world in a sad condition, and a preliminary sentence or two in advocacy of this assumption may not be here out of place. First, then, of Father Plato, with his tricoloured notions of the human soul; this being, according to him, a compound of intelligence, of passion, and appetite. But how these principles formed themselves into combination seems to puzzle our philosopher extremely; he talks in one place of intelligence being derived from the Deity, and of passion, or appetite, from matter! And in another part of his writings, he makes it a question whether we possess sense and understanding by the blood (which fluid, by the way, so late as John Hunter, is vaguely spoken of as the residence of life), or whether fire or air be the source of mental phenomena—"Πότερον τὸ αἷμα ἐστιν ᾧ φρονοῦμεν, ἢ ὁ ἀὴρ, ἢ τὸ πῦρ."

Then comes Aristotle, who compares ideas with impressions received by wax from a seal; and in this reference or symbolic representation, is to be traced the essence of all those fanciful vagaries founded on the postulate, that it is in our power to compare thought and intelligence with *any* thing else. Phantasms is a name given to objects of memory, or rather to its processes—and phantasms have indeed proved all attempts to unfold the secrets of life by these analogical assumings—should I not write amusings? We ridicule the conceits of the schoolmen, and speak of them as proofs of the exceeding absurdity to which philosophizing may be carried, when dialectic ingenuity, rather than useful truths, becomes the object of the disputant; but, to my mind, the celebrated theorem, which one of them proposed for solution, conveys as fine a satire as can well be conceived of Aristotelian phasmagoria. The question is this—"How many angels or devils," (I forget which—*falling* angels we should suppose some of them to be) "might dance on a needle's point, without interfering with each other's evolutions?" One and all of the systems (and I need not go further into them) may be characterized by one and the same term. The shadows of Plato, the phantasms of Aristotle, the innate ideas of Descartes—nay, the pictorial notions of Locke himself, are all so many contrivances to evade the charge of ignorance, or so many schemes to illustrate the laws of perception by allusion to material resemblances, and are, therefore, so many systems to which the adjective fallacious may be appended, as marking their essence, their origin, and their end.

But what, I am asked, do you say of the Scotch philosophy, or the metaphysics of common sense, as it has been antithetically called? I reply, this is so far good as it rejects ideal representation and symbolic exposition; but that it is objectionable, inasmuch as it travels abroad in search of faculties, instead of observing and reasoning upon faculties already found.

When Reid and Stewart discourse on perception, and conception, and abstraction, and association, and memory, and imagination, they manifestly overlook individual peculiarity and circumstance; they are guilty of the same faults as the Nosologists, who endeavour to define and arrange disease: as if disease were something abstract, or distinct from the person affected; or as if morbid condition, in its wide range among individuals, retained the same external features and actual identity as do the objects of natural history. But who is there that may not have remarked the various *kinds*, as well as measure of faculty, possessed by two persons, each of whom is gifted with the same measure of general power? "How is it," said Gall to a companion (before he thought of Phrenology), "how is it that you contrive to find your way through woods, and lanes, and turnings, where you have only once before been?"—"How is it,"

replied his companion, with equal surprise, "that you contrive *not* to find yours?"

The gifted mind of Dugald Stewart did, in truth, feel the difficulty, arising from the source to which I now refer; and long prior to my knowing any thing about Gall or Spurzheim, I recollect being struck with the unsuccessful ingenuity by which the able Professor just mentioned endeavours to meet this formidable obstacle to his general-faculty scheme. Stewart quotes the celebrated Montaigne, who confesses that he can do nothing without his memorandum-book; "And so great is my difficulty," says he, "in remembering proper names," (I remember receiving comfort from this confession) "that I am forced to call my domestic servants by their offices. I am ignorant of the greater part of our coins in use—of the difference of one grain from another—what use leaven is in making bread, and why wine must stand in the vat some time before it ferments." "Yet the same author," adds Professor S. "appears evidently to have had his memory stored with an infinite variety of apothegms, and of historical passages which had struck his imagination;" (ay, "there's the rub!" *his* imagination;) "and to have been familiarly acquainted, not only with the names, but with the absurd and exploded opinions of ancient philosophers; with the ideas of Plato; the atoms of Epicurus; the plenum and vacuum of Leucippus and Democritus; the water of Thales; the numbers of Pythagoras; the infinite of Parmenides, and the unity of Musæus. In complaining, too, of his want of presence of mind, he indirectly acknowledges a degree of memory," (pardon me, Mr. Stewart, when I say the acknowledgement only goes to *kind*, not degree,) "which, if it had been judiciously employed, would have been more than sufficient for the acquisition of all the common branches of knowledge, in which he appears to have been deficient."—"When I have an oration to speak, of any considerable length, I am," he says, "reduced to the miserable necessity of getting it, word for word, by heart;" while others, he might have added, vastly my inferiors in what would be termed capacity, or mind, or intellect, will rattle and ramble on with their wordy nothings, and probably deem me a dull man, in proportion to my deficiency in this their *copia verborum.*

The men of the Faculty-school will tell you that Montaigne would have recollected with ease the particulars announced, had he chosen to pay attention to them. But the attention is proportioned to the capacity, and the capacity to the *con amore* feeling. I have just laid down a volume of Fuseli's life, in which, I find, he remarks of himself that the Angel Gabriel would have failed in attempts to teach him mathematics. Another reads Milton, or gazes upon Claude, with indifference, inquiring "What does it all prove?" Ah, but this last, you say, is a fool! But will his geometrical master join you in the decision? You will still retort, "want of taste or desire does not imply want of skill." Let me, then, tell you that there is, or till very lately was, an eminent literary character in the University of Oxford, who has, again and again, tried to solve Euclid's problems, and to play a rubber at whist with his friends in the evening, and has, again and again, given up the task in despair.

In mere sensual perception, moreover, how great is the diversity in kind of power. A prelate, who is but recently dead, and who was marked by the general acuteness in his perceptions, was so utterly incapable of distinguishing colours, that it constituted one of the pastimes of his children to place before him green, which he would call yellow; blue, green; and so on.

To these varieties, may we not also add the more ordinary ones of temper and disposition? One child from birth is the wolf, the other the lamb of the nursery. This shall delight, from the dawn of existence, in malevolence—that in benevolence. Now, neither Locke's blank-paper hypothesis, nor the fundamental faculty-scheme of Reid, affords the smallest clue to these discrepancies; so far, in fact, are they from being explained by, that they are in absolute discordance with, all the notions of Mind which have yet been broached. Where, then, are we to look for the source of these discrepancies, for the explication of these marvels? If I answer, into the organic fabric, I am assailed immediately by the meaning missiles of materialism, necessity, fatalism, and so forth. I am ac-

cused of attempting to destroy all the barriers that have been raised between Virtue and Vice—I am denounced as the denier of man's responsibility.

Hard accusations are easily made, and it is sometimes sufficiently hard to bear them; but I can assure my accuser in the present case, that so far from feeling the slightest resentment at his righteous indignation, I honour and applaud him for it. A word or two will soon be dropped in reply to these allegations: but, in the first place, it is proper to state, upon what grounds the Phrenologist concludes that "the hum-drum faculties of perception, memory, imagination, with taste and judgment into the bargain, must be all turned adrift," before right inferences may be made as to the principles and *rationale* of mental phenomena and power.*

So early as when only nine years old, was Dr. Gall led to observe the great difference between himself and a schoolfellow, in respect of faculties or powers: one thing, as already intimated, being easy to one, while another was easy to the other. In memory of words, was Gall's companion provokingly his superior; and this faculty he found, afterwards, to be common to several boys, who by no means ranked high as talented youths. These ready rememberers, Gall remarked, had prominent eyes; and from this single observation did our young physiologist commence and pursue his observations on external form, as characterizing internal power, till he at length, in the true inductive method of research, came to the following inference: That the brain consists of distinct parts, each part being an organ or medium of some *innate* faculty; and that it is possible to ascertain during life the relative magnitude and activity of these organs, by comparing character with marks or indices on the exterior of the skull. He came to the farther inference, that "the faculties of the Metaphysicians are mere varieties, common to the action of each faculty;" and he considers that the totality of mental power displayed by an individual consists in a combination of the several innate faculties, acting and re-acting, balancing, or opposing each other.

It was, of course, to be expected that such a system as this, which sets at nought all the fine-drawn speculations of former philosophers, would bring down upon itself a host of angry assailants. The engines of ridicule would be immediately set going, to crush this moral enemy. Argument would commence its more legitimate employ; and it would have to meet the charge of Materialism in all its varied shapes. "What! the alents—nay, the virtues of man, dependent upon a piece of brain more in one part, and less in another? Surely, then, we must be the easy victims of every excitant that shall accidentally cross our path, and prove suitable to our organization? Why, bloodthirstiness is, upon this showing, nothing more or less than width of brain; mildness or gentleness is merely a certain conformation of the organ of Mind; Virtue is cerebrum—Vice is cerebellum!"

Now wit is well enough in its place: argument may be occasionally assisted by *ad absurdum* assumptions; and even ridicule may be lawfully employed in some cases of obvious nonsense, such as Fancourtism, Unknown Tongues, and the magnetic influence upon the animal frame; but when a scheme of philosophy is laid open in all the nakedness of bare fact to the sober judgment of thinking man, it is manifestly the duty of those to whom the appeal is made to investigate the claimant's statements, uninfluenced by prejudice and untrammelled by tenets. When, therefore, our readers find us dissecting and again putting together the materials of which phrenology is formed, let it not be thought that we are wanting in spirit because we are engaged in earnest; or that we could not bring to our aid plenty of sarcastic sneers and disgusting

* Mr. Greville Jones, who is one of the ablest men I know, although he is no Phrenologist, tells me that Kant is the man, if we did but take the pains to understand him; and that his system is not only different and superior to all others, but that nothing can possibly go farther. I know nothing of Kant myself, and were I to read him, I feel that I should not be likely to *re*-cant.

sophisms, did we think such rifling and trifling to be at all consistent with good principle, good taste, and good faith.

The doctrine in question demands to be investigated *craniognomically*, *cranioscopically*, *physiologically*, *metaphysically*, and in reference to its *practical* bearing; for as it regards this last particular, all will not be ready to admit, when phrenology is the subject of discussion, that

> "Truth and good are one,
> And virtue dwells in them,
> And they in her, with like participation."

First, then, is it, or is it not fact, that men's characters can be inferred from the forms, and shapes, and sizes of their head? Here I shall take the liberty of making an extract from an article in the "Foreign Quarterly," which, for real wit, and effective sarcasm, and brilliant imagery, beats its rival of the Edinburgh out and out:—

"If," says Mr. Chevenix, the writer of the article, "the Edinburgh Reviewer has not been able to prevent the public attention from being directed to phrenology, and convinced by truth, still less has it been able to prevent the accumulation of facts; and the fifteenth number of 'The Phrenological Journal' contains what, in a certain slang dialect, would be called such a *plumper*, that nothing softer than the Reviewer's fact-proof cranium could resist it,—Mr. Deville's visit to the convict-ship, England, bound with 148 prisoners for New South Wales. This zealous practitioner, after examining the convicts, gave a memorandum of the inferred character of each individual, and the manner in which the propensities of each were likely to manifest themselves. One man, in particular, Robert Hughes, was noted as most dangerous on account of his ferocity and dissimulation, (inferred). A mutiny, at the head of which was Hughes, was on the point of breaking out, and the conduct of every prisoner coincided most accurately with Deville's predictions. The records of the whole transaction are now officially at the Victualling-office. Mr. Deville was right in every instance but one; and," continues Mr. C——, "the man who does not admit that to be a science which only errs once in 148 cases, must have little experience of what human science is."

Hundreds and thousands of similar correspondences have been traced by individuals who have set about the inquiry without prejudice or regard to consequences. But what may be considered as one of the most convincing facts in proof of facts is, that the most learned comparative anatomist in Europe instituted a series of observations on animals craniologically, with a firm persuasion that he should prove the doctrine fallacious, and that this comparative investigation, which was probably never equalled, terminated in the conviction that the system was true which he had conceived to be groundless and fanciful.

On the other hand, it must not be concealed, that men, whom we should suppose also to be without partiality or prejudice, have gainsayed the facts as well as the principles of phrenology; but so far as my observation has gone, I must confess that most, if not all, of the opposing inferences have been drawn either from viewing the science in some only of its bearings, mistaking its general scope and tendency, and employing observation as some seize hold of Scriptural expressions in order to justify their own particular creeds and professions. At any rate, we do not hear of anti-phrenological observations on so large a scale as hospitals, and prison-houses, and lunatic asylums. And in reference to these last, I have myself to state, that out of more than two hundred cases which are under my care, at Peckham Asylum, I selected from twenty to thirty for the observation of two gentlemen, who had given their minds to the inquiry, and that in all there was a remarkable coincidence in inference with what I knew from observation to be truth.*

But allowing, it may be said, that exterior form may connect itself with corresponding peculiarity in minds or dispositions of individuals, how can cranioscopy infer from this that the configuration extends to the brain, since the internal table, as it is anatomically named, of the cranium is not uniformly

* It has been at the suggestion of one of these gentlemen, Mr. H. B. Burlowe, the Sculptor, that I have put together these crude remarks.

parallel with the external? Dr. Spurzheim answers this objection by showing that "the two tables are scarcely perceptible in children, and although they are distinct in adults, their distance from one another is not considerable. It is," he says, "also very essential not to confound the idea of size with that of protuberance," a mistake, by the way, which many have unwittingly fallen into when making cranioscopical surveys. Phrenology has been too much considered as a mere "lump and bump" affair; the totalities and qualifications which are admitted in all other branches of science, have either been refused, or not taken into account, in this.

We must, however, hasten to the physiological circumstances which connect themselves with phrenological doctrine. And here the hasty opponent conceives that he is directly furnished with an irrefragable argument against the cranioscopical creed. The cranium, he says, is a hard and bony mass; the brain is a soft and pulpy one. Although, then, we may conceive that the skull should give shape to the brain, the *contra* cannot well be imagined. This objection, my good friend, would be urged in total ignorance of physiological laws: and here we are conducted to a very curious and very important part of the argument. The brain and spinal marrow (the latter absurdly so called) are in immediate connexion, or rather communication. Now let it be understood, that the spinal chord, which appears to be, and has been thought a production or continuation of the brain, is, in point of fact, of anterior formation to that organ. And in embryo, the nervous substance is gradually, or by successive deposits, thrown out, much in the same way that osseous or bony matter takes place eventually of the cartilaginous membrane which precedes it: this nerve-making process in fœtal existence, extends itself from below upwards, and progressively swells out into brain of more or less magnitude or complication, according to the measure or degree of intellect to be developed after birth. Simultaneously with this process, but much posterior to its commencement, is the bony case, produced from what is at first mere membrane, lying on the surface of the brain. As this organ (the brain) developes itself particle by particle, and now pushes itself out in this direction, now in that, so does the structure of the bony case proceed in regular and undeviating dependence; and thus the skull becomes not the moulder of the brain, but the brain of it. But this is not all; for after these matters are adjusted and settled, change is still going on in every part of the body, the brain included:—

"The hand that now guides the pen," says a recent writer in 'The Eclectic Review,' "will not be the same hand when this article is finished as when it was begun. Two friends," he goes on to say, "shall separate, and after the lapse of some time meet again, when probably *not one particle* of the same material shall enter into the composition of their bodies that formed the men at the moment of separation."

This principle, then, of constant change, of incessant absorption and deposit, meets the most forcible objection that seems to arraign itself against phrenological belief: the most forcible objection, I say, because no one unacquainted with the agencies that regulate organization, would suppose that the shape of the head, even in adult life, is changed and moulded according to the use that the individual may be called on by circumstances, or incited by volition, to make in the way of cultivating this or that faculty, or indulging in this or that propensity.* That the brain *is* thus susceptible of, nay, that it actually *does* undergo these metamorphoses, has been proved by a large series of obervations and inquiries directed to this very point. And let it be seriously taken to heart by the sensualist and the depraved, that his indulgence in vicious habits comes, at length, to be stamped upon his skull with a Cain-like mark of visible deformity. But of this a little more afterwards.

I have just stated that the direction of brain developement is upwards It is

* I would not wish to be ungallant when I state that man's brain is averaged at two pounds more than the brain of the female. We must suppose what is wanting in quantity is made up in form and proper direction in the latter case.

so, indeed, to such an extent, and after such sort, that the absolute terminations are all upon the superficies, which farther serves to obviate the objection, that only a portion of the mass is susceptible of investigation upon phrenological principles; and, upon the whole, it appears to me, that the new organology has fully made good its assumption of innate faculties and particular powers, and that these faculties or powers are indicated by exterior conformation, having distinct organic media, which abstractedly in part, but consentaneously and in combination more especially, show the animal, intellectual, and moral character naturally formed and artificially regulated. I farther think, that metaphysics, unbased on physiology, is a mere shadowy substitute for substantial science. The faculties, indeed, may be systematically classed into a scheme of totality, and reasoned on without reference to external indices. It should, however, be recollected, that you may as well talk of vision without the eyes, of hearing without the ears, as discourse on a faculty abstracted from the organ which it has pleased the Author of Nature to make the medium of its manifestation, and which it behoves the looker into the laws of nature to study in the same spirit, and with the same intent that he examines the crystalline lens, unfolds the membranes of the eye, or traces the labyrinths of the ear.

And now for the moral of the whole. (Yes, says my sceptical reader, *fables* require a moral.) What is the good of your science? Whither does it tend? What does it prove?

In the first place, I answer, that if it be true, it *must* be good; good in its nature; good in its bearings; good in its tendencies; and good in its results. Is the subversion both of positive and negative error not good? If, as it has been asserted—and I see no reason to condemn, or even qualify the assertion—if, from the most ancient period, down to the present day, one philosopher has not made a single step farther than another in the precise knowledge of the true nature of man, his inclinations, and his talents, or of the source of his motives and determinations; and if those philosophers who have taken the brain as their chart and compass, have at length found the path; if they have not yet broken it all up to the intricacies of mind, they deserve well of their race, as having presented to man the besom for sweeping away the rubbish of the schools, and the efficient means of never permitting it again to accumulate. But we have had enough of all this, you will say, in the commencement of your paper; fulfil now your *ad rem* promise; make it palpable to our still sceptical minds what actual, and practical, and individual benefit the phrenologists, with their imposition of hands, are capable of conferring on mankind. Let us farther hear what you have to reply to our allegations on the score of necessity, and fate, and materialism, and then we will give you our opinion whether you have or have not been usefully employed in penning your present paper.

Phrenology, I answer, supposing its principles to be well founded, is, in the first place, a decided improvement in physiological doctrine. The connexion of the nervous system with the brain had ever been a puzzling problem to the medical student; but now, a perspicuity attends upon this interesting portion of organic philosophy, to which it had before been a stranger.

In the second place, pathology, or the doctrine of disease, may gather considerably from phrenological science. The phenomena of mental aberration do not seem at all explicable upon any other hypothesis than that of supposing separate organs in the brain all uniting into one harmonious totality, when the mind is in a sane condition, this harmony and relation being broken in upon by the several sources of insanity. The peculiarities of the dreaming state may be accounted for on the same assumption—(and what is madness but a continued dream?) The excitation which cures lunacy, and which rouses the dreamer into complete wakefulness, may be supposed one that shall be equal to bring *all* the organs into absolute and regular power.

Inconsistencies of character seem only explicable by the phrenological dogmata. Who can contemplate Abernethyan magnificence of intellect in connexion with Abernethyan—I was going to say, positive silliness—without considering, that in such individuals the brain is disproportionally divided, and that

the regulation of such a character should consist in almost painfully exercising one faculty, while the indulgence of another was forbidden ?

Artists almost to a man agree, that they are assisted in the delineation of form and the expression of character by the dicta of phrenology. A relation of mine, some little time since, made a design from Comus, at the point where the lady is subjected to the temptation of the Sensualist. When he had finished it, he appealed to me for my opinion as to his success in delineating a sensual, ferocious character, in the person of the tempter. Upon my expressing myself struck with the power of the artist in giving such force to so small a drawing, he replied, that his sole directory had been phrenological relations of one part of the head with another. It is curious, too, to remark in favour of the phrenologists, that all the heads of the antique are formed as if under the direction of their views, thus proving that nature and phrenology are the same.

This science, if properly understood and appreciated, is calculated to humble the pride of man. If, with Pharisaic presumption, I feel inclined to thank my God that I am not as other men are, I ought first to be satisfied whether my own comparative virtue (even allowing its existence) be not the virtue merely of conformation, and whether my neighbour may not have redeeming qualities which do not pertain to me. Such a mode of comparing, and judging, and deciding, is in full accordance with what we meet in every page of the Christian dispensation. What mean the forcible expressions, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this *body* of sin and death !" "I would do good, but evil is present with me !" What mean the strong statements, "one vessel being made to honour and one to dishonour ?" What means the striking appeal to Almighty volition, exemplified by the power which the potter has over the clay he is about to mould, if not, that some persons are *organically* more prone to virtuous conduct and feelings than others ? But with the disease is presented to us the remedy; and there is no system which can at all impugn, or in any way touch the doctrine of moral and religious responsibility. Nay, there is no scheme which is one jot better than another in its endeavour to reconcile fate and free-will. Here my good-natured reader will pardon me for reiterating a remark or two I have elsewhere made. "All men," I stated, "whether materialists or immaterialists, organologists or mentalists, know and feel the fact, that there is an indissoluble connexion between free-will and responsibility ; but all ought at the same time to know, that every other appeal than to 'the man within the breast,' to consciousness and conscience, is worse than nothing. No organic or anti-organic speculations or disputations will do. No fearful presentiments of the consequences of truth being in any way ascertained, will avail. No immaterial philosophy, (immaterial indeed !) forced from a University Professor by virtue of his office, will suffice. No ! It must be by alarming the conscience, by resorting to the motives of love and fear, by letting the physiological champions fight their own battles, and by wielding other weapons than those with which an earthly warfare is waged, that the individual or individuals can expect to succeed, who stand as messengers of peace or woe between man and his Maker." "All theory," says Dr. Johnson, "is against the freedom of the will ; all experience for it. *We know that we are free, and there's an end of the matter.*"

Even the very terms employed to express goodness, go upon he assumption of organic construction. "A good *hearted* fellow." Why not a good brained fellow ? Natural virtue may surely as well come from the brain as any other viscus ; and the stigma, the unnatural one, would thus be avoided—that a good-tempered man is one often of weak intellect.

Phrenology, indeed, teaches the more comfortable doctrine of greater equality in brain power than is usually supposed. For example, I felt humbled almost to the dust a day or two ago, at finding myself bungling over a common piece of machinery : I, however, raised my head before a mirror, (accidentally, my good reader,) and lo ! a large causality presented itself to my view, which *caused*, at any rate, one thing, and that no little one—mental comfort. I recol-

lect that young Roscius was a clever performer, but a dull reasoner. I go to a conversazione, and find a marvel for calculating numbers a mere ninny for any thing else. I remember that Margaret Nicholson, the maniac, was one of the best whist-players in the City of London; and I draw satisfaction from all these phrenological facts, and am prevented from inferring, in my own case, general from particular imbecility.

Education, I was about to say, unquestionably may receive much aid and direction from Phrenology. Do we destine a boy from his cradle to certain situations in life which imply this or that measure, of rather kind of acquirement, let us study well his exterior conformation as an index of innate power, and adapt our plans in conformity with the organization. If it be requisite that he should become a proficient in the exact sciences, and we find a cranial conformation adverse to their facile acquisition, we must commence our measures cautiously, and continue them dexterously and perseveringly. We must urge upon him not to be discouraged by the superior tact and talent of his compeers; but to labour in his vocation under the impression that industry will make up for a great deal of natural inability. We must dwell upon the pleasing consciousness that ere long he will feel, of having done much for himself; and thus kindness, and delicacy, and skill, and judgment, on the part of the preceptor, will do very much more for the scholar than any plan founded on the persuasion that the "glutæus maximus" is the road to the head.

Let it not be charged upon us that we are enthusiasts; that we expect modern improvements in education will altogether supersede the old methods; that we are for making "royal" or railway roads through the paths that conduct to science. Nothing of all this is contemplated by the phrenologist, who, on the contrary, anticipates difficulties and obstacles where the new-methods-men find nothing but easy and open roads; and whose principles, even were they correct, which they are not, would do away with one of the main benefits of philosophical pursuit, viz. that of exercising, and disciplining, and developing the mental powers. By one pupil one thing is more easily mastered; by another, another; but NIL *sine magno labore*, should be the maxim of every student who is ambitious to attain to any eminence in any thing.

But it is self-education and training that may be especially assisted by the science in question. Mr. Combe accidentally met a relation of mine in Edinburgh, and inferred from his phrenological developement so accurately, that the person to whom I allude, who, up to that moment, neither knew nor cared any thing about the doctrine, averred that the information, had it been imparted to him some ten years before, would have proved invaluable to him. And although not under its proper head, I may here farther observe of that individual, that he returned from a visit to the north, fully convinced of phrenological rectitude, and, at the same time, a warm admirer of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers; a proof this that the principles under notice do not tend to all those irreligious conclusions which adversaries have supposed.

I am, indeed, inclined to the conviction that their moral agency may be made of extensive avail if rightly managed. We talk of the influence of habit, and we do right—at least, if we *do* as well as talk; but what an incitement it must be to direct our steps into wholesome habits, when we take into account that by doing the contrary, we daily add, not only to deformity of character, but to deformity of head. What individual, who is not quite lost to the cautions and cares of sobriety and rectitude, could bear to contemplate, in his looking-glass, could endure the perception to his feel of the animal and sensual part of his skull growing and swelling out into positive and relative magnitude, in consequence of habitual practices?—positive, because it is fact, that such altered shape comes at length to point out degraded condition; and relative, because the manly, and intellectual, and moral part of his organization becomes, in the same ratio, lessened by a suspension or disuse of the moral and intellectual faculties. Doubters may smile at this; but let them direct their steps to Mr. Deville in the Strand, and they may there see the thing pointed out in such a

way, that unless their believing organization be entirely obliterated, they will return convicted and convinced.

Now, talking of Deville, I hold, that all the ship's crew which that person examined, were culpable in yielding to vicious propensities, not in having them; and that they might, for the most part, have been made good members of society by a due inculcation of good principles, and a steady determination to resist the force of habit and example. But after a certain time, and after yielding to bad inclinations to a certain extent, the awful sentence comes out with direful application to individual cases—"He that is unrighteous, let him be unrighteous still."

Insanity is one of the tendencies that mental culture, upon a Phrenological basis, would be likely to keep under. Almost all madmen possess the organ of self-esteem in a very conspicuous measure. Let men look well to this. Let the proud be careful to cultivate opposite qualities; let them be placed in circumstances calculated to lower high notions; let them habitually compare themselves with other men, whose talents are much superior, but whose self-approbation is much inferior—and I promise such comparers that their own self-esteem shall be gradually brought down nearer to the level in which it ought to be: and if they have the fear of madhouses before their eyes, this lowering of their organization shall go the greatest way, that any preventive power can go, in preventing their apprehensions from being realized. Madness the increase of mental power!—it is no such thing! It is the drawing off of power from other faculties, and the placing too much upon that which had before got more than was sufficient.

The tenets I have thus ventured to advocate, teach us forcibly the great Christian doctrine of charity and forbearance. We are too apt (I here again repeat myself) to make our own condition the measure of others, not taking into account the maxim of the Great Teacher—"To pluck out first the mote which is in our own eye." There may be want of coincidence in feeling and judgment on particular affairs, while the quantum of moral and intellectual strength may be alike. Husbands, recollect that your wives' anger, as opposed to your coolness, may not be an iota worse than the quality on which you complacently feel superior. Wives, remember that you must alter your husbands' conformation ere you can expect his plans and his conduct to be such as you entirely approve. Masters, before you hastily pass condemnation on your servants, consider that had you been in the circumstances which have moulded their heads and marred their characters, you might have been even worse than them. Schoolmasters, before you think of the birch and the glutæi muscles, look to the principles that are still more fundamental than those upon which you have hitherto proceeded. Carefully and Craniologically attend to the nice distinctions between dulness and idleness, between general cleverness and particular capacity. And you wholesome contemners of vice and immorality, ask yourselves whether, organised and circumstanced like the wretches you despise, and condemn, and punish, you might not have yielded (though *nothing* could justify such yielding) to the same temporary temptations and urgent motives under which the creatures of your wrath have unfortunately succumbed? Lastly, let us all recollect that we have a great deal to do, and to suffer, and to submit to, and to war against, before we may allow ourselves to apply with any, even the smallest degree of propriety, to our own case, the apostolic language, "I have fought the good fight."

TO MAY. BY LEIGH HUNT.

May, thou month of rosy beauty,
Month, when pleasure is a duty;
Month of maids that milk the kine,
Bosom rich, and breath divine;
Month of bees, and month of flowers,
Month of blossom-laden bowers;
Month of little hands with daisies,
Lovers' love, and poets' praises;
O thou merry month complete,
May, thy very name is sweet!
May was *maid* in olden times,
And is still in Scottish rhymes;
May 's the blooming hawthorn bough;
May 's the month that's laughing now.
I no sooner write the word,
Than it seems as though it heard,
And looks up, and laughs at me,
Like a sweet face, rosily;
Like an actual colour bright,
Flushing from the paper's white;
Like a bride that knows her power,
Started in a summer bower.

If the rains that do us wrong,
Come to keep the winter long,
And deny us thy sweet looks,
I can love thee, sweet, in books;
Love thee in the poets' pages,
Where they keep thee green for ages;
Love and read thee, as a lover
Reads his lady's letters over,
Breathing blessings on the art,
Which commingles those that part.

There is May in books for ever;
May will part from Spenser never;
May 's in Milton, May 's in Prior,
May 's in Chaucer, Thomson, Dyer;
May 's in all the Italian books;
She has old and modern nooks,
Where she sleeps with nymphs and elves
In happy places they call shelves,
And will rise, and dress your rooms
With a drapery thick with blooms.

Come, ye rains, then, if ye will,
May 's at home, and with me still:
But come rather thou, good weather,
And find us in the fields together.

THE INDICATOR.

"There is a bird in the interior of Africa, whose habits would rather seem to belong to the interior of Fairy-land; but they have been well authenticated. It indicates to honey-hunters where the nests of wild-bees are to be found. It calls them with a cheerful cry, which they answer; and on finding itself recognised, flies and hovers over a hollow tree containing the honey. While they are occupied in collecting it, the bird goes to a little distance, where he observes all that passes; and the hunters, when they have helped themselves, take care to leave him his portion of the food."—This is the Cuculus Indicator of Linnæus, otherwise called the Moroc, Bee Cuckoo, or Honey Bird.

> "There he arriving round about doth flie,
> And takes survey with busy, curious eye:
> Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly."—Spenser.

No. LXXXIX. Tuesday, May 1st, 1832.

Life in May.—Butterflies, Bees, &c.—With the Consideration of a Curious Argument, drawn from the Government of the Hive.

Some of the readers of "The New Monthly" will probably recollect a little weekly paper under the above title, which appeared twelve or thirteen years back, and was not unpopular. Its object, after the fashion of its namesake, was to point out pleasant food for reflection, whether in books, in nature, or among congregations of men; to refresh the memories of some; to inform (as well as it could) others; to read over again with the lovers of books their favourite passages; to give unlearned but intellectual readers a taste of the beauties to be found in some other languages; and, above all, to fetch out the treasures that lie round about us in objects that familiarity induces us to pass over; and to assist in putting the human spirit in its healthiest state of hope and imagination. The book has been long out of print, but not altogether forgotten. Those who have inquired after it will not be sorry to hear, that the greater portion is about to be republished; and meanwhile, the Author has been encouraged, in a manner extremely flattering to him, to believe, that a continuation of the papers, through the present medium, would be regarded with something of the feeling that accompanies the return of an old friend. He has, therefore, taken up the series from a brief continuation of it which appeared in "The Literary Examiner;" and in proceeding enter upon his eighty-ninth number, feels like one of his name of the woods, whose call has been stopped by untoward circumstances, but who now renews it in the right season, and has taken a new lease of his honied lodge.

For, dear Reader, as to supposing Indicators "exhaustible," it might as well be said, that sounds, and sights, and appetites are exhaustible. We have not yet exhausted any one subject we have written upon. And how should we, seeing that the older one grows, the more one sees; and that if a man were to devote his life to any one aspect of nature, he would never get through all that is to be found in it? Why, the very book-stalls are inexhaustible; and it would be bold in the nicest observer to say, that the oldest things did not contain more new things than old. A single gleam of light may show us what we never observed before. A single change of position in the object makes it a novelty. And then there is the mere fact of painting any thing truly. Have all the objects in the world, and their accidents (as the painters call them) been painted? Have all

their surrounding circumstances, and the light in which they may be viewed? Not one-millionth of a hundred-millionth part. We shall be very well content with getting at one or two corners of the least portion of it, and shall have enough to do with exhausting a bit of those. Here, for instance, is this month of May, with its cuckoos, its bees, its foliage, its flowers, its ankle-deep buttercups, and all that renders it delightful in reality and in fancy. We intend to say nothing about it that we have said before: but do we mean the less on that account to enjoy it again, and to celebrate it, and to live in its life? Not we.

Verily, Reader, if thou hearest our cousin, the cuckoo, he is telling you, not what the wicked poet says he is, but the same thing as the Indicators of the hive—he is informing you where honey is to be found, the sweets of fresh air, and the beautiful country. We have heard him in the suburb gardens, coming to our very doors, getting nearer and nearer to us, like a child pulling at its mother's gown, and asking her why she does not go out. Every cuckoo is, on this account, a "bee-cuckoo, or honey-bird." And as he is accustomed to be invisible, you may think what you like of him, provided you think handsomely. This is his payment for his honey. In reality, or rather in one sort of reality, the colours of his body are well known; but in imagination, or the other reality, you may and do paint him as you will: at least, we do. We never cease to fancy him in connexion with the colour of yellow, like that of the cowslips. He is a beautiful yellow bird, depend upon it, as surely as he sings of those flowers and the meadows; and he conceals himself, in order that we may make him of what colour we please, as well as to invite us to look at nature. He is the flute that nature plays, to call us back to childhood and joy. We have such a regard for him, that we love even his wooden shadow—the cuckoo in the clock; and not the less for its vivifying the homeliest parlour in a city corner. Spring and summer start up at the sound, and throw open the little room into a breathing expanse, glittering with bright green, odorous with blossoms, and azure with heaven. Furthermore, it reminds us of the impartiality of our own pretensions, and of our disposition to awaken vernal thoughts in the most unexpected places.

It is said that life is in its most vital state in the month of May. The birds, the beasts, the fish, the bees and butterflies, are all at work, and incite our imaginations to be with them, and see what they are about. The swiftest of the swallows has come among us; the lark is loud up in the air; the cuckoo has a note, ripe as the sunny noon; the bat is in the twilight, the glow-worm in the evening, the nightingale in the depth of night. The perfect maturity of summer is not arrived, but the exuberance is hardly less, and the freshness is greater. We speak of a fine May, such as deserves the name, and not one in which we look out of window, from a room with a great fire in it, and pity the cold trees. We mean true out-of-door May, full of happy blossoms, and such a sense of life throughout it, as makes our own vivacity run over, and sympathise with every living thing. Take a dog with you now, and see how he will scamper about the fields, running ten miles to every half a one that you walk. Hear the lark, how unable he seems to vent the strength and superabundance of his delight! Look at the rich tranquillity of the cattle

in the grass! In the corner of that garden is a hive; and half a dozen butterflies are quivering their white colours over the pinks of this.

Alexander said, that if he were not Alexander, he should wish to be Diogenes. Reader, what sort of animal would you be, if you were obliged to be one, and were not a man?

Irish Reader:—A woman.

Oh, ho! The choice is judicious, but not to the purpose, "you divil:"—we mean, out of the pale of the species. Consider the question, dear Readers, and answer it to your friends and consciences. The pastime is pretty, and fetches out the character. Nor is there any thing in it unworthy the dignity of your humanity, as that liberal term may show us, without farther reasons. Animals partake with us the gifts of song, and beauty, and the affections. They beat us in some things, as in the power of flight. The dove has the wings of the angel. The meanest reptile has eyes and limbs, as well as Nicholas, Emperor of all the Russias. Sir Philip Sidney tells us of a riding-master at Vienna, who expatiated so eloquently on the qualities of the noble animal he had to deal with, that he almost persuaded our illustrious countryman to wish himself a horse. A year or two back, everybody in London that had a voice, was resolved upon being "a butterfly, born in a bower:" and Goldsmith had such a tendency to sympathize with the least sympathetic part of the creation, that he took a pleasure in fancying himself writing an autobiography of fish. It was the inconsiderate laugh of Johnson, upon his mention of it, that produced that excellent retort on the Doctor's grandiosity of style: "If you were to describe little fish conversing, you would make them talk like great whales."

How different from the sensations of mankind, with its delicate skin apprehensive fingers, must be those of feathered and scaled animals, of animals with hoofs and claws, and of such creatures as beetles and other insects, who live in coats of mail, have twenty feet a piece, and hundreds of eyes! A writer who should make these creatures talk, would be forced, in spite of his imagination, to write parts of his account in a jargon, in order to typify what he could not express. What must be their sensations when they awake; when they spin webs; when they wrap themselves up in the chrysalis; when they stick for hours together on a wall or a pane of glass, apparently stupid and insensible? What may not the eagle see in the sky, beyond the capabilities of our vision? And on the other hand, what possibilities of visible existence round about them may they not realize; what creatures not cognizable by our senses? There is reason to believe in the existence of myriads of earthly creatures, who are not conscious of the presence of man. Why may not man be unconscious of others, even at his side? There are minute insects that evidently know nothing of the human hand that is close to them; and millions in water and in air that apparently can have no conception of us. As little may our five senses be capable of knowing others. But what, it may be asked, is the good of these speculations? To enlarge knowledge, and vivify the imagination. The universe is not made up of hosiery and the three per cents.; no, nor even of the Court Guide.

Sir Thomas Brown would not have thought it beneath him to ask,

what all those innumerable little gentry (we mean the insects) are about, between our breakfast and dinner; how the time passes in the solitudes of America, or the depths of the Persian gulf; or what they are doing even, towards three in the afternoon, in the planet Mercury. Without going so far as that for an enlargement of our being, it will do us no harm to sympathize with as many beings as we can. It gives us the privilege of the dervise, who could pitch himself into the animals he killed, and become a stag or a bird. We know not what sort of a fish Goldsmith could have made of himself. La Fontaine's animals are all La Fontaine, at least in their way of talking. As far as luxury goes, and a total absence from human cares, nobody has painted animal enjoyment better than the most luxurious of all poets, Spenser, in the description of his Butterfly. La Fontaine called himself the Butterfly of Parnassus; but we defy him to have produced anything like the abundance and continuity of the following picture, which is exuberant to a degree that makes our astonishment run over in laughter. It seems as if it would never leave off. We quote the whole of it, both on this account, and because we believe it to be unique of the kind. Ovid himself is not so long, nor so fine in any one of his descriptions, which are also not seldom misplaced,—a charge that does not attach here: and Marino, another exuberant genius of the South of Italy, is too apt to run the faults of Ovid to seed, without having some of his good qualities. Spenser is describing a butterfly, bound upon his day's pleasure. A common observer sees one of these beautiful little creatures flutter across a garden, thinks how pretty and sprightly it is, and there his observation comes to an end. Now mark what sort of report a poet can give in, even of the luxuries of a fly:

> Thus the fresh Clarion, being readie dight,
>   Unto his journey did himselfe addresse,
> And with good speed began to take his flight
>   Over the fields, *in his franke lustinesse;*
> And *all* the champaine o'er he soared light,
>   And *all* the countrey wide he did *possesse*,
> Feeding upon their pleasures bounteouslie,
> That none gainsaid, nor none did him envie.
>
> The woods, the rivers, and the medowes greene,
>   With his aire-cutting wings he measured wide,
> Ne did he leave the mountaines bare unseene,
>   Nor *the ranke grassie fennes delights* untride.
> But none of these, however sweet they beene,
>   Mote please his fancie, nor him cause t' abide:
> His choicefull sense with every change doth flit:
> No common things may please a wavering wit.
>
> To the gay gardins his unstaid desire
>   Him wholly carried, to refresh his sprights:
> There lavish Nature, in her best attire,
>   Powres forth sweet odors and alluring sights;
> And Arte, with her contending, doth aspire
>   T' excell the naturall with made delights:
> And all, that faire or pleasant may be found,
> In *riotous excesse* doth there abound.
>
> There he arriving, round about doth flie,
>   From bed to bed, from one to other border;
> And takes survey, with curious busie eye,
>   Of every flowre and herbe there set in order;

Now this, now that, *he tasteth tenderly*,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Ne with his feete their silken leaves deface,
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And evermore, with most varietie,
And change of sweetnesse (for all change *is* sweet)
He casts his *glutton sense* to satisfie,
Now sucking of the sap of herbe most meet,
Or of the dew, which yet on them does lie;
Now in the same *bathing his tender feet:*
And then he percheth on some branch thereby,
To weather him, and his moyst wings to dry.

And then again *he turneth to his play,*
To spoil the pleasures of that paradise;
The wholesome sage, the lavender still grey,
Rank-smelling rue, and cummin good for eyes,
The roses raigning in the pride of May,
Sharp hyssop good for green wounds remedies,
Faire marigoldes, and *bees-alluring* thyme,
Sweet marjoram, and daysies decking prime:

Cool violets, and orpine growing still,
Embathed balm, and chearful galingale,
Fresh costmarie, and breathfull camomill,
Dull poppy, and drink-quickening setuale,
Veyne-healing verven, and head-purging dill,
Sound savorie, and basil hartie-hale,
Fat coleworts, and comforting perseline,
Cool lettuce, and refreshing rosmarine:

And whatso else of vertue good or ill
Grew in this gardin, *fetch'd from far away,*
Of *every* one he takes, and tastes at will,
And on their pleasures *greedily doth prey.*
Then when he hath both plaid, and fed his fill,
In the warme sunne he doth himselfe embay,
And there him rests in *riotous suffisaunce*
Of all his gladfulness, *and kingly joyaunce.*

Nothing, it might be supposed, could be said after this: and yet the poet strikes up a question, in a tone like a flourish of trumpets, after this royal dinner:—

What more felicitie can fall to creature,
Than to enjoy delight with libertie,
And to be lord of all the workes of Nature?
To raigne in the aire from th' earth to highest skie,
To feed on flowres, *and weedes of glorious feature?*
To take whatever thing doth please the eye!
Who rests not pleased with such happiness,
Well worthy he to taste of wretchedness."

Amen, thou most satisfying of poets! But when are human beings to be as well off in that matter as the butterflies? or how are you to make them content, should the time come when they have nothing to earn? However, there is a vast deal to be learned from the poet's recommendation, before we need ask either of those questions. We may enjoy a great deal more innocent "delight with liberty" than we are in the habit of doing, and may be lords, if not of "all the works of nature," of a great many green fields and reasonable holidays. It seems a mighty thing to call a butterfly "lord of all the

works of nature." Many lords, who have pretensions to be butterflies, have no pretensions as wide as those. And, doubtless, there is a pleasant little lurking of human pride and satire, in the poet's eye, notwithstanding his epical impartiality, when he talks thus of the universal empire of his hero. And yet how inferior are the grandest inanimate works of nature, to the least thing that has life in it! The oaks are mighty, and the hills mightier; yet that little participation of the higher spirit of vitality, which gifts the butterfly with locomotion, renders him unquestionable lord of the oaks and the hills. He does what he pleases with them, and leaves them with a spurn of his foot.

Another beauty to be noted in the above luxurious lines, is the fine sense with which the poet makes his butterfly fond of things which are not very pleasant to our human apprehension—bitter herbs, and "rank, grassy fens." And like a right great poet, he makes no apology for saying so much about so little a creature. Man may be made a very little creature to a very great apprehension, yet we know what a world of things he contains; and all who partake of his senses, are sharers of his importance. The passions and faculties which render us of consequence to one another, render the least thing that breathes of consequence in the eyes of the poet, who is the man that sees fair play among all the objects of the creation. A poetaster might be afraid to lower his little muse, by making her notice creatures hardly less than herself: the greater the poet, the more godlike his impartiality. Homer draws his similes, as Jupiter might have done, from some of the homeliest animals. The god made them, and therefore would have held them in due estimation: the poet (Ποιητης, the Maker) *re-makes* them, and therefore contemplates them in a like [illegible]d Kit Marlowe, who, as Drayton says—

> "Had in him those brave sublunary things
> That the first poets had,"—

ventures, in some play of his, upon as true and epic a simile as ever was written, taken from no mightier a sphere than one of his parlour windows:—

> ——"Untameable as flies."

Imagine the endeavour to *tame a fly!* It is obvious that there is no getting at him: he does not comprehend you! he knows nothing about you: it is doubtful, in spite of his large eyes, whether he even sees you; at least to any purpose of recognition. How capriciously and provokingly he glides hither and thither! What angles and diagrams he describes in his locomotion, seemingly without any purpose! He will peg away at your sugar, but stop him who can when he has done with it. Thumping (if you could get some fairy-stick that should do it with impunity) would have no effect on a creature, who shall bump his head half the morning at a pane of glass, and never learn that there is no getting through it. Solitary imprisonment would be lost on the incomprehensible little wretch, who can stand still with as much pertinacity as he can bustle about, and will stick a whole day in one posture. The best thing to be said of him is, that he is as fond of cleaning himself as a cat, doing it much in the same manner: and that he often rubs his hands together with an appearance of great energy and satisfaction.

After all, Spenser's picture of the butterfly's enjoyments is not complete, entomologically. The luxury is perfect; but the reader is not sure that it is all proper butterfly luxury, and that the man does not mix with it. It is not the definite, exclusive, and characteristic thing desiderated by Goldsmith. The butterfly, perhaps, is no fonder of "bathing his feet," than we should be to stick in a tub of treacle. And we ought to hear more of his antennæ and his feathers (for his wings are full of them), and the way in which they modify, or become affected by his enjoyments.

But on the other hand, the inability, in these sympathies with our fellow-creatures, to divest ourselves of an overplus of one's human nature, gives them a charm by the very imperfection. We cannot leave our nature behind us, when we enter into their sensations. We must retain it, by the very reason of our sympathy; and hence arises a pleasant incongruity, allied to other mixtures of truth and fiction. Of the animals which a generous and sociable man would soonest become, is a dog. A dog can have a friend; he has affections and character; he can enjoy equally the field and the fireside; he dreams, he caresses, he propitiates; he offends, and is pardoned; he stands by you in adversity; he is a good fellow. We would sooner be a dog than many of his masters. And yet what lover of dogs, or contemner of his own species, or most trusting reader of Ovid, could think with comfort of suddenly falling on all fours, and scampering about with his nose to the ground! Who would like to *lap* when he was thirsty; or, as Marvell pretended his hungry poet did—

"With griesly tongue to dart the passing flies?"

Swift might have fancied, when he wrote his Houhhynnms, that he could fain have been a horse; yet he was obliged to take human virtues along with him, even to adorn his rebukers of humanity; and in fancying ourself a horse after his fashion, who can contemplate with satisfaction the idea of trotting to an evening party in a paddock, inviting them to a dinner of oats, or rubbing one's meditative chin with a hoof? The real horse is a beautiful and spirited, but we fear not a very intelligent or sensitive animal, at least not in England. The Arabian, brought up with his master's family, is of another breeding, and seems to attain to higher faculties; but in Europe, the horse appears to be content with as few ideas, as a domestic animal can well have. Who would like to stand winking, as he do for hours, at a man's door, moving neither to the right nor the left? There is some companionship in a coach-horse; and old "Indicator" readers know the respect we entertain on that account for the veriest hacks: but it would be no stretch of ambition in the greatest lover of animals to prefer being a horse to any other. One of its pleasantest occupations would be carrying a lady; but then, pleasant as it would be to us, humanly, we should be dull to it, inasmuch as we were a horse. A monkey is too like a man in some things, to be endurable as an identification with us. We shudder at the humiliation of the affinity. A monkey, in his feather and red jacket, as he is carried about the streets, eager-faced yet indifferent—looks like a melancholy, little, withered old man, cut down to that miniature size by some freak of the supernatural. What say you, reader, to being a hog? Horrible! You could not think of it:—you are too great a lover of the graces

and the green fields. True;—yet there are not a few respectable, perhaps even reverend personages, who, to judge from their tastes in ordinary, would have any such horror. Next to eating pork, they may surely think there would be a pleasure in pork, eating. Sheep, goats, cattle of all sorts, have their repulsive aspect in this question. An elephant's trunk is in the way, to say nothing of his ungainly size. Among all our four-footed acquaintances, the deer seem to carry it, next the dog; their shapes are so elegant, and places of resort so poetical; yet, like cattle, their lives seem but dull;—and there is the huntsman, who is the devil. Fancy the being compelled to scamper away from Tomkins, one of the greatest fools in existence, at the rate of twenty miles an hour, with the tears running down your face, and your heart bursting!

No, dear and grave, and at the same time most sprightly and miscellaneous reader, one would rather be a bird than a beast. Birds neither offend us by any revolting similarity, nor repel us by a dissimilarity that is frightful; their songs, their nests, their courtship, their vivacity, give them a strong moral likeness to some of our most pleasing characteristics; and they have an advantage over us, which forms one of the desires of our most poetical dreams—they fly. To be sure, in spite of what is said of doves (who, by the way, are horribly jealous, and beat one another), beaks and kissing do not go so well together as lips; neither would it be very agreeable to one's human head to be eternally jerking on this side and that, as if on guard against an enemy; but that, we suppose, only takes place out of the nest, and in the neighbourhood of known adversaries. The songs, the wings, the flight, the rising of the lark, the luxurious wakefulness of the nightingale, the beauty of a bird's movements, his infantine quickness of life, are all charming to the imagination. "O that I had the wings of a dove!" said the royal poet in his affliction; "then would I fly away, and be at rest!" He did not think only of the "wings" of the dove; he thought of its nest, its peacefulness, its solitude, its white freedom from the soil of care and cities, and wished to be the dove itself.

It has been thought, however, that of all animated creation, the bees present the greatest moral likeness to man; not only because they labour, and lay up stores, and live in communities, but because they have a form of government and a monarchy. Virgil immortalised them after a human fashion. A writer in the time of Elizabeth, probably out of compliment to the Virgin Queen, rendered them *dramatis personæ*, and gave them a whole play to themselves. Above all, they have been held up to us, not only as a likeness, but as "a great moral lesson;" and this, not merely with regard to the duties of occupation, but the form of their polity. A monarchical government, it is said, is natural to man, because it is an instinct of nature: the very bees have it.

It may be worth while to inquire a moment into the value of this argument; not as affecting the right and title of our Sovereign Lord King William the Fourth (whom, with the greatest sincerity, we hope God will preserve!), but for its own sake, as well as for certain little collateral deductions. And, in the first place, we cannot but remark how unfairly the animal creation are treated, with reference to the

purposes of moral example. We degrade or exalt them, as it suits the lesson we desire to inculcate. If we rebuke a drunkard or a sensualist, we think we can say nothing severer to him than to recommend him not to make "a beast of himself;" which is very unfair towards the beasts, who are no drunkards, and behave themselves as Nature intended. A horse has no habit of drinking; he does not get a red face with it. The stag does not go reeling home to his wives. On the other hand, we are desired to be as faithful as a dog, as bold as a lion, as tender as a dove; as if the qualities denoted by these epithets were not to be found among ourselves. But above all, the bee is the argument. Is not the honey-bee, we are asked, a wise animal?—We grant it.—"Doth he not improve each passing hour?"—He is pretty busy, it must be owned—as much occupied at eleven, twelve, and one o'clock, as if his life depended on it.—Does he not lay up stores?—He does.—Is he not social? Does he not live in communities?—There can be no doubt of it.—Well, then, he has a monarchical government; and does not that clearly show that a monarchy is the instinct of nature? Does it not prove, by an unerring rule, that the only form of government in request among the obeyers of instinct, is the only one naturally fitted for man?

In answering the spirit of this question, we shall not stop to inquire how far it is right as to the letter, or how many different forms of polity are to be found among other animals, such as the crows, the beavers, the monkeys; neither shall we examine how far instinct is superior to reason, or why the example of man himself is to go for nothing. We will take for granted, that the bee is the wisest animal of all, and that it is a judicious thing to consider his manners and customs, with reference to their adoption by his inferiors, who keep him in hives. This naturally leads us to inquire, whether we could not frame all our systems of life after the same fashion. We are busy, like the bee; we are gregarious, like him; we make provision against a rainy day; we are fond of flowers and the country; we occasionally sting, like him; and we make a great noise about what we do. Now, if we resemble the bee in so many points, and his political instinct is so admirable, let us reflect what we ought to become in other respects, in order to attain to the full benefit of his example.

In the first place, having chosen our monarch (who, by the way, in order to complete the likeness, ought always to be a queen—which is a thing to which the Tories will have no objection), we must abolish our Houses of Lords and Commons; for the bees have, unquestionably, no such institutions. This would be a little awkward for many of the stoutest advocates of the monarchical principle, who, to say the truth, often behave as if they would much rather abolish the monarch than themselves But so it must be; and the worst of it is, that although the House of Commons would have to be abolished, as well as the House of Lords, the Commons or Commonalty are nevertheless the only persons, besides the sovereign, who would exercise power; and these Commons would be the working classes!

We shall show this more particularly, and by some very curious examples, in a moment. Meantime we must dispose of the Aristocracy; for though there is no House of Lords in a bee-hive, there is

a considerable Aristocracy, and a very odd body they are. We doubt whether the Dukes of Newcastle and Buccleugh would like to change places with them. There is, it is true, no little resemblance between the Aristocracy of the hive and that of human communities. They are called Drones, and appear to have nothing to do but to feed and sleep.

We have just been doubting whether the celebrated phrase, *fruges consumere nati*, born to consume the fruits of the earth, is in Juvenal's Satires, or Virgil's Georgics: so like in this respect are the Aristocracy of the bee-hive, and certain consumers of tithes and taxes. At all events, they are a body who live altogether on the labour of others,

> "Armento ignavo, e che non vuol fatica."

But the likeness has been too often remarked to need dwelling upon. Not so two little exceptions to the likeness; namely, the occasional selection of a patriarch from their body, and the massacre of every man John of them once a-year! Yet of these we must not lose sight, if we are to take example of bee-policy. A lover then, or *ex-officio* husband, is occasionally taken out of their number, and becomes Prince of Denmark to the Queen Anne of the hive, but only for an incredibly short period, and for the sole purpose of keeping alive the nation; for her Majesty is a Princess of a very virtuous turn of mind, a pure Utilitarian though on a throne; and apparently has the greatest indifference, if not contempt, afterwards, and at all other times, for this singular court-officer and his peers. Nay, there is not only reason to believe, that like the fine lady in Congreve,

> "She stares upon the strange man's face,
> Like one she ne'er had known;"

but some are of opinion, that the poor lord never recovers it! He dies at the end of a few days, out of sheer insignificance; though perhaps the father of no less than twelve thousand children in the space of two months! It is not safe for him to have known such exaltation; as was sometimes the case with the lovers of goddesses. How the aristocracy in general feel, on occasion of their brother's death, we have no means of judging; but we may fancy them not a little alarmed, and desirous of waiving the perilous honour. And yet they appear to exist and to be numerous, solely in order to eat and drink, and furnish this rare quota of utility; for which the community are so little grateful, that once a year they hunt the whole body to death, and kill them with their stings. Drones, be it observed, have no stings; they do not carry swords, as the gentry once did in Europe, when it was a mark of their rank. Those, strange to tell, are the ornaments of the bee working-classes. It is thought, in Hivedom, they only are entitled to have weapons, who create property.

But we have not yet got half through the wonders, which are to modify human conduct by the example of this wise, industrious, and monarchy-loving people. Marvellous changes must be effected, before we have any general pretension to resemble them, always excepting in the aristocratic particular. For instance, the aristocrats of the hive, however unmasculine in their ordinary mode of life, are the only males. The working-classes, like the sovereign, are all females! How are we to manage this? We must convert, by one sudden metamorphosis, the whole body of our agricultural and manufacturing

population into women! Mrs. Cobbett must displace her husband, and tell us all about Indian corn. There must be not a man in Nottingham, except the Duke of Newcastle; and he trembling lest the Queen should send for him. The tailors, bakers, carpenters, gardeners, &c. must all be Mrs. Tailors and Mrs. Bakers. The very name of John Smith must go out. The Directory must be Amazonian. This Commonalty of women must also be, at one and the same time, the operatives, the soldiers, the virgins, and the legislators of the country! They must make all we want, fight all our enemies, and even get up a Queen for us when necessary; for the sovereigns of the hive are often of singular origin, being manufactured! literally "made to order," and that too by dint of their eating! They are fed and stuffed into royalty! The receipt is, to take any ordinary female bee in its infancy, put it into a royal cradle or cell, and feed it with a certain kind of jelly; upon which its shape alters into that of sovereignty, and her Majesty issues forth, royal by the grace of stomach. This is no fable, as the reader may see on consulting any good history of bees. In general, several Queen-bees are made at a time, in case of accidents; but each, on emerging from her apartment, seeks to destroy the other, and one only remains living in one hive. The others depart at the head of colonies, like Dido.

To sum up then the conditions of human society, were it to be re-modelled after the example of the bee, let us conclude with drawing a picture of the state of our beloved country, so modified. Imprimis, all our working people would be females, wearing swords, never marrying, and occasionally making queens. They would grapple with their work in a prodigious manner, and make a great noise. Secondly, our aristocracy would be all males, never working, never marrying, (except when sent for,) always eating or sleeping, and annually having their throats cut. The bee-massacre takes place in July; when accordingly all our nobility and gentry would be out of town, with a vengeance! The women would draw their swords, and hunt and stab them all about the West end, till Brompton and Bayswater would be choked with slain.

Thirdly, her Majesty the Queen would either succeed to a quiet throne, or, if manufactured, would have to eat a prodigious quantity of jelly in her infancy; and so after growing into proper sovereign condition, would issue forth, and begin her reign either with killing her royal sisters, or leading forth a colony to America or New South Wales. She would then take to husband some noble lord for the space of one calendar hour, and dismissing him to his dullness, proceed to lie in of 12,000 little royal highnesses in the course of the eight following weeks, with others too numerous to mention; all which princely generation, with little exception, would forthwith give up their title, and divide themselves into lords or working-women as it happened; and so the story would go round to the end of the chapter, bustling, working, and massacring:—and here ends the sage example of the Monarchy of the Bees.

We must observe nevertheless, before we conclude, that however ill and tragical the example of the bees may look for human imitation, we are not to suppose that the fact is anything like so melancholy to themselves. Perhaps it is no evil at all, or only so for the moment.

The drones, it is true, seem to have no fancy for being massacred; but we have no reason to suppose, that they, or any of the rest concerned in this extraordinary instinct, are aware of the matter beforehand; and the same is to be said of the combats between the Queen-bees; they appear to be the result of an irresistible impulse, brought about by the sudden pressure of a necessity. Bees appear to be very happy, during far the greater portion of their existence. A modern writer, of whom it is to be lamented that a certain want of refinement stopped short his perceptions, and degraded his philosophy from the finally expedient into what was fugitively so, has a passage on this point, as agreeable as what he is speaking of. "A bee among the flowers in spring," says Dr. Paley, "is one of the cheerfullest objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment, *so busy and so pleased.*"

TO A FLOWER BROUGHT FROM THE FIELD OF GRUTLI.*

If, by the wood-fire's blaze,
  When Winter-stars gleam cold,
The glorious tales of older days
  May proudly yet be told;
Forget not then the shepherd-race,
Who made the hearth a holy place! — Swiss Song.

Whence art thou, flower?—from holy ground
  Where freedom's foot hath been!
Yet bugle-blast or trumpet-sound
  Ne'er shook that solemn scene.

Flower of a noble field!—thy birth
  Was not where spears have cross'd,
And shiver'd helms have strewn the earth
  Midst banners won and lost:

But, where the sunny hues and showers
  Unto thy cup were given,
There met high hearts at midnight hours,
  Pure hands were rais'd to heaven.

And vows were pledg'd, that man should roam,
  Through every Alpine dell,
Free as the wind, the torrent's foam,
  The shaft of William Tell!

And prayer—the full deep flow of prayer,
  Hallow'd the pastoral sod,
And souls grew strong for battle there,
  Nerv'd with the peace of God.

Before the Alps and stars they knelt,
  That calm, devoted band;
And rose, and made their spirits felt,
  Through all the mountain land.

Then welcome Grütli's free-born flower!
  Even in thy pale decay,
There dwells a breath, a tone, a power,
  Which all high thoughts obey. — F. H.

* The field beside the Lake of the Four Cantons, where the "Three Tells," as the Swiss call the fathers of their liberty, took the oath of redeeming Switzerland from the Austrian yoke.

AN EARTHQUAKE.

It was in the middle of the month of November, nearly approaching the Midsummer of the southern temperate zone, that after a few days' absence on a visit to the skirts of the Andes, I returned to my rustic dwelling, situated in a small valley, but out of view of the sea-coast of one of the central provinces of Chile. Two hours after sunset I watched the moon slowly rise over the distant mountain-range, and sail upwards into the clear blue starry vault, when, closing the door of my apartment, and shutting out the world, I betook myself to my accustomed studies, with a keener relish, after my few days' privation from them, and the rude life I had been leading. It was luxury, and doubly so, when contrasted with the ordinary Spanish dwellings, merely constructed as a shelter from the sun by day and the dews by night, without any regard to those inner arrangements, usually designated by the word comfort. The nights, on the sea-coast of Chile, frequently feel cool after the heat of the day merely by contrast; and therefore a few sticks of aromatic wood were burning in the chimney, diffusing a delightful odour, while on the skin of the *Puma*, or silver lion, which served as a hearth-rug, reclined a beautiful black greyhound, and a large white setter, with the accustomed quietude, which was the condition of their being allowed to remain. My books were all around me: the olive-oil burned brightly in the lamp, and gave forth a chastened light, while not a sound was heard save the gentle breathing of the dogs. Some flowers which a little child had brought as a present, were in a jar before me, delighting alike with their hues and odour; and, with every corporeal sense either gratified or quiescent, my mind was in the mood to give to thought the most perfect shape my physical organisation would admit of.

I had opened the volume of an ancient sage, and after long pondering on the mazy intricacies encountered in the search after the principle of life, took my pen to note down some of the peculiar attributes of the human variety of the animal race, amongst which, man reigns triumphant and unquestioned, either singly or in numbers. I finished my task, and plunged still deeper into the abyss of thought, utterly unconscious of every thing around me, when I was suddenly awakened from my reverie by the short, quick, single bark of the vigilant greyhound, who pricked up her delicate ears, and fixed her snake-like dark eyes upon my face. I must here remark, in spite of all attempts and struggles to stave off digression, that whenever I hear the quotation from Imogen—

"Oh for a horse with wings!"

My imagination instantly conjures up a symmetric black greyhound grown to the size of an Arab steed. Could any delight transcend that of scouring an endless and unbroken green plain thus mounted? But to return. At the bark of the greyhound, the setter lazily lifted his head, and then both sprang rapidly to their feet. Then I remarked a low rumbling sound, and the faint trembling of the lamp upon the table. It was an earthquake; but I had experienced so many of these slight shocks at different periods, and during the preceding month as often

as four times, that I paid no attention to it; and, rating the dogs, I again took up my pen. But the motion gradually increased, and the lamp was thrown down; on which I sprang up, intending to gain the open air. As I rose, I staggered like a man who has newly entered on ship-board; a violent lateral motion was felt from north to south, with incessant heavy vibrations; then it changed its direction to east and west, and afterwards became a continuous whirl, constantly increasing in violence. By a strong effort I gained the door, which opened outwards, and my hand was upon the lock, but a piece of furniture which stood in the lobby had fallen against it in a diagonal position, so that I was unable to force it open. Still the motion continued to increase, and I turned round thinking to gain an opposite door, but with a crash, as if earth had been rent to its centre, and a shock, such as the imagination might liken to that of a falling comet, the frame-work of the dwelling bent to its base, and all that was frangible or moveable, was broken and whelmed together in sudden chaos. My senses for a time forsook me, as I was buried beneath the weight of a bookcase loaded with several hundred volumes.

When my senses returned, I found myself half suffocated with dust and smoke. It was with considerable difficulty that I forced my way upwards through the mass of books, plaster, broken bricks, and the ruins of the ceiling, chimney, and furniture, combined; I reeled with the effects of the blow, suffocation, and the still continued rocking of the earth. On my hands and knees I again reached the door, and found that with the violence of the shock, the piece of furniture had again shifted its position, while the door had been torn from its hinges, so that I gained the lobby. Fortunately, the outer door had been left open, and I emerged, half stifled, upon the terrace, to inhale the fresh air. When I looked round, I beheld a number of peasants, who had been engaged in a Rosary, or procession in honour of the Virgin; men and women, huddled together on their knees upon the bare earth, beating their breasts and calling upon her sainted name. The trembling of the earth still continued, but the violence of the shock had apparently passed away. The appearance of the sky was bright as ever, and the moon shone smilingly; I looked forth upon what had been the surface of a large lake, but the water had disappeared, and a deep black gulf was all that remained, broken, round its edges, into chasms that would have entombed horses and riders in their dark abysses. Not a sound was heard from the water-birds, and the horses, which the votaries of the Virgin had fastened to the rails around, stood trembling and shivering as if in stupor at the strange visitation, beyond the comprehension of their limited faculties.

Scarce two minutes had elapsed, ere the trembling again increased so violently, that I was unable to keep my legs. The earth heaved beneath me like a ship in a heavy gale of wind; and large masses of sand rolled down from the topmost steeps of some near sand-hills, like avalanches; my view was turned towards the lake, and I beheld the water again vomited forth from its hidden depths, in innumerable dense masses, to a considerable height, whence it descended in a white foam. The scared people deemed that the ocean was about to burst in upon them, and their wild screams echoed with appalling horror upon the night breeze. Knowing that the lake communicated with

the sea, the conclusion seemed probable; and the circumstance of that remarkable fact having occurred in several earthquakes in Chile, Peru, Italy, and various other places, instantly rushed upon my memory. I looked at the still falling masses of sand, and called to the people to cross the hollow of the valley with me, and ascend the comparatively firm hill opposite. But the only answer was their renewed wild outcries, accompanied by an increased convulsive shock. A herd of several hundred black-cattle now swept by from seaward, aud rushed towards the hills with horrible moanings. The horses also, goaded to madness by their no longer supportable terrors, burst their bridles, and fled after the cattle, snorting in wild fear; while their terrified owners heeded not the probable loss of the caparisons, which at another time would have driven them half crazy. The bellowing of the cattle as they rushed through the trees, the clattering of the horses' hoofs up the hill sides, the shrieks of the women, the groans of the men, and the discordant notes of the wild birds, which began to add their sounds of terror to the din, all helped to create a scene of horror not easily forgotten, strangely contrasted as it was with an atmosphere of superlative beauty.

"The Virgin! the Virgin! bring out our Lady of the Holy Rosary, to take pity on us!" exclaimed a female voice, as soon as an interval of comparative quiet succeeded; and all bent their steps reverentially to the chapel. The lights had all been extinguished, and it was with considerable difficulty that they procured one. When they entered, their lamentations were renewed. The interior of the chapel was wholly in ruins, and the peculiar construction of the building in solid framework, had alone caused its racked materials to hold together, like those of the dwelling. The altar-piece was overthrown and dashed to pieces, while its rich relics and oblations, with plate and jewellery, were strewn amidst dust and fragments. The semblance of humanity in the fair Saint was utterly lost, and the disfigured head was separated from the body. No hand was found sacrilegious enough to touch the relics, and hopeless of help, they humbled themselves in the dust. Again I begged, implored them, to seek the hill, but my words fell on the ears of those who were deafened by terror, and they were unavailing. I observed a sick child cowering by the side of her mother, and snatching her up, folded a poncho around her, while I bent my steps across the valley. The mother heeded me not, and only one person followed me, my servant boy, Ignacio, a lad of fifteen years of age and very delicate health. I have seldom seen a firmer mind than that boy exhibited through the whole of that eventful night. He was at that time afflicted with a pulmonary consumption, and died some four months afterwards. Often since, I have remarked, that strong mental courage is frequently an attribute of those labouring under that disorder. Ignacio Perez was of pure Spanish blood, with light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, handsome countenance, and a remarkable gentleness and docility of disposition. He had, moreover, been taught to read and write, though the father, a worthless and drunken old man, was but a poor mechanic. Reading and writing are, in Chile, held to be somewhat of a marvel.

Ascending the hill a few yards above the level of the valley, I seated myself with my charge on one of the Indian tumuli, wherewith

the hill was thickly studded in single groves, many, probably, dug before the arrival of the Spaniards, judging from the ancient and lofty trees springing from out several of them, in some instances with the parent stem gone to decay, and numerous descendants rising from the imperishable root. Scarcely was I seated, ere another violent shock succeeded; the lake was again drunk dry, and as I looked towards the dwelling, I beheld three giant palms,* which were rooted near it, bowing their heads almost to the earth to every point of the compass alternately, their huge bodies looking like warring monsters, while their fruit and leaves were gradually stripped off by the strong and constant vibrations, rapidly repeated. The dwelling and the chapel lay on their sides, like the hulls of vessels which had been cast on shore, strained and useless from the buffeting they had undergone. The masses of rushy thatch which had been piled on them from year to year, layer upon layer, and had helped to constitute their rustic beauty, were shaken from them in large fragments, looking like weather-piled weeds on a naked sea-beach, not unaptly represented by the bare sand-hills and sandy avalanches in the rear.

Custom reconciles us to all things; and in half an hour from the commencement of the earthquake I became almost indifferent to its dangers, and could reflect calmly on its causes, even while I felt the tree above me writhe like a tortured snake, as though the denizen of the narrow house beneath me were awaking from his long slumber, and shaking, like Titan, his earthly covering from above him. I looked on the destruction of the works of man, and then turned to the hoary hills and ancient trees, amongst which the buried dead had sported, to reflect on what miserable vanity the exultation of man is usually based.

"God made the country, and man made the town."

I never before felt so much contempt for myself and my species as while I reflected how the operations of Nature might destroy our race and our name, making, perhaps a fresh desert, to be again peopled in future ages, perchance by races of totally distinct natures, whose corporeal organization might employ the very materials on whose present combination we reflect with so much self-satisfaction, while talking of *our* bodies. Fancy two of the aristocratic families of the earth, whose lordly heads deem it to their honour to carry on an hereditary hatred; fancy their component parts endowed with individual consciousness, and that in the course of several generations the body of Lord A. became the body of a descendant of Lord B. and *vice versa*, would not the old bodies quarrel with the new spirits, and thus produce numerous animal and mental disorders, like a house divided against itself? Could one fancy such things as this, it would be another argument for the inculcation of universal love, on the principle of universal selfishness.

In the course of another hour I felt the night grow chilly from the effect of the somewhat heavy dew, and it became necessary to remedy it. Though the framework of the house still held together, it was not

* *Palma Chilensis*, growing to the height of a hundred feet.

a place to be coveted, for a more violent shock might destroy what remained of it.

Taking lights with us, Ignacio and myself watched for an interval between the shocks, and entered the dwelling which was late my home. No loss in mere money could have inflicted on me the bitter pain this hideous sight of destruction did. My house was destroyed, my household goods were crushed, and my hearth was quenched in ruin. Nay, more; even could it be restored, there was no security against subsequent risk. I was dwelling over a gulf which might suddenly entomb me without warning, which might * * * * * But for shame, I could have wept over the scene of desolation on which I gazed, and which I knew must for a long period deprive me of mental philosophy by the pressure of physical annoyance. In England a man possessing money has but to ask, and he may instantly possess every luxury he may chance to covet, but in a rude portion of a rude country much painful superintendence is necessary to procure the conveniences of high civilization. I had been unwearied in my pains to gather these things together, and the "cunning of mine own right hand" had served me well to furnish forth many of the minor elegances, which are, perhaps, essential to the maintenance of refined and delicate feelings. I have at times, like the Tartars, carried rations of horse-flesh and bull's-flesh, daily, for whole months, beneath my saddle, the brackish pool my drink, and the unsheltered earth my couch, wantonly vying with the wildest and the coarsest in savage habits and power of endurance; but it was not my nature, and whenever, after a term of probation, I mingled again with the more refined of my species, my bosom thrilled with joy, such as I could more easily feel than express.

"Patron! the house is on fire!" exclaimed Ignacio, pointing to smoke arising from the heterogeneous pile. Ere I could examine it another shock came on, so strong that we were obliged to retreat; and I expected that the whole building would burst forth in a blaze, thus totally destroying what was left by the earthquake. It was, however, spared, and with some vessels of water we re-entered the building. Removing the piles of bricks from the spot where the chimney had fallen through the ceiling, I found that the embers from the grate had smouldered amongst the books, many of which were consumed; and the pile, so soon as it was opened to the fresh air, burst into a flame, which it was necessary to extinguish with the water, and thus spoil the remainder. The Red Indian, in the snow-clad forest of the northern winter, far from all human abode, could not have grieved more over the destruction of his last horn of powder than I did over the loss of my beloved treasures. But it was useless to repine, and forcing my way to an inner apartment, I dragged forth some mattresses and bedding, some weapons, a favourite book or two, my saddle gear, a favourite *laso*,* some provisions, and, above all, the materials for my favourite beverage, tea, as well as the delicious *mate*,† common to most Southern Americans. These things Ignacio carried to our bivouac, and then returned for a fresh supply. "We must close these doors, Ignacio," I remarked; "the deserters who

* Noose of raw hide for catching wild animals. † A species of tea.

are strolling in the woods will be on the look-out for plunder so soon as their terror goes off!" Jointly we essayed to close them, but in vain. "It is of no use, Patron," the boy replied; "the frames are strained, and we must wait for the next shock to force them into their place." I closely scanned the countenance of this admirable boy, but not the slightest sign of fear was visible; his words were calm, and his actions consistent. The shock came, and with its force he was almost thrown down; but he recovered himself, and the doors were fastened with the same precision he had been accustomed to on ordinary occasions. As we turned away, loaded with various articles of clothing, I could scarce help smiling at the superfluous trouble we had taken, for the rent walls in many parts offered as easy an entrance as the doors. We reached our place of refuge, where a fallen tree was burning brightly, and straining the *laso* between two trees, to serve as a ridge, fastened to it several sheets and blankets, which, pinned to the ground, served to form as admirable a tent as a weary traveller could have wished, under which the spread mattresses formed couches, which, had we been disposed to sleep, none but the fastidious could have complained of. But such a night might have appalled the hardiest! When the rolling waves threaten the crazy vessel of the sailor, he consoles himself with the thought that he may reach firm land, but when the solid earth seems to melt beneath the feet of the landsmen, all hope vanishes, and safety becomes to his imagination almost an impossibility. The first shock had taken place about the hour of ten, lasting about three minutes; and during the whole night the shocks were repeated, with more or less violence, with intervals of from five to seven minutes, during which a constant tremor was experienced.

Finding it impossible to retain liquids in the ordinary utensils used for tea, I was obliged to prepare it in a deep calabash or gourd, and thus I passed half the night in reflecting on my situation, and the best remedy for it. Having once determined, I ceased to repine, and endeavoured, as far as possible, to lose outward consciousness by reading. The book chanced to be Byron's narrative of his shipwreck, and I tried to persuade myself that, after all, my situation was not so bad as much of what "Foul-weather Jack" had endured. With the arrival of day-light, the terror of the people had partially subsided, on finding themselves still alive; and the prayers, which had continued the whole night, were suffered to remit in their intensity. Hunger also began to assert its claim, and taking advantage of it, I caused some provisions to be prepared. Their courage increased as their hunger lessened, and their *Ave Marias* became less frequent. I then set all the males, under the direction of Ignacio, to cut down poles and branches. A spot was levelled, the uprights were planted in the earth in a form of a parallelogram, divided into three compartments; poles were laid across to form a roof, and the whole was wattled over with the branches of evergreens, some pieces of canvass serving as doors to the openings which gave entrance to my new dwelling. By mid-day it was finished, and a seasonable distribution of that mixture, known by sailors under the name of grog, induced the peasants to venture into the ruined house, for the purpose of securing what few things were not destroyed. They were placed in

some sort of order in the rude erection; and ere evening set in, I had taken possession of my new dwelling, known in the nomenclature of the country as a *rāmader*.*

On the following day, at sun-rise, I mounted my horse to visit the shipping port, at the distance of forty miles. My course lay first along the base of the sand avalanches, through which my gallant steed plunged and forced his way, frequently sinking to the girths. The shore of the lake was then skirted, wherein the water had sunk three feet below its accustomed level; and frequently I was obliged to leap the broad and deep chasm, formed in a waving but continuous line, along the alluvial margin. Wherever a spot of hard dry clay occurred, it was broken into minute cracks, small as the chequers of a chess-board, and down which the superincumbent dust had disappeared. Whenever I checked my horse, the tremor was still distinctly perceptible, though rapid motion made me insensible to it, save on the recurrence of the more violent shocks, when the animal staggered and refused to move; and I myself experienced an accession of nausea similar to sea-sickness, which, indeed, had been a source of considerable annoyance from the first commencement of the shocks. I reached a broad valley, down which a river ran, but the water had deserted its bed, and made for itself a new channel through the alluvial levels of cultivation. In vain I strained my eyes to seek for a ripple which might announce a spot fit for fording; as far as the eye could reach, the discoloured flood ran between steep banks occasionally broken down near an eddy. The raft-man, who usually attended in the season of flood, had fled away, and the few rushen huts were destitute of their tenants, who had left the dangerous level for the more secure refuge of the hills. There was no remedy but either to turn back or to risk the stream. I chose the latter, and forcing my horse over the bank, with the usual precaution of first slinging the holsters round my neck, he was instantly swimming. The current carried us far down, but the noble horse was a practised swimmer, and we safely landed on the opposite bank, where the shore grew shelving; after leaping several deep chasms, I at last left the valley, and ascended the table plain beyond. Everywhere the marks of the earthquake were visible; and when I came to a part of the road which wound along the edge of a cliff overhanging the sea, my passage was altogether stopped; in lieu of a road, nothing was left but a precipitous steep, with the sea beneath, dashing over the ruined fragments of rock which had fallen. I was obliged to retrace my steps, and make a detour of several miles ere I could regain the road.

Every farm-house which I had been accustomed to behold with busy people around it, was shaken down; and wringing their hands in despair, the inmates had taken to the open fields. Their hopes seemed to be desolate, and they scarcely answered to any nod of recognition. At one house I had been accustomed to change my horse for the convenience of quick travelling, but neither horses nor men were now to be seen, and a boy, of whom I inquired where they were gone, replied with a vacant stare and a half-muttered prayer to the

* Literally "a hut of boughs,"—generally used by the watchmen of cultivated grounds.

Virgin. The nearer I approached the sea-port, the more frequent were the marks of desolation. Into many of the cultivated gardens and enclosures, usually guarded with much care, the cattle had broken, and, taking advantage of the general terror, quadrupeds were at their pleasure devouring the food of man, while the lordly biped was crouching under the influence of pale fear. But all fell short of the extraordinary spectacle which greeted my vision, when, near the conclusion of my journey, I reined-up my steed on the brink of the last cliff, beneath which was spread the mountain-surrounded broad plain, and distant heights and ravines occupied by the town of *****, in front of which opened the semicircular picturesque bay, studded with shipping and bordered by romantic rocks.

Temples, castles, and houses were alike prostrate in the dust; the numerous church towers had disappeared; the walled gardens, jealously enclosed, were all thrown open; the streets were confounded in many places with the sites of the dwellings, and in others, only dimly marked, save in the main avenues, where the unusual breadth had prevented the houses from mingling together in their fall. Here, a ruined gable still rose in a tottering attitude; there, a door-case, with opened door, still erect, marked that the building had not fallen on its inmates. Farther on, stood the gorgeous altar-piece of a church, still rising erect amidst the ruins of its walls, but with saint, silver shrines, and all that was moveable, buried in the common mass, from which its timber material had served to rescue the altar-piece. Opposite to it, there had formed a large pool of water, from the channel of a small stream being dammed up with the thickly strewn ruins, and still, as the eye traced its way along the scene of desolation, destruction alone presented itself in every varied shape throughout the works of man. But glancing towards the distant hills, I saw that they still were green; the wild shrubs still grew and flourished on them; the sea still dashed its faint musical ripple on the sandy beach; the sea-birds screamed, the land-birds chirped, and the sun shone brightly forth, as if Nature were putting forth her mockery of all the works of art.

Descending by a zigzag traverse to the level, I threaded my way amidst the ruins, while my startled steed sprang from side to side at each unwonted object that met his view. The earth was still trembling, and tottering fragments were continually falling. Here and there were seen the partially exposed bodies of those who had been too late in effecting their escape; and some few beings, of the dregs of the population were busied like jackals amongst the ruins, in search of plunder. As I looked around on the locations of each well-known object, I asked myself if this could be all that was left of a population of twenty thousand souls, who, but two days before, had revelled in the full tide of enjoyment, resulting from a healthy atmosphere and abundantly supplied wants. I passed the church of La Mercert, and involuntarily drew bridle to gaze on the strange mingling of rich and splendid decoration with hideous ruin, "the wreck of matter." Gladly did the sound of human voices burst upon my ear as I turned a projecting rocky point of the mountain, and, in an open space near the centre of the most populous part of the town, beheld a procession of priests chanting their hymn to the Virgin. The

greater part of the population had retreated to the tops of the hills, to the shelter of any species of cover they could devise, fearing that the sea would rush in and sweep them away, if they stayed on the low ground. Some of the foreign residents had pitched tents in the streets, in front of what had been their dwellings, and whose ruins they watched, to rescue the remnants of their property from pillage; but the greater portion had retired, with their wives and families, on board the ships in the harbour. Strange, that man should seek the uncertain sea as a place of safety from the insecurity of the land! But many of the native labourers, foreign seamen, negroes, and women, having procured access to liquor and provisions, were drinking and cooking in parties, with so much glee, that, but for the appalling ruins, one might have deemed it a scene of national rejoicing and festivity, like one of the fairs of Europe.

Leaving my horse tied up to feed in a garden, enclosed with a palisade, in charge of a poor man, to whom I had rendered some service, I entered a canoe and was paddled on board an Indiaman, with whose captain I was acquainted, and by whom I was about to despatch some letters. He described to me the effects of the first shock, by which a single heavy wave was carried as if the whole of the water were leaving the harbour, and his anchors were dragged, while his vessel was thrown on her beam-ends; he pointed to the broken lamp still swinging in the cabin, in confirmation of it. The beach was laid dry for many yards, and some of the small craft grounded, and the revulsion of the water washed up to the very houses, but subsequently subsided far below its former level. Various circumstances, which I afterwards discovered, led me to conclude that the coast in that neighbourhood had been raised from three to four feet above its original height. A species of shell-fish, which had been scarce previous to the earthquake, was subsequently found in great abundance, and an altogether new variety was discovered. There was also on the beach, near where I resided, the wreck of a large vessel, which, at high-water mark, I could just get on board of from on horseback, the water reaching above the saddle-flaps; but subsequently, I could almost walk on board dryshod, when near high-water. I lived for some time afterwards in the expectation that the hole beneath us would, some day, fill up again with a similar shaking; but it did not happen while I remained in the country. The space through which the shocks were felt, was three hundred miles in length, and one hundred and fifty in breadth, including the main ridge of the Andes.

"It plucked the seated hills with all their load."

The number of human beings who perished amounted to about seven hundred.*

When night set in, I looked from the deck of the vessel towards the land, but no busy hum arose. The hills were studded far and wide with the watch-fires of the homeless; and from some inexplicable cause, the dull heavens were clouded over, and the light of the moon was hidden. At that period of the year, rain had never before been known, and none could guess the result of such a phenomenon. The distant-chanted prayers were borne to us, and the long lines of reli-

* The early hour saved the people, as they had not retired for the night.

gious processions by torchlight wound up the twisting and irregular ravines, gliding like fiery serpents in rock-studded tracks, till the constantly increasing blackness at length almost hid them from our view. The warm wind soon began to blow — it increased, and preparations were made to secure the vessel from damage in the heavy gale which was now certain to set in from the north. The waves began to roll in, with the long deep swell of the open and boundless Pacific ocean, while the vessel pitched as though she would have shaken her masts out of her, and the cowardly Lascar crew shrank from the heavy blast. The rain soon began to fall, and after a short interval, the water seemed to descend in sheets, while the spray of the sea beat over the deck from stem to stern. I watched the fires on the shore, as one by one they disappeared; and I thought of the unsheltered condition of the poor houseless beings, now exposed to almost total destitution. The usual duration of these rains was three continuous days, and I well knew that such an infliction, in the existing state of the country, must produce an enormous destruction of human life. The buildings which had fallen were principally composed of sun-dried bricks, and a continued heavy rain would have washed them into rounded heaps, resembling Indian tumuli: the number of half-naked people, huddled together on the hills, and reeking with steam beneath the pitiless pelting of the storm, would have generated typhus fever; and the crops of standing corn, then ripening, would have been destroyed by blight, the unvarying consequence of damp, after corn begins to ripen in Chile: Famine would, in time, have completed what the Earthquake had spared.

But it chanced otherwise. Throughout the whole of that appalling night, of storm in the heavens, and earthquake beneath the waters, I watched for signs of its abating. Morning came, and the bright sun rose in the heavens: the wind fell, and the surface of the sea was placid. I bade farewell to the captain, and his boat having set me on shore, I mounted my horse and returned home. Even the hut of boughs had become a home to me, and the cheerful climate yielded me content. For a whole month the shocks of the earthquake continued with little intermission, gradually diminishing in violence, and then the people began to dull their sense of fear, and almost to forget that it had occurred; the only difference being, that they purposed rebuilding their houses of wood, in lieu of bricks. I verily believe, that in process of time, the human race might become reconciled to living with a constant earthquake beneath their feet, regarding it with as little terror as the vibration produced by the motion of wind, after taking proper precautions to tame its mischievous propensities, and render it harmless.

But when the trembling had altogether ceased, and the sufferers wished to repair their dwellings, human annoyance began to interfere. The governors of the *soi-disant* Republic began to think it high time that they should expel the King of Spain from his last strong-hold in the Pacific, the island of Chiloe. They, therefore, ordered the *leva*, or impress, to be put in force, for the purpose of raising troops, for an expedition; an ancient Spanish custom, whereby after the same fashion as the English impress of seamen, the expense of bounty money was saved. The consequence was, that the peasants betook

themselves to the rocks and mountains for refuge, stealing the cattle of the Chilean Tory landlords for their subsistence; and thinking in their obstinacy, that it was a much pleasanter life than soldiering. Their watch-fires might be seen burning at night on every mountain, ridge, and peak, far and near; and whenever the man-catchers went after them, they used to resist by rolling down large stones and rocks on their assailants,—an effective mode of warfare, but by no means pleasant to the storming party, who could not retaliate. For four months this continued,* during all which time I was living under the bushes; and then a crisis was brought about by a *ruse de guerre*. In the province where I resided, the peasantry, at least the unmarried ones—every *pater-familias* being exempt from the impress—the peasantry had not attended mass for a long period, and the priesthood became seriously alarmed for the safety of their plebeian souls, with possibly also a slight anxiety on account of the growing unhealthy condition of their own most patrician pockets; wherefore they applied to the governor, requesting free leave for the peasantry to attend mass on the following Sunday, without molestation from the man-catchers of the impress service. The worthy governor, after due deliberation on the matter, acceded to the request of the soul-savers, and in consequence, the churches in the great square of the chief town of the province were thronged with large congregations. Mass being ended, they turned to depart, but all the avenues were blocked with troops, and a glorious scene of man-catching took place. Some six hundred being selected, the rest were permitted to depart; and the *Volunteers*, as they facetiously phrased them, pleaded the promise of the governor, which had induced them to attend mass. "Go along, ye knaves," replied the man in authority, "I promised only that ye should come to mass unmolested, I said nothing of your return; therefore, my promise is unbroken." And all the people of "high respectability" decided, that the governor was a shrewd politician, more especially as it was a case never likely to apply to themselves. The *Volunteers* were forthwith driven to the sea-port, in charge of some cavalry, and any existing rebellious spirit was stilled by the application of sea-sickness, on board the vessels to which they were consigned. They subsequently sailed for Chiloe, in company with other troops, and, strange to say, they took the island from the Spaniards. Verily, the poor people were of a docile race. Pity is it, that they are not better guided; but even as the Spanish race has sown, so must their colonial descendants reap, till experience shall dictate the necessity of varying the seed. Democritus might find much food for laughter, amongst the *soi-disant* republics, in beholding with what solemn gravity their wise men watch, in the expectation of reaping figs from thistles.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Exportation of Women—The Philosophy of Mourning—Design in Manufactures—The Gentlemen of the Press—Affair of Honour—Duties on Wines—Dumont's Recollections of Mirabeau.—Information against the Literary Gazette Unstamped—University Honours—The Cholera in Paris—Badness of the Opera—State of Manchester.

Exportation of Women.—The cry for the fair sex from our brethren of the Antipodes, has been long and loud. The unnatural disproportion between the sexes in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, has caused the most serious distress to prevail in those colonies. The Colonial Office has been appealed to in various ways, but has always turned an official ear to the complaint.* A Quaker—a "friend" of posterity—has been more compassionate than Secretaries of State, and has actually freighted a ship with this light material—a cargo of bliss—What an *argumentum ad hominem!* launched, too, from the breeches-pocket of a Quaker! The arrival at Hobart's Town will evermore be marked in the Fasti Tasmanii with red letters: posterity will keep "holiday" on the anniversary of the event to which they will owe their existence. The Chronicler thus records the sailing of this Pandora's box:—

"The *Princess Royal*, Captain Young, sailed from Deptford on Thursday morning for Hobart's Town, Van Diemen's Land, and has taken out from 200 to 300 females, widows and spinsters, four clergymen (we have not heard of what order), one surgeon, and assistants. Not the least curious part of this 'new system' of export is, that a 'Friend' (an old tea-dealer) is stated to be the shipper. This is a new discovery, and no doubt will not only be safer but much more prolific than the 'old mines,' even the 'Real del Monte,' which were discovered in 1825.

"We hear there are hundreds and hundreds more to be sent from other ports of England and Ireland.

"There are commissioners appointed for this 'new work,' and in order to entice our fair countrywomen to emigrate, they give a bounty of 8*l.* to each, from the age of 18 to 30 years, so that Old England will still have the privilege of retaining the old ladies and children."

This is, indeed, transportation; not for the prevention of crime, but for the propagation of happiness—and not, we see, without benefit of clergy. But why such a large proportion of the church? Women are always more reverentially disposed than men; and it is probably supposed that the voyage will present a fine opportunity to the clerical gentlemen, for the exercise of their sacred functions.

We regret that the reporter has been so brief in his detail of the arrangements of this singular expedition: we should like to know how the young women were selected; what conditions they have entered into; and how the exporter proposes to procure the return of his capital? what liberty in the choice of a companion will be left to the ladies on their arrival? Are the gentlemen of Van Diemen's Land to come aboard, and, after examining the cargo, throw the handkerchief, like Turks? or how is it to be? Does the Quaker accompany his venture in the capacity of chief eunuch? We should be greatly afraid, unless he bestows his personal superintendence, of

avanie: but, probably the four clergymen are joint speculators, and may [illegible] barked a part of their capital in the concern by way of [illegible] which case all will be right. There seems to be a dus [illegible] ons, and the voyage is only five months.

We should like to know whether any thing has been done at Lloyd's on the Princess Royal; and if so, at what rate of insurance?

Of the demand for this species of cargo our readers may judge by perusing the following extract of "a Letter from Sydney."

"Know then, that, in this British colony, open, naked, broad-day prostitution is as common as in Otaheite. Are there not societies in England, which have expended millions in sending men and books to the heathen? Why do not they send some women to this abandoned community of their fellow-christians? Are not those devout persons surrounded by unfortunates, who become prostitutes for want of bread? Tell them that, here prostitution is owing solely to the want of women, and that there is abundance of bread for any number of poor creatures that they might mercifully send to us. Tell them, moreover, that if they will equalize the sexes, we offer a husband, plenty, and a virtuous life, to every one of the miserable beings whom they may charitably withdraw from sin and misery. Can they, though, be ignorant of the depravity that reignshere? For what do they combine and subscribe? For the promotion of religion and morality all over the world! Are they not intimately acquainted with the vices of savages in obscure regions, to which none but their own active missionaries can penetrate? If you think they do not know the condition of these their fellow-subjects, inform them of it. Tell them in plain terms, so as to leave them without the excuse of ignorance, that every female child in this colony, not defended by parents of some influence, is sure to be hunted by a dozen roaring lions, and that her destruction is almost inevitable; that the frequency of early corruption has already established a general licence of manners; that mothers are not ashamed to sell their own daughters, even before the young creatures know what chastity means; that husbands make a market of their wives, that early prostitution occasions barrenness; and that the origin of all this evil—the inequality of the sexes—is partly maintained by the evil itself."—*A letter from Sydney, edited by R. Gouger.*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MOURNING.

"Many women with little wooden figures of children on their heads passed us in the course of the morning,—mothers, who having lost a child, carry such rude imitations of them about their persons for an indefinite time as a symbol of mourning. None of them could be induced to part with one of these little affectionate memorials. * * * * * *

"The mortality of children must be immense indeed here, for almost every woman we met with on the road, had one or more of these little wooden images. Whenever the mothers stopped to take refreshment, a small part of their food was invariably presented to the lips of these inanimate memorials."—*Lander's Niger.*

This seems ridiculous. But all nations seem to agree in establishing some custom by which Nature may be assisted in prolonging the memory of the dead; the appendage of a little wooden doll means precisely the same as a suit of black, or weepers of crape; it is a contrivance for exhibiting public respect, and private sorrow. It would be in vain for an African lady to attempt to put herself into deeper black than has been already done by Nature; she therefore applies to the carpenter, instead of the haberdasher, for her signs of woe.

Monarchs mourn in violet, the Romans mourned in white, and for our mourning, yellow would be as appropriate as black.

The selection of black seems to be simply a trick of the imagination; because dark places are gloomy, dark dresses be sorrowful.

Design in Manufactures.—Mr. Haydon has letter to "The Times," on occasion of some remarks from Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Hume, on the subject of design applied to the manufactures of the country. His text is as follows:—

"Besides this, the interests of manufactures required that every encouragement should be held out to the Fine Arts of this country; for though England was superior to any other country for her manufactures as connected with machinery, yet in pictorial designs, a most important feature in manufacture, England was not equally successful, nor indeed could she cope with her rivals."—Sir Robert Peel's Speech, April 13, in the House of Commons.

"Mr. Hume added, 'that the only point in which the French excelled was *design*, which was owing to the schools of design in France; and Coventry must sink without similar advantages. Large sums had been expended for less beneficial objects.'"

Sir Robert Peel is a very accomplished man, and may be considered a good authority in "pictorial designs;" and the admission of Mr. Hume that money ought to be spent, implies a strong case. But we are at a loss to understand how or why it is that Mr. Haydon happens to be the standing representative of art in this country. He is an artist of talent, certainly; but his productions are not of that preeminent character to entitle him to lecture all the rest of his profession. He is a villainous portrait-painter, and therefore very naturally despises the most lucrative branch of his art; but inasmuch as purchasers for his historicals, whether by raffle or sale, are slow to come in, he presumes to lecture all England, on every decent occasion, on the score of their sottish stupidity as to his-(torical) pictures, and their culpable preference of the things that please them.

Mr. Haydon is the only man in England who can draw. If the fact be doubted, read what is here stated.

"Would any man believe, that all the whole-length portraits that have ever been painted since the death of Reynolds, by the most eminent English portrait painters, have stood on their toes, from their ignorance of design? And would any man further believe, that when a portrait was sent with the feet properly in perspective, so corrupt were the eyes from long habit of all the eminent painters, that they cried out 'The man stands on his heels!' (Raeburn's works, the head of the Scotch school, must all be excepted.) This is one of the most curious anecdotes of English art, but a fact.

"The figures before Masaccio never stood more on their toes than do, and have done, all the portraits that have been painted for 40 years in England."

He moreover tells us as a secret in commerce and the arts, that

"At the end of the war, our Manchester cottons were returned from Italy wholesale, from the tasteless nature of their designs; and the great manufacturers were obliged to employ the first artists to make them: after this had been done, the cottons were purchased abroad with avidity."

Is any one so ignorant of the reign of fashion as to believe this? in what country has tastelessness of design ever stood in the way of a curious fabric? Should we not long ago have rejected the chintzes which have given a character to English prints? Should we not have

condemned the cabinets of Japan for their want of perspective, and the ludicrous absurdity of their designs, if designs had had any decided influence in such matters? Yes! but Mr. Haydon will still maintain in the columns of every newspaper of the empire that there is nothing like leather.

We should like to see good pictures used instead of the Red Lion and the Dun Cow; we should be glad if every inn parlour contained specimens of art, and that grocers and shoemakers preferred a piece of history or taste to the portraits of Mr. A. in snuff-colour, and Mrs. A. in green and scarlet; but this will neither come through Mr. Haydon's lectures in Birmingham, nor his letters in "The Times." We ask once more, why he alone of *all* the artists of Britain makes such a fuss about the taste of the age.

> "Before the reformation in religion, historical design was the predominant taste of all classes. The very bed-rooms of all classes had their walls covered; and at that time English artists were equal in design to any artists existing. But the Reformation destroyed the only source of public patronage to the arts,—viz. religious patronage; and let it be the glory of the present time to revive public patronage, unconnected with superstition, unconnected with any prostitution of motive or intent."

This may be true, though not to its extent. The taste then flourishing grew out of the temper and circumstances of the age; when artists know how to imbibe and represent the spirit of the day, in some form, whether in a caricature or an oil-painting, the eagerness to possess their works will be commensurate with their excellence. But this is not to paint either classicals or biblicals, Eucles or Lazarus, which is a mere imitation and servile following of other people and other times. The only picture in which Mr. Haydon ever consulted the genius of his generation was in the Mock Election: when he was driven from his classical models and associations to a wrestle with real life. The Caraccis looked but one way—to the Church, for both bread and ideas.

THE GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS.—Among the classes enumerated by Lord Lyndhurst, as favourers of the Reform measure, is the periodical press. He is quite right: the great majority of the men, who write in newspapers and other periodical publications, are warm advocates of the Bill—but the reason given by the Ex-Chancellor is curious:

> "A formidable and active body, to wit, the periodical press, the greater portion of which support this measure for reasons that are sufficiently apparent. *They prosper* in agitation, and they think that the carrying the Bill will perpetuate agitation. Besides, looking to what has occurred in France and Belgium, these conductors of the press see a new road opened to their personal ambition. They believe that they will be enabled to take a station in society, and to assume a power which, five or six years ago, never entered their minds."

Writers for the press, then, are professional agitators—they are also ambitious of a high station in society—it is to be presumed, therefore, they only agitate until they have shaken themselves into a good place. Thus it may be said of a lawyer, he is a turbulent fellow, a bitter Radical, until he is made a judge, when, from his new elevation, he takes that commanding view of things which enables him to see that every -ing is placed exactly where it ought to be.

If the writers for the press live on agitation, there is little reason that they should despair. The elements of confusion are pretty numerous; the Reform Bill is, however, far more likely to reduce them into some order than to "perpetuate agitation."

If periodical writers have assumed a position in Belgium and France since their respective revolutions, the reason is pretty plain. When affairs are thrown out of their ordinary routine, it requires something more than rank and fortune to restore the state-machine to equilibrium; crises of this nature always call forth men of talent, and cast into the shade men of straw. Who are so likely to understand the public interests as those who have for years been daily discussing them, with the whole country for an audience?

Periodical writers either are, or ought to be, publicists; they ought to be familiar with all the interests of the country, and the constant habit of examining questions connected with its great interest, generally ends in qualifying them for giving advice in most national questions. We will not contrast with this the usual education of sucking statesmen.

It is curious to observe how *writing* has had to struggle against power. At first the feudal baron was ashamed of being able to write, and the signing his name was like putting on his armour, a service to be done by an inferior; however, writing became general, and barons were obliged to learn to write in self-defence. (It may be remarked they still write worse than any body else.)

The next stage was printing: it was long ungenteel to have printed a book; a kind of blemish on nobility, and indulged in by the youth, apologized for by the old: but at length printing became universal, the people felt it a weapon of their own. To print a large book was, however, less a crime than a small work, and the fewness of the audience calculated upon was a recommendation.

The next stage was printing small books, and then, periodically; we are in this stage now—the aristocratic prejudice is strong, but the tide is against them; they "believe and tremble." Periodicals have become a sort of necessity even to them; but still to write in them is defilement, and to depreciate those who do, acceptable. This is passing away. The organs of public communication will soon take their due place amongst other useful and powerful means of influencing the governing will; and the men who, by the gifts of nature and the accidents of education, are most capable of employing these engines for the increase and preservation of the general happiness, will take that "station in society" which they deserve, and from which a law-adventurer would endeavour to drive them—in vain. Such men do not guide the destinies of nations.

*** Our correspondent has, with his usual ability, touched on a subject of high importance, and which, at our leisure, we propose to treat at greater length. There is no doubt that in England literary men, so far from enjoying at present their legitimate power, have not hitherto assumed the station that belongs to them. Look at the difference in France! The main cause here is obvious—the great want of union among literary men. We have serious thoughts of proposing a Brotherhood, which we will venture to say shall be more powerful than any political or masonic, or even priestly body ever established. Who have so clear a right to possess power as those who diffuse knowledge?—Ed.

Affair of Honour.—A man had his nose pulled the other day; he was offered an apology; he alleged he was too poor to accept that species of satisfaction. When a poor man is injured in the nose, he looks for a physical satisfaction that shall be equivalent to the physical pain; a sting in the ear, nose, or other prominent and available organ, is exchangeable with a pot of porter or a crown-piece; but how different are the feelings of a gentleman, or thoroughly civilized person, when his nose has been wrung, or his person otherwise violated! the pain is not in the part affected, the agony is not felt where the fingers or the toes are applied, it instantly removes to the sensorium of honour, the imagination; though the feature (fundamental or proboscal,) may be tingling, and the eyes absolutely overflowing with the evidence of bodily suffering, still the mischief is referred to quite another part of the constitution. Hence the difficulty of settling these matters. With the poor man his appendages have all a kind of *ad valorem* duty —a tariff of insult and offence; but the gentleman is a perfect Draco; he must not only have more, but it must be of a different kind: the wound has been inflicted on the flesh, but he feels it in the soul, and must expiate it in blood.

It is impossible not to see that this is the very perfection of reason and good sense; nevertheless we like the easy way in which poor people settle these things.

Mansion House.—" Ebenezer Coker, a Billingsgate porter, was called upon to show cause why he should not be punished according to law for having amused himself by pulling the nose of John Dixon, without the owner's leave.

" John Dixon deposed that he knowed nothink on the defendant, and the defendant knowed nothink on him, no furder than being tosticated he squeezed his nose with sitch wengeance that he was obligated to call a hofficer.

" ' Why,' said his Lordship, addressing Coker, ' you promised me faithfully, the last time you were here, you would not get drunk again.'

" ' Me drunk,' said Coker, ' vy I aint been able to yarn wittles, leave alone drink; and as for being drunk yesterday, vy all I had was a pot o' porter at my first turn, with some gin, and afterwards a little more gin, with a pint o' coffee for breakfast. As for the assault as is charged on me, this here good man desarved vot he got. I vent into a public-house to sell my srimps, vitch are precious dear now, and while my back was turned I seed him put his hand into my basket in a unbecoming sort o' vay. Sis I, I don't call this bacting like a gentleman to go for to prig a poor man's srimps, and he told me to give him none o' my sarse, for he warnt a going to be scandalised in no sitch vay. Howsomever, as I know'd he'd been guilty of the crime, ve got into a hargument, ven I might just have touched him on the nose.'

" ' Well,' said the Lord Mayor to the complainant, ' I suppose you will be satisfied with an apology?'

" Complainant (scratching his head)—' I can't afford to take a pology, as I'm only a poor man, unless he stands a bit o' summut to eat and a drop o' summut to drink, and a little summut for myself.'

" The defendant having consented to give the complainant sixpence, the Lord Mayor allowed them to settle the other " summuts" by dismissing the complaint."

If this affair had happened between persons of a higher rank of life, how different would have been the story! Friends must have been called in—cabs and hackney-coaches would have been put in requisition—bachelors would have sate up at each other's lodgings, and an attorney or two would have had a job. Then, in case of an apology,

what stickling for a word, or a degree of comparison! how much paper wasted in rough drafts! what a struggle between saving of bacon and saving of honour! and, lastly, how big the affair would have looked next day in the columns of the Courier, and how the pros and cons would have been canvassed at the clubs! what sneers would have slurred over the flincher, and how many eulogies would have been spent upon the most obstinate or the most bloodthirsty of the party! On the other hand, imagine it an affair which there appeared to be no means of "settling without a meeting;" then comes Battersea and a fumbling among the wet grass, blue countenances, and a most forlorn night-cappish style of chivalry—ground measured three times over to conceal bungling, and, at last, a pop or two, and no mischief. For the first time in the day the gentlemen are themselves again, shake hands, mount their vehicles, and return to breakfast as buoyant as their rolls, with the idea of having behaved with honour in an "affair of extreme difficulty and delicacy." Then comes the Courier again, with another turn to the business, and the Sunday papers, with half the alphabet in initials, and ultimately a correspondence between the seconds, correcting some error in the reports; for instance, the gentlemen did not fight at six but sixteen paces, and, so far from the business terminating in an unsatisfactory manner, "they return to town in the same barouche." We may be wrong, but still we cannot help thinking that the "summut to eat" and the "summut to drink" of the poor man, with the Lord Mayor for witness, is perhaps as good a mode of settling the matter.

The sense of honour is a luxury of civilization; moralists would endeavour to give it, as economists desire to communicate a taste beyond potatoes; a dash of bacon in a dish of vegetables is considered by politicians a step farther from savagery. Just so the niceness of the honourable feelings indicate the class of social life in which a man is bred; a man may be too poor to keep a conscience—too low to keep a sense of honour; generally speaking, however, penury, and conscience, and honour, are inconsistent terms, and incompatible qualities.

DUTIES ON WINES.—We should like to see a good reason why all the common kinds of French wines should be virtually prohibited in this country. Why is it that the Government says to the lovers of the poorer wine growths of France, you shall either drink the highest price wines or none at all? A man may not be able to afford the dear wines, and he may like to consume the cheap wines. What is then to be said? nothing, except that it saves our public officers and over-paid custom-house boards trouble, to charge the same high duty on wine of all kinds. This duty on many wines most pleasant, refreshing and economical to drink, such as ordinary Bordeaux, Medoc, Touraine, St. Gilles, Roussillon, and Renaison, &c. (from 3*l.* to 10*l.* per hogshead of 47 imperial gallons,) is a prohibition, amounting to from THREE HUNDRED TO ELEVEN HUNDRED PER CENT.

DUMONT'S RECOLLECTIONS OF MIRABEAU.—*Thus are things led to the scaffold!* exclaimed Mirabeau, early in the revolution, on occasion of some unprincipled trickery in the court party. The whole of M. Dumont's excellent book may be considered as an illustration of this text.

The author is chiefly known to the British public, by his connexion with Mr. Bentham; whose writings he interpreted into French, re-arranged, and indeed recast. This service was a work of love, and like such labours, great has been its increase. It has been the means of spreading the most essential knowledge to the farthest corners of the earth: and it thus stimulated the farther exertions of the philosopher, and abounded in honour and satisfaction to the amiable and disinterested interpreter. It is singular, that the same man who in England supplied language to Bentham, in France should be called upon to find matter for Mirabeau. The French orator had every thing but knowledge; Dumont had knowledge, judgment, and taste; and Mirabeau saw the advantage of such a partnership, seized the opportunity, and reaped the benefits of it for a considerable period. Many of Mirabeau's most famous outbreaks of eloquence were the production of the calm study of another person; Mirabeau was an insatiable mouth-piece—a kind of speaking trumpet, who could have kept half-a-dozen writers at work, to supply him now with argument, now with imagery; he himself furnished epigram, a kind of *sauce piquante*, with which he served up every thing, and thus stimulated the apathetic palate of the noisy philosophers of the National Assembly. Mirabeau was a mere self-seeker of great physical qualifications: his moral ones, laid upon a broad foundation of impudence and vanity.

The anecdotes of the other leaders of the French revolution are equally interesting to the historian; for at this crisis every thing depended upon personal qualities, prejudices, and views; and thus persons acquire an importance, which they scarcely possess at another epoch. They who are fond of running parallels between the French revolution and the present demands of England, will do well to consider this observation of Dumont, made upon the spot, about the time of the destruction of the Bastille.—"I am certain, that at this period, the creditors of the state, a very numerous and active body, were all-powerful at Paris, were acting in direct opposition to the court, because they perceived too plainly, that if the government declared a national bankruptcy, the *deficit* would be thought no more of, and the words *states-general*, *constitution*, and *sovereignty* of the *people*, totally forgotten." p. 86. Thus the French people were so little prepared to value the boon of a free and representative government, that they were ready to sell their chance for a remission of taxes. The revolution was, in fact, an affair of bankruptcy. The States-general was a meeting of creditors and constituents; occasion was taken to teach the bankrupt a better mode of administering his affairs, and to put him under the check of a sort of assignees, or committee; but the royal trader was ill advised, and turned restive,—the creditors quarrelled among themselves, the bankrupt was cast into prison, the estate got into confusion, and fell for a time into the hands of a set of harpies. How utterly unlike is this to the position of England! The able writers, and the men of talent, were numerous, about the time of the States-general: but their legislative knowledge may almost be said to have been puerile, and in the art of managing or guiding the helm of a popular state, there was not a man that was not inferior to the humblest chairman of the smallest political club in England. In the assembling of the States-general, nothing more seems to to have

been thought necessary, than to decree that it should be done: the manner and the means were left to be found out. The fact is strikingly enough illustrated by the incident which befel M. Dumont and his friend, as they were travelling from Calais to Paris. On their arrival at Montreuil, they found the town in a quandary: they had orders to elect some representatives, but did not know how, until the travellers drew up a set of regulations for them, when they proceeded immediately. When the travellers arrived in Paris, they found the community of Montreuil lauded to the skies for the promptitude and spirit with which they had proceeded. The host of the Black Lion was considered a demigod, because he had entertained Dumont and Duroverai, and they had given him a list of rules.

INFORMATION AGAINST THE LITERARY GAZETTE UNSTAMPED.—It would be a great saving, but a vast advantage, if the people of England, who for a long time have not chosen their own House of Commons, had appointed a Committee, or Board, well paid and endowed by subscription, to examine and report upon the Bills brought into Parliament. This would have been the next best thing to a Reform. However good may be the objects and principle of an Act, it often follows that a clause introduced into the Bill in Committee, or some defect in the arrangement for working, converts the intended measure into a nuisance. Interested persons watch while others sleep; and Members of Parliament, as business is now managed, have so much upon their hands, that it often happens they sanction provisions which go to ruin the very end they are aiming at. If the House did not appoint a Board of Examination, the nation ought to have done so; and ten thousand a year, raised by subscription, would have been excellently well employed.

It appears from the Information that has been laid against the *Literary Gazette*, brought for the purpose of trying the question, that the Stamp regulations respecting newspapers cannot be enforced by public information. The proceeding must be commenced by the Attorney-General, or the Stamp office; which means, that whether the law of the country shall be executed, or lie a dead letter in the Statute-book, rests entirely with the Government. The uses or abuses to which such a strange privilege might be applied, are so obvious, that they do not need pointing out.

The object of this information was to lead to a rectification of the enormous inequality of duty now existing in the article of newspapers: we hope, however, that the question will be set at rest more equitably, than by making one party pay for the general injustice and impolicy of the law.

UNIVERSITY HONOURS.—Lord Tenterden is said to have stated in the House of Lords, as his opinion, and he was corroborated by the authority of the Archbishop of Canterbury, that, "no worse criterion could be selected of general competency, or fitness for the office of pastor, than the circumstance of a candidate's having obtained honours at the University."

This declaration has surprised the good people amazingly, who imagined that the Universities were the regular clerical manufactories, and that honours and distinctions were established in them, to

ascertain the quality of the fabrique; just as at Birmingham the manufacturers of fire-arms have trial-rooms, in order to ascertain how much their pieces will carry. The statement of this opinion had no such effect on us, who happened to know something of the matter: we only doubt as to the fitness of the expression—the "worst criterion,"—we think there may be worse—such, for instance, as wealth, rank, and fashionable or powerful connexions. Honours at the University are in favour of ability of a particular kind, at least, though they have no direct relation to piety—neither has a family living, nor the fact of being nephew to a Bishop, or a remote connexion with a Minister of State! University Honours argue no call to the cure of souls; but, at the same time, *cæteris paribus*, a good scholar, or a mathematician, is as likely to make a tolerable clergyman as the person who has not been able to succeed either in scholarship or in science.

But if success in University life is so poor a criterion of a candidate's merit, why are men, before they are qualified to become candidates, almost compelled to have passed through this same life? For the difficulty in passing as a *literate* is well known!

Now if University honours are no criterion of fitness for the office of pastor, what sort of a criterion is a University life, which is made nearly a *sine qua non?* To have a degree is a criterion, it seems, judging by the uniform practice of the bishops, but to have obtained the degree with distinction is no criterion at all.

The grand qualification for the office of pastor, which a young man gets at the University, is the exhaustion that attends a few years of vice and debauchery. This "sowing of the wild oats" was no part of the original intention in founding a university. It is like the breaking in of a wild colt, save that the one is done by discipline, and the other by the total absence of it. After the dissipation of a three or four years' failure and expenditure at the University, a youth is greatly subdued, and, as meekness is a necessary clerical endowment, the experience may be beneficial.

The Cholera in Paris.—The intensity of this pest in Paris, and its mildness here, or rather the far greater number of persons attacked in that capital than in this, deserves the consideration of those who have opportunities of investigating its causes. One fact is clear, that the disease is the same, and is not more virulent in its nature than the disease of London. The difference in result must therefore arise from facilities it meets with in Paris of germinating rapidly, that is to say, a more convenient medium through which to pass, or, from a superior aptitude or liability of the Parisians to receive its impressions. We have all been living either amidst the Cholera, or in the next layer of atmosphere that contained it. The virus either did not pass from one locality to another, or it passed and was turned from us like a weapon upon armour of too fine a temper to be penetrated. The causes affecting Paris may be connected both with easy transmission through the air, and aptitude to receive its impressions. Paris has always been considered a *strong* city; it is impossible to walk its streets without being conscious that the air is loaded with impurities of various kinds. The state of its *cloacæ* is wretched, and in matters essential to health and comfort, though imitators of the

English, they are still very far behind us, though backwardness in these cases argues a very low state of civilization. With regard to bodily health, it is pretty certain that there is a difference between a Parisian and a Londoner; that the antiphlogistic treatment which would save the Englishman from any acute disorder, would assuredly kill the Frenchman. Thus, though we are liable to be carried off by acute complaints, they are more afflicted with chronical ones; the which implies a greater tenacity of fibre on our part, a more vigorous flow of blood, and a more copious supply of the nervous fluid. It is possible that the striking difference that has occurred in the two capitals may be accounted for by these circumstances. The following traits of Paris under the Cholera might have been taken from Defoe's History of the Plague: they are, however, from a letter in the Times.

"I have traversed a good portion of the city: it is difficult to describe it now. The Boulevards—formerly the promenade of the idlers and of the fashionables—of the wealthy and of the swindlers—are now thinly sprinkled with a few melancholy persons, walking as it were in fear of the malady of which every one is talking. No carriages—no splendid liveries, even the diplomatic corps conceal themselves. The druggists' shops are in some places thronged by persons, each to ask for a remedy for a father, a mother, a wife, a husband, or a child, or a relation who is dying. In some houses there are several dead at the same moment; and one sees a coffin lying in the passage and covered with a white sheet, with a candle lighted at the head, waiting until the black cart approaches to carry the deceased to a place of burial. It is indeed a dreadful visitation which desolates a city and causes the ruin of families, and leaves many a forlorn orphan to weep in misery or to beg a pittance in the streets."

Badness of the Opera.—The least enviable person in the country, out of the tread-mill and the hulks, is probably Mr. Monck Mason, the bad-manager of the Opera. What a position! Nobody satisfied—every body complaining—all his friends worrying him—he himself conscious of neither keeping his money nor his promises. It was thought, that when a musician, a gentleman, and a capitalist were combined, that phœnix of rare creatures, a successful caterer for the Opera was discovered; but, alas! the world has been be-*Grisi'd* and be-*Tosi'd* till they have lost all faith and patience. The numerous failures, and unhappy experiments that have been tried on both the young and the old, the ugly and the pretty, those with some voice, and others with none in tune—the Lasizes, the Puzzis, and the Grandolfis, have thrown a heavy cloud over the house, that will probably cast a shadow even upon the things to come. The hand of Fate seems upon the house, and all who raise a note in it or on it.

The importation of singers is a most delicate affair: it most resembles the carriage of white bait: the fish that at Blackwall appears all transparent fibre, before it reaches the heart of London is a lump of dead-looking mummy. So it is with singers: the ear of the *Impresario* is charmed in Italy, the bird is caught by putting a little salt upon its tail, and caged in a prison of gilt bars, and is made to cross the seas; but, lo! in being let out to sing, its notes are changed, the spirit of the song is gone, and the Opera-house frowns a frown of damnation: Mr. Monck Mason is encumbered with his captive, tries to whistle her away, and does not always succeed, without a duet in the newspapers. It looks ill when a musical manager has to clear off old scores in "The Times."

State of Manchester.—The Cholera has not yet attacked those parts of England where its horrible exploits may be expected fully to equal its achievements in France. Manchester for instance, where every circumstance of squalor, debauchery, starvation, filth and impurity combine to prepare a monstrous feast for the devouring plague. An account of the state of this town has lately been published by Dr. Phillips Kay. They who remember Erasmus's description of London at the time of the sweating sickness or plague in Henry VIII.'s reign, will be struck by some of the points of similarity between it and Dr. Kay's account of Manchester. The details are not of a nature to be quoted here. The striking picture, however, of a day of these manufacturing unfortunates ought to be pointed out to the attention of all persons who have the power and the will to operate changes in our domestic economy. Had a tithe of the attention that has been wasted on the West Indies and the South Seas been directed to Manchester, better fruits might have been expected.

There are said to be one thousand gin-shops in Manchester. A gentleman curious in these matters, watched the number of persons entering a gin-shop in that town in five minutes, during eight successive Saturday evenings, and at various periods from seven o'clock until ten. The average result was 112 men and 163 women, or 275 in forty minutes, which is equal to 412 per hour. The population of Manchester and its environs amounts to about 230,000, and more than one-half of its inhabitants are so destitute or so degraded, as to require *the assistance of public charity in bringing their offspring into the world.*

The Lion's Mouth.

"Aliena negotia centum."—*Horat.*

VINDICATION OF BOULOGNE SUR MER.

"Monsieur L'Editeur:— "*March* 31, 1832.

"You perceive I commence by availing myself of the accomplishment of foreign travel, by addressing you in a foreign language; but having never been able to proceed further —for reasons best known to myself—I must lucubrate a little with you on this spot, and make up for other deficiencies. The subject, I fear, is stale, perhaps worse; but as you have been *devilish* hard in making game of it with Asmodeus, and as game is only high-flavoured when run down, I wish to remove some of the foul spots he has left behind, at least qualify it by a more gentle application.

"Why Boulogne has been selected as the target for such travellers to fire at is obvious. If our other Colonies on the coast invite his Royal Highness to look in on them, it is merely from that common etiquette of hospitality which our common infirmity demands, and which, where Idleness is the mother of Mischief, is sure to be father of so large a family;—but Boulogne seems one of those pleasant, wicked little Ultras that shows her banner all at once; and I am sure that when he saw so busy-a-looking bundle of sin basking in so smiling a valley, he longed not only to drop his card, but to seek close acquaintance with us.

"I admit it is a misfortune, that when bankrupts come abroad, or even plain, simple retrenchers, they are not satisfied with plain simples, and must be seeking sensuality at a discount: those who are suffering for their sins, have no right to be interrupting the operation of that repentance which sinners require, nor need the authority of St. Jerome or the Fathers be called into question; these old Doctors were in the habit of recommending cathartics, as well as hair-shirts, in those old times; every rumble was equal

to a rumination, and therefore all was absorbed in the future or past; but alas! Sir, in the dance of life and death, now-a-days, pleasure and pain so chase each other, that now-a-days is every thing, and Folly and Wisdom, in crossing hands, show that Folly and Vice often take different routes. Thus it is with us here; Boulogne is one of those light-tripping nymphs that merely loosens her zone for fashion sake, and like Aspasia when courting the philosophers, tells us that human nature was born before Philosophy was ever thought of: in short, the two countries are now mixed so pleasantly together here —there is so little quarrelling about old prejudices or rivalries, that the old machinery which used to be creaking and grunting at every turn, is now like that of our steam-boats —every one seems handing the oil-bottle round—all shows that the thing works well.

"But, Sir, these are but half the advantages here—these are but for the Moralists and high-flown speculators in the cause of Philanthropy *versus* Patriotism—Boulogne shines in the Physical as well as the Moral. In most places, Climate and Comfort are Antipodes, or (to come more home for a simile), like two billiard-balls meeting, the closer they hit, the farther they fly off: here, like other things, they agree—we have the curtains, carpets, and comforts of England, with the blue skies and cheap wines of France; and if France had no other colours in her composition, they must upset a whole calendar or catalogue of either patriots or prejudices.

"Before I admit, therefore, that Boulogne is a "refugium peccatorum," rather than a "refugium economorum," or, in fact, a *con amore* affair altogether, I must ask Asmodeus whether he has visited our own watering-places, and looked at the exports of their impurities? He has taken a positive (indeed a very positive) view of us; lays us down at once as the "cloaca maxima," and warns all visitors of the pestilence that here emanates. But, Sir, I have taken a comparative view; I have unroofed the houses like Asmodeus of old, peeped into all the holes and corners of sin and iniquity that I could hear of, and having hung out my Moral Eudiometer in as high and dry a spot as I could find, and noted all its indications, must pronounce that the effluvia on both sides is nearly alike. This may arise from the nature of the French atmosphere and soil, and this may avert some of the charges laid against us: the chief of these are, that lying between the two countries and capitals, we have all their old, hoary vices tumbling in on us midway; secondly, that Boulogne is so convenient a colony for new ones, and so convenient altogether. But, Sir, change of country produces change of circumstances, you must perceive; and thus the vices of both [illegible] become neutralized in combination, as neutral salts do in medicine or chemistry.

"Questions of national morality, therefore, like those of national manners, are dangerous for either import or export; few of them are stout, healthy abstractions, that can stand up and decree the right and wrong. Many of these delicate applications, that prejudice alone can take care of, are often disturbed in the carriage, and always deranged in the landing; the moment we open our stock, either here or at Calais pier, every little virtue or vice undergoes search; what we most prize is often subject to prohibition, and therefore, as we cannot throw them overboard, we must smuggle them closely about us: not that virtues in one country are called vices in another, or any such *vice versa* system, but that they change in their colour and consistency from the new elements they get into. In France, both are light, because every thing about them is light—in England, the reverse. Thus the term Dissipation varies in both; in England the atoms flying off all together, when once rid of their home—in France, popping and skipping about, but never losing their way.

"As to Scandal and Gambling, they are both epidemic and endemic; like Cholera, they are diseases of the age, or rather receipts for their cure; 'tis true they increase one half by feeding passion, but then they cure the other half by killing time. The modes of killing time depend on tastes and temperaments—the Frenchman, light, loose, and sanguine, is easily satisfied—makes a plaything of his passions, and tosses time like a shuttlecock: the Englishman, cased with buckram and bile, must have strong stimuli; he is a man of business, holds himself tight and braced for it, and therefore, when suddenly thrown on *ennui*, is like a bow-string suddenly cut, the fibres fly off in all directions, but the bow is as stiff as ever. When he comes abroad, therefore, he alters—the bow and the buckram soften by the atmosphere—the bile gets diluted by the winds, [illegible]

alter by coming abroad. We must not be too hard upon them—we must not quarrel with so respectable a word as that of *respectability*.

"But, Sir, Boulogne has peculiar modes of purification: she is notorious for her high winds—they sweep along her valley in all directions, and will sweep away the

Cholera, when it comes: in the second place, she has adopted a new mode, now universally approved of—the process and patent for this may be seen at the "Hotel d'Angleterre," and is open to all strangers. This Hotel d'Angleterre, you are not perhaps aware, is the King's Bench here; it has been newly built; lies very airy in the upper town, and is thus named and embellished in honour of our country: and though I neither assert nor deny that so expensive an undertaking was necessary, yet being regularly instituted, and with rules like those of Quarantine, I leave you to judge whether prevention is not better than remedy, where moral miasma has been so prevalent.

"I must therefore contend, Sir, that Boulogne is now simply an asylum for those afflicted with the "res angusta," &c. and I have too much "esprit de corps" about me not to attempt their defence: this, perhaps, is a forlorn hope; where Prejudice and Morality are plaintiffs, it is equal to an *ex-officio*, and none but Asmodeus ought to be counsel for the defendant; but as he and I are at issue on the main point, I simply take it up for chivalry or charity sake. It is true we have our routs, balls, and ecarté: it is true we have our "blasées," quidnuncs whose feelings are so fried and frizzled in the "casserole" of the times, that nothing but the catering of "John Bull," or "The Age," will do for them: it is true we have our cheap sensualists—but how can it be otherwise? In France, sensuality is everywhere like sociality—it is an affair of the Sun: we have no window-tax, and the only Aristocracy of the Sun is, that he is the centre of his own circle. What is the consequence? We find we can, not only *exist* but *live*—not only vegetate but animalize; and instead of holding that Polypus or Zoophyte-link that kept us dangling midway in the chain, can blaze out a little, and even plume our wings in the new beam: in short, luxuries are cheap—economy is more in the aggregate than the items; and as expenditure is not the *sine qua non* of estimation, we can all be free, easy, and economical, without danger.

"To be serious then, Sir, Absenteeism is a serious disease, and one that true patriots must deplore. I admit the influence of fashion, in the conflict now going on between old and new ideas—I admit that all countries should seek each other's good points, and break up their old barriers by mutual interchange and visits; but between visits and *visitations* there is a distinction; and if we prefer settlement altogether abroad, we may fairly conclude there is something wrong altogether at home. There are some diseases of the body politic which show themselves by eruptions, but these are outlets for the morbid matter. Absenteeism and Emigration are the results of our plethora and poverty, working double tides with us in cross channels; but though the carbuncles of our new civilization, they are not outlets for our new diseases. If society in England has been that struggle where all medium aspirants or moderate *nobodies* are excluded—if its doors are only open to those tickets which our modern Aristocracies have inflicted on us, whom are we to blame—those staying at home or abroad? Making virtues of our necessities is always a convenient fashion, and so it may be done here—those who stay at home assume that of Patriotism, because they cannot come abroad or be *looked up to*—those who come abroad assume that of Philanthropy, because they cannot stay at home or *be looked down on*; thus it is an affair of optics, pride is the prism—but in the one case it is a positive, in the other a negative obliquity of vision: let not, then, the moral virtues be hauled into the account between us—let not Boulogne be stigmatized for her emigrants: if we take the colour and staff of a colony like this from the prominent and notorious characters we hear of in it, we forgot that the same prominences and love of notoriety that attached to them at home, drove them abroad; and if we do not perceive that the most respectable here are the most private, we must be as oblique in our modes of perception as those we are so ready to blame.

"If Asmodeus had taken more or less than a bird's-eye view of us, he would have passed us by altogether; and if you, Sir, come and visit us, you will see Absenteeism construed—text, chapter, and commentary. Boulogne does not claim the merit of being the asylum for the desperate, like Calais. She is not the first rock or the last refuge to cling to—she lies at ease in her valley, combines the advantages of the two countries, and has all the features of mixed national physiognomy; if to this I added the beauties and salubrites of her walks, gardens, and baths, it might be termed eulogy: but I speak in her defence, or rather in attack of the opinions of some newspapers. Such opinions militate against all parties: the French seldom discriminate between attacks of our society and theirs, and thus recriminations arise and irritations produced. The cultivation of good feeling between us should be a matter of principle, not interest; France and England must stand or fall together; and France is friendly, whatever our Tories may think. But even were this otherwise, why should Boulogne be stained by the black sheep that run through her? Look at our fixed, quiet families, who have lived here *since the Peace*—look at our Admirals, Generals, Divines, &c. who have avail-

ed themselves of her advantages, and are not ashamed of retrenchment. Economy can only prick that pride which is bloated and heated by rivalry, but always shows a healthy pride in seeking what is just and honourable. If Boulogne had not been selected for such advantages, if she had been merely a temporary refuge for the worthless, where should we see those institutions which now adorn her, and for which she is so much indebted to our country?—where should we see our respectable Church of England establishment, with its excellent pastor, Mr. Symons, so many years at his post?—where its Humane and other Societies?—and that combined system of charity which has produced, and is at this moment producing, such effects?—where those excellent seminaries of education (whether under Messrs. Bury, Dickinson, Gretton, or others), that no less tend to unite the nations, and have flourished for so many years? What has been the result of this affluence of strangers?—an action and reaction on both sides: a new town has started up—all its energies quickened, all its resources increased. Look at our Museum, Libraries, and Cabinets—look at the attractions of such to our men of talents and literature: if the names of a Haynes Bayly, Banim, Speer, Sankey, &c. have been found together in our list, shall we say that Mind has no resources at Boulogne, and that dissipation is her only industry?

"But yet, Sir, Absenteeism is an evil, and should be removed. Boulogne mitigates it, and meets us half way; but Boulogne will diminish her attractions when England diminishes her repulsions. England will even, perhaps, be dearer than France—her climate creates more wants, her condition creates more wishes—*Reform* cannot alter the one—let us hope it will improve the other!"

"Monsieur, J'ai l'honneur de vous saluer,

"&c. &c. &c."

We comply with the request of Mr. Russelton, and give admission to his "precious effusion," although we can scarcely think he has made a *hit* of his *miss*. A pun or two now and then, however, helps digestion.

Προς τον Δια.

Oh Jove! when to the charming Mrs. Tyndar
You made advances which she would not hinder,
Your form amphibious was a d—d fib,
And your fair plumy coat a fowl deceit;
But what is most amazing in this feat,
Is the strange fact that Mrs. Tyndar should
Take fire at once while dripping from the flood
And burn for such a watery spark as you.
Perhaps your web feet caught her as she flew——
And then, when you had used the woman ill,
You hopeful bird! you offered her your bill,
Which never yet passed current for a franc
At any bank—except a river's bank.
You thought you 'd made a wondrous hit, I wis,
When, by such doings, you obtained a Miss,
But for the same, you well deserved to be
Well hanged; yea hanged twice over, e'en as he
Who hath a two-fold capability
For hanging; inn-sign Swan, who swings amain,
The noted Swan, with two necks, in Lad Lane.

We have had much pleasure in reading a pamphlet "on Theatrical Emancipation and the Rights of Dramatic Authors." By T. J. Thackeray, Esq. It is full of interesting matter.

Mr. Mackinnon, the able author of "Public Opinion," has brought in a Bill, which has been read a first time, to prevent cruelty to animals. We regret, that while we highly applaud the intention, we cannot altogether subscribe to the wisdom of the measure; it seems to us that it is a part of that eternal system of over-legislating which is the great curse of our codes—"in republicâ corruptissimâ plurimæ leges," these laws beat about the bush without catching the bird. The only way to prevent cruelty, is to render the *disposition* humane—the only way to render the disposition more humane, is not by legal penalties, but by early education. Let Mr. Mackinnon bring in a Bill for the establish-

ment of schools—let him give us the assistance of his enlightened mind against the taxes on knowledge—and cruelty to animals will very soon disappear. All the most flagrant instances of cruelty are committed by men the most brutally ignorant. The woman who boiled her cat for eating her victuals, said, very gravely, "that she had remonstrated with the cat before, and assured him of her intention to boil him if he persisted in his practices." And when it was answered to the woman that the cat did not understand her language, she might fairly have replied, that the cat knew as much of her language as the poor in general know of the law. The taxes on knowledge are a cruelty to human beings, who are hanged for ignorance; and the true cause of cruelty to cats, who are boiled for the same offence with about the same justice!

Curious Plagiarism.—Extract from Prince Puckler Muskau's Travels.

"We are a selfish people," said a favourite leader of fashion, "I confess, and I do believe that what in other countries is called *amor patriæ*, is amongst us nothing but a huge conglomeration of love of ourselves; but I am glad of it; I like selfishness, there is good sense in it."

In a novel called "The Anglo-Irish," written by Mr. Banim, author of the "O'Hara Tales," published years ago by Mr. Colburn, at page 192 of the first Volume, the following sentence will appear, supposed to be babbled forth by a *fictitious character*, and who is painted by the author as a *sneering, scandal-talking, gouty, ill-dressed old man.*

"We are a reflecting people, selfish if you will, and I do believe that what in other countries is called *amor patriæ*, is amongst us nothing but a huge conglomeration of love of ourselves; but I am glad of it; I like selfishness, there is sense in it."

So much for the "*favourite* leader of fashion" of the German Prince.

⁂ The plagiarism denounced by our Correspondent is glaring enough. But fifty such plagiarisms would not counterbalance, though they would assuredly lessen, the merit of the Prince's book.

Answer to a letter in Blackwood's Magazine, by the Right Hon. T. P. Courtenay, on the subject of the Foreign Policy of Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning.

N.B. This letter was received too late to appear in our last Month's Number, but the interest of the subject treated on will bear a little delay. For our own part, in according to our Correspondent the justice of a reply to Mr. Courtenay's article in Blackwood's Magazine, we really take no share whatever in the dispute. Our own opinions respecting Mr. Canning's Foreign Policy were expressed freely and largely in our last Number. For Mr. Courtenay we have (putting politics aside) all the respect which his literary abilities deserve.

"Gentlemen:—

"In the January Number of your valuable publication, I addressed to you a few remarks in answer to an article in the Foreign Quarterly Review,* relating to the Foreign Policy of Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning. To those remarks the author of that article has replied, in a letter published in Blackwood's Magazine for March—and in so doing, he has avowed his name to be—Thomas Peregrine Courtenay!

"In reference to this reply, I am only desirous of directing the attention of those, who are interested in the controversy, to the Right Hon. Gentleman's abandonment of the most important position which he advanced in his Review. He no longer imputes to Mr. Stapleton an erroneous description of Mr. Canning's Policy, but is compelled to confess, that, 'throughout his work, his error lies in misrepresenting, *not Mr. Canning*, but Lord Castlereagh.'†

"This unlooked-for recantation simplifies the matter in dispute between us, in a most extraordinary degree; for while Mr. Stapleton was accused of misrepresenting both parties, there was no defined standard by which either could be compared; but decision

* Foreign Quarterly, No. XVI.
† Blackwood's Magazine, No. CXCII. p. 526.

is easy, when the single point which remains to be determined is, whether Lord Castlereagh's management of our foreign affairs was, in fact, precisely similar in character to the confessedly-accurate description given of Mr. Canning's by Mr. Stapleton.

"Let a comparison, then, be instituted between Mr. Canning's acts thus correctly described, and Lord Castlereagh's *known* acts, and I would almost be willing to leave the result to the partial judgment of my antagonist—certain I am that I leave it with perfect confidence to the impartial judgment of disinterested individuals.

"Here, then, I should close my observations, were it not that Mr. Courtenay, towards the termination of his letter, in making a sort of personal defence, accuses me of having improperly given him 'a pretty severe rebuke in not very courteous language.' Now, had Mr. Courtenay confined himself in his Review to attacking Mr. Stapleton's correctness, or sneering at his 'amiable prejudices,' I, as the friend of Mr. Canning, should have had neither the right nor the temptation to depart from the strictest courtesy of expression. The Right Hon. Reviewer was doubtless at liberty to comment as he pleased upon Mr. Stapleton's performance; but he was not free to attempt, by unworthy insinuations, to injure the reputation of an individual now no more, of whose 'favour and confidence,' as he somewhat strangely volunteers to proclaim, he had 'obtained' no inconsiderable 'share.'*

"Mr. Courtenay, indeed, dextrously puts forward as his 'real offence' his support of the Government of the Duke of Wellington: but so far is *that* from being the case, I agree with him in thinking, that had he seceded with Mr. Huskisson from the Government, he would only have made himself 'ridiculous.' No, his 'real offence' was his having written a Review, in which he appeared to me, through design, most ungraciously and, I will add, most unfairly to disparage Mr. Canning's reputation. It is true that he asserts in his letter, that he does not 'know' that he has said 'one word derogatory' to that statesman. But let any one read his comments† on Mr. Canning's Speech on sending troops to Portugal; and his ridicule‡ of Mr. Stapleton for certain praises which he bestowed on Mr. Canning, and then lay his hand on his heart and say that that Review could by possibility have been published by what Mr. Courtenay professes himself to be—'a sincere and faithful admirer'§ of Mr. Canning.

"Mr. Courtenay, it is well known, lies under considerable obligations to Mr. Canning: under the consciousness that he does so, he affirms that he has not sought to vilify his memory. Be it so. But he escapes the imputation upon his heart at the expense of his head; for it is impossible not to compassionate that obliquity of intellect which enables Mr. Courtenay to 'lay the flattering unction to his soul,' that he has not written one word 'derogatory to Mr. Canning.' The occasional eulogy which he bestows upon him, serves but to give weight to his injurious insinuations, by conferring on his comments the appearance of impartiality.

"'Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe,
Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn the blow;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh! save me from the candid friend!'||

"In conclusion—if I have mistaken the character of Mr. Courtenay's article, I can only say that I most sincerely beg pardon of the Right Hon. Gentleman. One thing I am ready to admit, viz. that it has not been in any way injurious to Mr. Canning. But it is with the apparent intention of the writer, not with the result of his efforts with which I have had to deal. On the other hand, if I have *not* mistaken the character of his essay, I must observe, that if I have administered a 'pretty severe rebuke,' he certainly has most richly deserved it.

"I am, Gentlemen, your most obedient servant,

"A Friend of Mr. Canning."

An article relative to Goethe, prepared for the New Monthly, by one of the most accomplished German scholars of the age, must remain over until next month. It will, however, be found worth waiting for.

* Mr. Courtenay's Letter, p. 533.
† Foreign Quarterly, No. XVI. p. 415.
‡ Foreign Quarterly, No. XVI. p. 428.
§ Vide conclusion of Mr. Courtenay's Letter.
|| Vide Mr. Canning's Poem of "New Morality," in the Anti-Jacobin.



THE

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

OUR PRESENT STATE.

We live in much disturbed times, of which it is hardly likely that any but the youngest will see the end. All political changes arising from the same cause, arrive at last at the same result, albeit their course may be more or less regulated by the genius of the period on which they fall, and the conduct and disposition of the men who exercise an influence over their destinies.

A new mind is first infused into society—it takes root, it expands,

silently, almost imperceptibly—for the surface of things remains the same: the same laws, the same form of government, the same acknowledged practices and customs—though these fall much into disuse. In the mean while, the spirit that is abroad is breathed from individual to individual, from family to family—it traverses districts—and new men, men with new hearts and feelings, unknown to each other, arise in different parts. A new people is dwelling with the old people—but their power is little, for they have no ties of association. At last, a word is spoken which appeals to the hearts of all—each answers simultaneously to the call—a compact body is collected under one standard, a watchword is given, and every man knows his friend.

No marvel that others exclaim at the sudden uprising of a power, of which those who compose it knew not, until they were gathered together, the force—nay, hardly even the existence. No marvel that they ignore that the vision which appears erect and firm before them now is the condensation of a vapour that has long been rising from the earth, whose present aspect is no sudden phenomenon, but the last link in a long chain of causes, the first of which it is difficult to find, and which it has become impossible to *destroy*.

It is because the pre-existing change in society, which precedes every great change in legislation, is so silent and imperceptible, that states, in their progression, will always undergo certain crises, which may be rendered more or less long, more or less severe, but which must always be of some duration and some severity. Those who have neither perceived nor taken part in the social change, look naturally upon the legislative one as unnecessary and uncalled for: they take that to be the transitory desire of the moment which has been the long-travailed progeny of years, and they wonder how so stern a wish can start up at once for vast innovations. On the other hand, the men whose spirits have long been aspiring into futurity, whose minds have formed themselves an existence apart from the present, who see a prejudice separate from the prestige of a habit, are equally incensed at the bigotry of such as obstinately defend the very threshold of existing institutions. However much it may be desired, it is almost impossible that there can be any friendly understanding between the two parties; they do not reason with the same mind; they do not see with the same eyes; there is no kind of sympathy between them. It is easy to foresee the side to which victory must belong; it is, unfortunately, hopeless to attempt to avoid the contest—but with a contest come the heat and the excitement which blind men to the reality of their desires. The thing contended for is frequently forgotten in remembering the person whom we contended

against—the passion of vengeance gets mixed up with the determination for justice. The force of the movement which is making, acquires an impetus from the strength of the resistance it is met with. The excitement which urges us on becomes, sometimes, as unfortunate as the irresolution which would keep us back, and hurries us past the object which we set out with the sober intention to arrive at.

For this reason it is well, after each battle, to meet in council—to call our minds calmly to the consideration of the object for which we have fought—to observe how much we have done, or have yet to do, in order to obtain it—not forgetting that, though vigilance is at all times necessary, the weaker that our enemy has become, the less necessity there is for any desperate means to overcome him.

About three weeks since, Lord Grey, having reason to fear that it was impossible to carry the Bill for a Reform in Parliament through the House of Lords, on stating those fears to the King, and not receiving from his Majesty such an assurance as he deemed necessary to counteract them, resigned office. Every one knows what the assurance solicited by his Lordship was—that the royal prerogative should be exerted to such an extent as might be necessary to carry the measure effective in its important parts through both branches of the body legislative.

It is not for us to deny, that so large a creation of Peers as might be wanted for this purpose was an act to be viewed, under ordinary circumstances, with jealousy and apprehension. If we were to continue to possess a House of Commons open, like the present, to corruption, we should be more unwilling than we are to sanction and approve a precedent, by which the sovereign, having obtained a venal majority in one assembly, might so easily constitute for himself a dependant majority in the other. But it was to deliver the people from the chance of such a calamity—it was to elevate the House of Commons beyond the fears of Montesquieu or the devices of a Sir Robert Walpole—it was to place the real representatives of the people in an incorruptible security, that the sovereign was advised to an extraordinary exercise of his power, which might indeed be dangerous if employed to keep them beneath the influence of corruption:—the cause for which the counsel was given, the immediate object it would effect, was the best guarantee against its future disadvantage—the act itself destroyed the only evil to be apprehended from its example. The letter of the Constitution sanctioned it; but it was not as an ordinary constitutional measure, but as an extraordinary act of policy and expediency, justified, as all such acts must be, by the extraordinary circumstances of the times which called for it, that Lord Grey may boldly vindicate the advice that he gave, and

the course consequent upon its rejection that he adopted. That we should justify his conduct will not, perhaps, be thought astonishing by his opponents—that they should impugn it, does, we confess, appear marvellous to us. The Duke of Wellington had declared, not once, but on every occasion, and this most solemnly, that an extensive measure of Reform was a gross individual injustice—a great constitutional sacrifice. We know his willingness—his partizans uphold and laud that willingness—to have permitted this gross individual injustice, to have actually perpetrated this large constitutional sacrifice. Not only was he willing to allow a great evil to fall upon the country, he was ready to inflict that evil with his own hand —in order to ward off what he considered an evil still greater. Might not Lord Grey, then, esteem a large creation of Peers an evil in itself, but might he not also advise and adopt that evil as a barrier against a greater one? The Duke of Wellington did not hesitate committing what he deemed a private robbery, for the sake of the public weal: surely Lord Grey might advise an act of high prerogative, exercised for a popular end, and apparent as the only means of preventing a public convulsion. Was political expediency an all-sufficient argument in the mouth of the Duke of Wellington, and was it to be no argument in the mouth of Lord Grey? What other course, indeed, was left to the Premier? The House of Commons, as at present existing, is pledged, as far as men can be, to the Bill it has already sanctioned. There were some who spoke, as the first act of a new Government, of a dissolution. But when did the dissolution of a popular Parliament bring about the return of one less governed by popular principles? Were any of Charles the First's Parliaments (four times dissolved) so violent as the last, which commenced by beheading the favourite, and which did not terminate without sitting in judgment on the monarch?

Charles the Tenth too, (that name has hitherto been as ill-boding to its possessor as that of William has been happily prosperous,)—Charles the Tenth, too, dissolved the Chamber that declared against his Minister, and left himself, by the result of this operation, no other resource than to abandon his throne, or to defeat his people. Poor old man, driveller as he is, with what astonishment would he have viewed an imitation of the conduct, which it wanted the wisdom of a Polignac to recommend, and the prudence of a Peyronnet to excuse!

If the House of Commons then could not be changed—was an open collision between the two constituted bodies of the State—the one backed by the passions of a disappointed people, the other supported by the prejudices of a proud and powerless aristocracy—to

be permitted to take place? Was this what a wary member of that aristocracy would advise for the preservation of his order? Was this what an able Statesman could counsel for the peace and safety of the commonwealth? Had Lord Grey indeed been able to foresee the sudden change which succeeded his resignation—had he believed it possible that the same men who declaimed against Reform as a most wicked and profligate and diabolical invention to destroy the country, in one week, would embrace this wickedness, would hug this profligacy and devilry, as a wise and necessary means of safety, in the next—had he thought it likely that the same lips which on one side of the House had declared that it was a mockery to think the people cared about Reform were prepared lispingly to pronounce on the other that it was necessary to concede Reform to the eager excitement of this very people—had Lord Grey been able to foresee this, he might have asked to make seventy places instead of seventy Peers; and the high honour, the incorruptible integrity of the House of Lords might have been preserved without stain or blemish. As it is, the mighty blow so apprehended by this body will come, if come it does, not from Lord Grey's hand—not from the hand of an administration who have already faltered, as some think, too long, and who will only be urged by the last necessity to its delivery—it will be the persons who lift up their voices so loudly in deprecating the stroke, that will suicidally inflict it on themselves. If Lord Carnarvon, and Lord Ellenborough, and the Duke of Wellington, are honourable men, their course is a simple and a straight one, and it must be a matter of thanksgiving and congratulation to their friends that, without incurring the penalty of place, (and who will deny that place, in the delicate situation of these gentlemen, must have been a penalty not ordinarily severe?) they will be able to prevent the measure which so much appals them, by merely acting up to those principles in opposition which they had resolved to adopt if they had come into office. If such be the course which they pursue, their friends will be able to say in palliation of their olden protestations that these were really made in ignorance of the force and determination of the public mind which late events contrived to teach them. Whom indeed have those events not taught? The people—have they learnt nothing? Have they made no acquaintance with their own strength? which, though we thank God they possess it, we would not wish them to be over willing and anxious to use. Are a few place-hunters and common-place drivellers, who have hitherto passed for men of a certain prudence and tact, because they showed no more shining mark of usefulness or ability—still as ignorant as they were? Has the Whig faction, proud of its alliances,

and its noble names, and its large fortunes, which has thought too much, perchance, of its own aristocratical importance, and too little of the power to be derived from consulting the wishes and interests of the great bulk of the community, been confirmed in its former prejudices, or encouraged in its new opinions?—and the Sovereign, one day the most popular man in his dominions, and the next not a voice to say "God bless him!"—has he learnt nothing of the short-sighted views of prattling fine ladies, and prognosticating boys, and owl-eyed courtiers, who had no other ideas of public spirit than are necessary to mortify a banker's wife, to bully a too-fond father, and to backbite an indulgent administration? Left alone indeed!—where would he have been if his Ministers had clung to him until they had shipwrecked their own reputation? Where would he have been if the Reform Bill had a second time been lost, and no such party had existed to come between the royal authority and the popular indignation? Where would he have been—what would have been *the date* of this paper which we are now writing, if the people, seeing none in whom they could confide, had taken the settlement of their affairs into their own hands, and turning in equal disgust from Whig and Tory—Prince and Peer, had sought for a general change where they believed there was a general corruption?

That the King's situation is an unpleasant one, even at the present moment, we regret that it is not in our power to deny; and if he look on what has happened with a sober view, he will know whom to thank for the position in which he finds himself. That he should be offended with those who warned him, in the very counsel they gave, of the danger to which its rejection would expose him—that he should be grateful to those who from ignorance, or from interest, advised him to reject that counsel, and thus to discard the servants whom it was found utterly hopeless and impossible to replace—passes all belief, and we dismiss the supposition at once as an ungracious insult upon our Sovereign's heart and understanding.

These are times in which a crown sits heavily on a royal head. These are times in which it is too easy for a Sovereign to commit an error, and yet are they times also when every error is harshly viewed and with difficulty repaired or forgiven. No path was more wisely chosen, but no path is more difficult to tread, than that on which King William commenced his reign. A reforming King, if he be thought sincere, is the idol of his people, but the very rareness of his virtue renders it liable to be suspected.

Charles the First was a decided hypocrite: the character of Louis *Seize* is more uncertain. His intrigues with Mirabeau, his correspondence with Austria, are now placed beyond dispute; but they

are almost to be excused by what were then the difficulties of his situation, and it still remains a doubt whether, if he had triumphed through the means of either, he would have been a constitutional King, or a despotic monarch.

It is in the earlier passages of the Revolution that his real disposition may be fairly looked for, and it was from these (whether unfortunately or deservedly) that his destiny was decided.

"Si prenant l'initiative des changemens," says the historian of this eventful period, "si prenant l'initiative des changemens il avait fixé avec *fermeté* mais avec *justice* le nouvel ordre des choses, si réalisant les vœux de la France il eut déterminé les droits des citoyens, les attributions des états généraux, les limites de la royauté; s'il eut renoncé à l'arbitraire pour lui, à l'inégalité pour la noblesse, aux privilèges pour les corps; enfin s'il eut accompli *toutes les réformes* qui étaient *réclamées* par *l'opinion,* et qui furent exécutées par l'assemblée constituante, *cette révolution aurait prévenu les funestes dissensions qui éclatèrent plus tard.* Il est rare de trouver un prince qui consent au partage de son pouvoir et qui soit assez éclairé pour céder ce qu'il sera réduit à perdre. *Cependant Louis XVI. l'aurait fait, s'il avait été moins dominé par ses alentours, et s'il eut suivi ses inspirations personelles:* mais, il flottait irrésolu entre son ministère et sa cour dirigée *par la reine,* et par *quelques princes de sa famille.*"

This is the cool and impartial judgment of one distant from the events of which he speaks; but we must remember that when the unfortunate King, "*supplié dans l'intérêt de sa couronne, au nom de la religion, d'arrêter la marche factieuse des communes, se laissa gagner et promit tout*"—when, in spite of the advice of Necker, he held that famous *séance royale* which terminating in the defeat of his authority decided the revolution, the nation and its representatives doubted whether it was through error and weakness, or tyranny and hypocrisy, that he would have disappointed those hopes which he had allowed his Minister to inspire. The 23rd of June, and the 11th of July—the first famous for the neglect of that Minister, the last for his exile—threw a taint of treachery and suspicion about all the actions of Louis, which it would have required no common firmness and prudence in his subsequent conduct to efface. It was not necessary for him to have been perfidious, it was sufficient for him to have appeared so. The very frankness with which he had opened the States-General, enhanced the crime of endeavouring to defeat their beneficent intentions. The pardon that would have been granted to the obstinate pride of Louis XIV., which might even have been given to the easy versatility of Louis XV., was refused to a Monarch who affected a simplicity of manners and an honesty of purpose beyond that of his predecessors.

We are tolerant to the open licentiousness of "Tom Jones," but

nothing equals our scorn and anger at the canting profligacy of Blifil—and so, at the present moment, we should turn with disgust and horror from a shade of faithlessness and dishonesty in the reigning Prince, though we treated with careless indifference the notorious treachery of his brother.

We speak out—because while we wish to moderate those feelings in the country which it is more probable that an error in judgment than a dishonesty of purpose accidentally produced—we should also be anxious for other persons to understand that safety of conduct is not always found in integrity of intention. We say that we wish to preserve a wise and sober moderation in the country, and we say this with sincerity; for we have the example before our eyes, in the fate of the Tories, of the misfortune that attends an opposite line of conduct. Let us go back but a few months, to the period when *a* Reform in Parliament, as yet unproposed, was the unanimous wish of this great country. Had the Premier of the moment possessed but common prudence, he would have found it but too easy to have given satisfaction with a measure, that in recognizing the power of Manchester and Birmingham might almost have left unquestioned the purity of Gatton and Old Sarum. The declaration that *no* Reform was necessary, let in an Administration pledged to an extensive Reform. That Administration brought forward their plan, as Lord Althorp has said, with hardly any hope of succeeding.

The then House of Commons, which, constituted as it was, could hardly have expected so daring a project, was undoubtedly unprepared, in its full extent at least, to receive it. A moderate opposition would have left the Bill in the hands of that House of Commons;—the violent opposition that was made—dissolved it. So in the House of Lords—Schedule A once passed, it might have been possible to make some alteration in what remained. An attempt was made to throw out Schedule A, and even the enfranchisement of the Metropolitan Districts has been carried by a majority of fifty-five.

A Constitutional Reform was all that the most violent desired. A revolution was foretold by its opponents, and with a fatal determination to bring about the fulfilment of their prophecy in the forced return of Lord Grey to power (we confess it) they have succeeded. All that the greatest democrat in the House of Commons desired to do with the House of Lords was, to increase its wealth, influence, and popularity, by making Peers of those, who, with the fortunes of Patricians, had the feelings of the People. What the Tories have effected is, at once to render that assembly's authority odious and its opposition useless—we would have made the Peerage popular and strong, they have left it impotent and hated. For this they have the

ingenuous commendation of themselves—and having despised the smiles of a grateful nation, they may still bask in the honest sunshine of Mr. Tennyson's approbation.

Blind and mistaken men, what have you not done, in injury to yourselves—in ingratitude to the nation!—For how many years did you hold a monopoly of power! for how many years, with any thing like conduct, might you have maintained it!

> " But being fed by us, you used us so
> As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
> Useth the sparrow—did oppress our nest,
> Grew by our feeding to so foul a bulk
> That we were forced for safety's sake—
> ——— to raise this present head,
> Whereby we stand opposed by such means
> As you yourselves have raised against yourselves."

There has been intimidation used—we do not deny it—intimidation still exists. The fear of punishment, the submission to superior force, is the law by which the minority of every society is rendered obedient to the majority. When this law is applied by the great bulk of the community to a constituent part of the state, we acknowledge that it is a sign of times in which there is much peril. But let us not forget that if the pressure exercised from without has been somewhat illegitimate, an uncertainty exists as to whether the power assumed within, has been strictly legal. The right of the House of Lords to interfere with the construction of the House of Commons has been more than once denied by no incompetent judges. In the very passage in which Junius declares against such a bill as that now under consideration, he acknowledges that if it were once brought forward—" both in the formation and the passing of it, the exclusive right of the Commons must be asserted as scrupulously as in the case of a money bill."

We do not mean to justify any measures of violence and force; if we casually attempt to excuse, we most assuredly do not intend to sanction or advise such. The different powers of the existing Constitution, which have rarely been found insufficient for their purpose, were not lodged in the hands of the respective parties with any idea that all or either of them would prove always immaculate. It was not anticipated that the Parliament would be always honest, that the Peers would be always unprejudiced, that the Sovereign would always be well-advised.

There are remedies in each body of the state, not so well apportioned, perhaps, as we might desire, but still we do believe, in most respects, sufficient to remedy the evils that may arise in either.

It is not, until it shall be attempted to levy taxes with the bayonet, that we shall counsel resisting them with the barricade.

As for the Reform Bill—thanks to the devices of those who opposed, and the energies of those who supported it—the Reform Bill, whole and unmutilated, we may consider carried. But we have said that the contest now waging must be of long continuance, and this we deem not to be avoided. The Reform Bill itself is no more likely to give immediate satisfaction, or to produce general security in this country, than was in France the mere assembling of the Etats Généraux. It is what this assembly, when called together, will perform —it is the amelioration of our criminal code—the regulation of our Church—the economy of our Government—and, above all, "the last key-stone in the arch," the education of our people, which will place us in a state of prosperity and peace, under the best guarantee for their continuance—a knowledge of the happy situation in which we are. That all these measures, salutary as we deem them, will find opponents—some acting from interest, some from, what in our eyes must appear, mistaken prejudice, we anticipate and are prepared for; at the same time we apprehend no other evil consequence from their opposition than the excitement which a disputed victory may leave us when achieved. It is with this apprehension, faint though it is, before us, that we say to the people, in the moment of their exultation, "Think not any difficulty you encounter in obtaining your reasonable and just desires, can afford a sober pretext for extending those desires beyond the bounds of strict reason and justice! Behold how the fanaticism of oligarchical prejudice has contributed to the success of constitutional freedom, and do not forget that the excesses of Liberty are almost as sure to conduct to the detestable, if transitory, triumph of military tyranny!"

DEATH OF GOETHE.

In the Obituary of these days stands one article of quite peculiar import; the time, and place, and particulars of which will have to be often repeated, and re-written, and continue in remembrance for many centuries: this, namely, that Johann Wolfgang von Goethe died at Weimar, on the 22nd of March 1832. It was about eleven in the morning: "he expired," says the record, "without any apparent suffering, having, a few minutes previously, called for paper for the purpose of writing, and expressed his delight at the arrival of spring." A beautiful death: like that of a soldier found faithful at his post, and in the cold hand his arms still grasped! The Poet's last words are a greeting of the new-awakened Earth; his last movement is to work at his appointed task. Beautiful: what we might call a Classic sacred-death; if it were not rather an Elijah-translation,—in a chariot, not of fire and terror, but of hope and soft vernal sunbeams! It was at Frankfort on the Mayn, on the 28th of August 1749, that this man entered the world; and now, gently welcoming the very birthday of his eighty-second spring, he closes his eyes, and takes farewell.

So, then, our Greatest has departed. That melody of life, with its cunning tones, which took captive ear and heart, has gone silent; the heavenly force that dwelt here, victorious over so much, is here no longer: thus far, not farther, by speech and by act, shall the wise man utter himself forth. The End! What solemn meaning lies in that word, as it peals mournfully through the soul, when a living Friend has passed away! All now is closed, irrevocable: the changeful life-picture, growing daily into new coherence, under new touches and hues, has suddenly become completed and unchangeable: there as it lay, it is dipped, from this moment, in the æther of the Heavens, and shines transfigured, to endure even so—for ever. Time, and Time's empire; stern, wide-devouring, yet not without their grandeur! The week-day man, who was as one of us, has put on the garment of Eternity, and become radiant and triumphant: the Present is all at once the Past; Hope is suddenly cut away, and only the backward vistas of Memory remain, shone on by a light that proceeds not from this earthly sun.

The death of Goethe, even for the many hearts that personally loved him, is not a thing to be lamented over; is to be viewed, in his own spirit, as a thing full of greatness and sacredness. "For all men it is appointed once to die." To this man the full measure of a man's life had been granted, and a course and task such as to only a few in the whole generations of the world: what else could we hope or require but that now he should be called hence, and have leave to depart, "having finished the work that was given him to do?" If his course, as we may say of him more justly than of any other, was like the Sun's, so also was his going down. For, indeed, as the material Sun is the eye and revealer of all things, so is Poetry, so is the World-Poet, in a spiritual sense: Goethe's life, too, if we examine it, is well represented in that emblem of a solar Day. Beautifully rose our summer sun, gorgeous in the red fervid East, scattering the spectres and sickly damps (of both of which there were enough to scatter);—strong, benignant in his noon-day clearness, walking triumphant

through the upper realms: and now, mark, also, how he sets! *So stirbt ein Held: anbetungsvoll!* "So dies a hero: sight to be worshipped!"—

And yet, when the inanimate, material Sun has sunk and disappeared, it will happen that we stand to gaze into the still glowing West; and there rise great, pale, motionless clouds, like coulisses or curtains, to close the flame-theatre within; and then, in that death-pause of the Day, an unspeakable feeling will come over us: it is as if the poor sounds of Time, those hammerings of tired Labour on his anvils, those Voices of simple men, had become awful and supernatural; as if in listening, we could hear them "mingle with the ever-pealing tone of old Eternity." In such moments the secrets of Life lie opener to us; mysterious things flit over the soul; Life itself seems holier, wonderful, and fearful. How much more when our sunset was of a living sun; and *its* bright countenance and shining return to us, not on the morrow, but "no more again, at all, for ever!" In such a scene, silence, as over the mysterious-great, is for him that has some feeling thereof, the fittest mood. Nevertheless by silence, the distant are not brought into communion; the feeling of each is without response from the bosom of his brother. There are now, what some years ago there were not, English hearts that know something of what those three words, "Death of Goethe," mean: to such men, among their many thoughts on the event, which are not to be translated into speech, may these few, through that imperfect medium, prove acceptable.

"Death," says the Philosopher, "is a commingling of Eternity with Time; in the death of a good man, Eternity is seen looking through Time." With such a sublimity here offered to eye and heart, it is not unnatural to look with new earnestness before and behind, and ask, What space in those years and æons of computed Time, this man with his activity may influence; what relation to the world of change and mortality, which the earthly name Life, he who is even now called to the Immortals has borne and may bear.

Goethe, it is commonly said, made a new era in Literature; a Poetic era began with him, the end or ulterior tendencies of which are yet nowise generally visible. This common saying is a true one, and true with a far deeper meaning than, to the most, it conveys. Were the Poet but a sweet sound and singer, solacing the ear of the idle with pleasant songs, and the new Poet one who could sing his idle, pleasant song to a new air, we should account him a small matter, and his performance small. But this man, it is not unknown to many, was a Poet in such a sense as the late generations have witnessed no other; as it is, in this generation, a kind of distinction to believe in the existence of, in the possibility of. The true Poet is ever, as of old, the Seer; whose eye has been gifted to discern the godlike mystery of God's universe, and decipher some new lines of its celestial writing: we can still call him a *Vates* and Seer; for he *sees* into this greatest of secrets "the open secret; hidden things become clear; how the Future (both resting on Eternity) is but another phasis of the Present; thereby are his words in very truth prophetic, what he has spoken shall be done.

It begins now to be everywhere surmised that the real Force, which in this world all things must obey, is Insight, Spiritual Vision, and

Determination. The Thought is parent of the Deed, nay, is living soul of it, and last and continual, as well as first mover of it; is the foundation, and beginning, and essence, therefore, of man's whole existence here below. In this sense, it has been said, the WORD of man (the uttered thought of man) is still a magic formula, whereby he rules the world. Do not the winds and waters, and all tumultuous powers, inanimate and animate, obey him? A poor, quite mechanical, Magician speaks,—and fire-winged ships cross the ocean at his bidding. Or mark, above all, that "raging of the nations," wholly in contention, desperation, and dark chaotic fury; how the meek voice of a Hebrew Martyr and Redeemer stills it into order, and a savage Earth becomes kind and beautiful, and the "habitation of horrid cruelty" a temple of peace. The true sovereign of the world, who moulds the world like soft wax, according to his pleasure, is he who lovingly *sees* into the world; the "inspired Thinker," whom in these days we name Poet. The true sovereign is the Wise Man.

However, as the Moon, which can heave up the Atlantic, sends not in her obedient billows at once, but gradually; and, for example, the Tide, which swells to-day on our shores and washes every creek, rose in the bosom of the great Ocean (astronomers assure us) eight-and-forty hours ago; and indeed all world-movements, by nature deep, are by nature calm, and flow and swell onwards with a certain majestic slowness,—so, too, with the impulse of a Great Man, and the effect he has to manifest on other men. To such a one we may grant some generation or two before the celestial Impulse he impressed on the world will universally proclaim itself, and become (like that working of the Moon), if still not intelligible, yet palpable, to all men; some generation or two more, wherein it has to grow, and expand, and envelope all things, before it can reach its acme; and thereafter mingling with other movements and new impulses, at length cease to require a specific observation or designation. Longer or shorter such period may be, according to the nature of the Impulse itself, and of the elements it works in; according, above all, as the Impulse was intrinsically great and deep-reaching, or only wide-spread, superficial, and transient. Thus, if David Hume is at this hour Pontiff of the World, and rules most hearts, and guides most tongues (the hearts and tongues, even of those that in vain rebel against him), there are, nevertheless, symptoms that his task draws towards completion; and now in the distance his Successor becomes visible. On the other hand, we have seen a Napoleon, like some Gunpowder Force (with which sort he, indeed, was appointed chiefly to work), explode his whole virtue suddenly, and thunder himself out and silent, in a space of five-and-twenty years. While again, for a man of true greatness, working with spiritual implements, two centuries is no uncommon period: nay, on this Earth of ours, there have been men whose Impulse had not completed its developement till after fifteen hundred years; and might, perhaps, be seen still individually subsistent after two thousand.

But, as was once written, "though our clock strikes when there is a change from hour to hour, no hammer in the horologe of time peals through the universe to proclaim that there is a change from era to era." The true beginning is oftenest unnoticed, and unnoticeable. Thus do men go wrong in their reckoning; and grope hither and thither, not knowing where they are, in what course their history

runs. Within this last century, for instance, with its wild doings and destroyings, what hope, grounded on miscalculation, ending in disappointment! How many world-famous victories were gained and lost, dynasties founded and subverted, revolutions accomplished, constitutions sworn to; and ever the "new era" was come, was coming, yet still it came not, but the time continued sick! Alas, all these were but spasmodic convulsions of the death-sick time; the crisis of cure and regeneration to the time was not there indicated. The real new era was when a Wise Man came into the world with clearness of vision, and greatness of soul to accomplish this old high enterprise, amid these new difficulties, yet again: A Life of Wisdom. Such a man became, by Heaven's preappointment, in very deed, the Redeemer of the time. Did he not bear the curse of the time? He was filled full with its scepticism, bitterness, hollowness, and thousandfold contradictions, till his heart was like to break: but he subdued all this, rose victorious over this, and manifoldly by word and act showed others that come after, how to do the like. Honour to him who first, "through the impassable, paves a road!" Such indeed is the task of every great man; nay, of every good man in one or the other sphere, since goodness is greatness; and the good man, high or humble, is ever a martyr, and "spiritual hero that ventures forward into the gulf for our deliverance." The gulf into which this man ventured, which he tamed and rendered habitable, was the greatest and most perilous of all, wherein truly all others lie included: *The whole distracted Existence of Man is an age of Unbelief.* Whoso lives, whoso with earnest mind studies to live wisely in that mad element, may yet know, perhaps too well, what an enterprise was here; and for the Chosen of our time, who could prevail in that same, have the higher reverence, and a gratitude such as can belong to no other.

How far he prevailed in it, by what means, with what endurances and achievements, will in due season be estimated: the data are now all ready; those Volumes called *Goethe's Works* will receive no farther addition or alteration; and the record of his whole spiritual Endeavour lies written there,—were the man or men but ready who could read it rightly! A glorious record; wherein he that would understand himself and his environment, and struggles for escape out of darkness into light, as for the one thing needful, will long thankfully study. For the whole chaotic time, what it has suffered, attained, and striven after, stands imaged there; interpreted, ennobled into poetic clearness. From the passionate longings and wailings of "Werter," spoken as from the heart of all Europe; onwards through the wild unearthly melody of "Faust" (like the spirit-song of falling worlds); to that serenely smiling wisdom of "Meisters Lehrjahre," and the German Hafiz,—what an interval; and all enfolded in an ethereal music, as from unknown spheres, harmoniously uniting all! A long interval; and wide as well as long: for this was a universal man. History, Science, Art, human Activity under every aspect; the laws of light, in his "Farbenlehre;" the laws of wild Italian life in his "Benvenuto Cellini;" nothing escaped him, nothing that he did not look into, that he did not see into. Consider too the genuineness of whatsoever he did; his hearty, idiomatic way; simplicity with loftiness, and nobleness, and aerial grace. Pure works of art, completed with an antique Grecian polish, as "Torquato Tasso," as "Iphigenie;" Proverbs; "Xenien;" Patriarchal Sayings, which, since

the Hebrew Scriptures were closed, we know not where to match; in whose homely depths lie often the materials for volumes.

To measure and estimate all this, as we said, the time is not come; a century hence will be the fitter time. He who investigates it best will find its meaning greatest, and be the readiest to acknowledge that it transcends him. Let the reader have *seen*, before he attempt to *oversee*. A poor reader, in the mean while, were he, who discerned not here the authentic rudiments of that same New Era, whereof we have so often had false warning. Wondrously, the wrecks and pulverised rubbish of ancient things, institutions, religions, forgotten noblenesses, made alive again by the breath of Genius, lie here in new coherence and incipient union, the spirit of Art working creative through the mass: that *chaos*, into which the eighteenth century with its wild war of hypocrites and sceptics had reduced the Past, begins here once more to be a *world*. This, the highest that can be said of written books, is to be said of these: there is in them a new time, the prophecy and beginning of a new time. The corner-stone of a new social edifice for mankind is laid there; firmly, as before, on the natural rock: far-extending traces of a ground-plan we can also see, which future centuries may go on to enlarge, amend, and work into reality. These sayings seem strange to some; nevertheless they are not empty exaggerations, but expressions, in their way, of a belief, which is not now of yesterday; perhaps when Goethe has been read and meditated for another generation, they will not seem so strange.

Precious is the new light of Knowledge which our teacher conquers for us; yet small to that new light of Love which also we derive from him: the most important element of any man's Performance is the Life he has accomplished. Under the intellectual union of man and man, which works by Precept, lies a holier union of affection, working by Example; the influences of which latter, mystic, deep-reaching, all-embracing, can still less be computed. For Love is ever the beginning of Knowledge, as fire is of light; works also more in the manner of *fire*. That Goethe was a great teacher of men means already that he was a good man; that he had himself learned; in the school of experience had striven, and proved victorious. To how many hearts languishing, nigh dead, in the airless dungeon of Unbelief (a true vacuum and nonentity), has the assurance that there was such a man, that such a man was still possible, come like glad tidings of great joy! He who would learn to reconcile Reverence with Clearness, to deny and defy what is false, yet believe and worship what is true; amid raging factions, bent on what is either altogether empty, or has substance in it only for a day, which stormfully convulse and tear hither and thither a distracted, expiring system of society, to adjust himself aright; and, working for the world, and in the world, keep himself unspotted from the world,—let him look here. This man, we may say, became morally great, by being in his own age, what in some other ages many might have been: a genuine Man. His grand excellence was this, that he was genuine. As his primary faculty, the foundation of all others, was Intellect, depth and force of Vision; so his primary virtue was Justice, was the courage to be just. A giant's strength we admired in him; yet a strength ennobled into softest mildness; even like that "silent rock-bound strength of a world," on whose bosom, that rests on the adamant,

grow flowers. The gentlest of hearts was also the bravest; fearless, unwearied, peacefully invincible. A completed Man: the trembling sensibility, the wild enthusiasm of a Mignon, can assort with the scornful world-mockery of a Mephistopheles; and each side of many-sided life receives its due from him.

Goethe reckoned Schiller happy that he died young, in the full vigour of his days; that we could "figure him as a youth for ever." To himself a different, higher destiny was appointed. Through all the changes of man's life, onwards to its extreme verge he was to go; and through them all nobly. In youth, flatterings of fortune, uninterrupted outward prosperity cannot corrupt him; a wise observer must remark: "only a Goethe, at the sun of earthly happiness, can keep his Phœnix-wings unsinged." Through manhood, in the most complex relations, as poet, courtier, politician, man of business, man of speculation; in the middle of revolutions and counter-revolutions, outward and spiritual; with the world loudly for him, with the world loudly or silently against him; in all seasons and situations, he holds equally on his way. Old age itself, which is called dark and feeble, he was to render lovely: who that looked upon him there, venerable in himself, and in the world's reverence, ever the clearer, the purer, but could have prayed that he too were such an old man? And did not the kind Heavens continue kind, and grant to a career so glorious the worthiest end?

Such was Goethe's life; such has his departure been. He sleeps now beside his Schiller and his Carl August: so had the Prince willed it, that between these two should be his own final rest. In life they were united, in death they are not divided. The unwearied Workman now rests from his labours; the fruit of these is left, growing, and to grow. His earthly years have been numbered and ended: but of his activity (for it stood rooted in the Eternal) there is no end. All that we mean by the higher Literature of Germany, which is the higher Literature of Europe, already gathers round this man, as its creator; of which grand object, dawning mysterious on a world that hoped not for it, who is there that can measure the significance and far-reaching influences? The Literature of Europe will pass away; Europe itself, the Earth itself will pass away: this little life-boat of an Earth, with this its noisy crew of a Mankind, and all their troubled History, will one day have vanished, faded like a cloud-speck from the azure of the All! What then is man? What then is any man? He endures but for an hour, and is crushed before the moth. Yet in the being and in the working of a faithful man is there already (as all faith, from the beginning, gives assurance) a something that pertains not to this wild death-element of TIME; that triumphs over Time, and *is*, and will be, when Time shall be no more.—

And now we turn back into the world, withdrawing from this new-made grave. The man whom we love lies there: but glorious, worthy; and his spirit yet lives in us with an authentic life. Could each here vow to do his little task, even as the Departed did his great one: in the manner of a true man, not for the Day, but for Eternity! To live, as he counselled and commanded, not commodiously in the Reputable, the Plausible, the Half, but resolutely in the Whole, the Good, the True:

"*Im Ganzen, Guten, Wahren resolut zu le leben!*"

RECENT DRAMAS.

The Hunchback—The Merchant of London.

In most abuses Reform comes too late. Public opinion proceeds in a tacit and swelling course, till it forces itself into the notice of those against whom it is directed—they then make hasty efforts to acquit themselves of one portion of the charges laid to their door—the time has arrived when that portion is not enough. This has been lately the case with the great Theatres. Their prosecutions of the Minor Houses attracted the gaze of the public to the arrogant assumptions on which such prosecutions were grounded.

The dignity of the Drama was invoked to crush the small theatres, and it became the universal question in what way the dignity of the Drama had been advanced by the large ones. This examination led to other inquiries—and the result is, that the universal tide of opinion has set strong against the monopoly of the two Winter Houses. Alarmed and anxious they seek to vindicate the mismanagement of years, by forcing forth some two or three good plays—the result proves how completely they maligned that Public, whom they declared Rameo Sajee and the long-drawn pomp of Dioramas could alone attract. The good Plays have been completely successful—still greater indeed would have been their success had the Houses at which they have been exhibited been of that size to allow the audience a comprehension of all their beauties.

But it is not the object of having good Plays at two Theatres which, even if permanently realized, would now satisfy the Public—they want to have good plays at five or six theatres. And though a monopoly of trash first begat the desire of emancipation, a monopoly of excellence would not now be sufficient to counterbalance the advantages of an open market.

"THE HUNCHBACK."

With an indifferent and improbable plot, this, in many respects, is a most creditable, and in some respects, a great performance. That a father should conceal himself from his daughter for the space of twenty years is a circumstance that may doubtless happen, but one which requires strong reasons to make appear dramatically probable. What are those reasons in the case of Master Walter? He has the misfortune of a hunch back, and he fears his daughter may recoil from the deformity. This, again, is possible—but only in certain characters—melancholy, morbid, disappointed, susceptible misanthropists; and in order to sympathise with the conduct, we ought to be thoroughly acquainted with the causes that formed the character. Thus in Walter Scott's conception of the Black Dwarf, we see in his hideous deformity—in his great misfortunes—in the benevolence repaid with treachery—in the love rewarded with deceit—causes that account for the rude retreat and the stricken brain. But Master Walter seems a good-natured, easy man enough; a little irritable, it is true, and sore on the matter of his infirmities, but not the moody,

grave, consistently-desponding character which makes such concealment probable; we do not become acquainted with any acts of ingratitude which his infirmities have brought upon him; all the reasons for the concealment, instead of being made gradually apparent throughout the progress of the play, are forced hurriedly into the last lines, in the following unsatisfactory manner:—

> "You shall know anon
> How jealousy of my misshapen back
> Made me distrustful of a child's affection,
> *Although* I WON A WIFE'S—so that I dropped
> The title of thy father, lest thy duty
> Should pay the debt thy love could solve alone."

Now would not the fact of Master Walter's having, in spite of his back, won a wife's affections, be quite sufficient to assure him of the probability of winning a daughter's? Beauty of person is more regarded by our mistresses than our children, who, if they tolerate the wrinkles of our unlovely age, may well overlook the deformities of our natural shape. This, the inadequacy of the cause, to the main effect of the plot, is the great and crying sin of a play, full of many remarkable, and far more than redeeming, beauties. The masterwork of the whole is the character of the heroine Julia. We do not hesitate to call it the most skilful and consummate portrait of the *varium et mutabile femina* that the modern drama has produced. Julia loves Clifford in the Country—even then more dazzled by his adventitious circumstances than won by himself. She goes to London for the first time—new pleasures, new scenes, distract her. She can think only of them—she considers her lover but as one who can secure her these novel and alluring sources of delight. He overhears her expressions of regard for his fortune and rank, and comparative indifference to himself, and approaches. The following scene is exquisitely written:—

> "*Julia.* A list'ner, Sir!
> *Clifford.* By chance, and not intent.
> Your speech was forced upon mine ear, that ne'er
> More thankless duty to my heart discharged!
> Would for that heart it ne'er had known the sense
> Which tells it 'tis a bankrupt there, where most
> It coveted to be rich, and thought it was so!
> O Julia! is it you? Could I have set
> A coronet upon that stately brow,
> Where partial nature hath already bound
> A brighter circlet—radiant beauty's own—
> I had been proud to see thee proud of it—
> So for the donor thou hadst ta'en the gift,
> Not for the gift ta'en him. Could I have pour'd
> The wealth of richest Crœsus in thy lap,
> I had been blest to see thee scatter it,
> So I was still thy riches paramount!
> *Julia.* Know you me, Sir?
> *Clifford.* I do! On Monday week
> We were to wed; and are, so you're content
> The day that weds, wives you to be widowed. Take
> The privilege of my wife—be Lady Clifford!
> Outshine thy title in the wearing on't!

My coffers, lands, are all at thy command;
Wear all! but for myself, she wears not me,
Although the coveted of every eye,
Who would not wear me for myself alone.
Julia. And do you carry it so proudly, Sir?
Clifford. Proudly, but still more sorrowfully, Lady!
I'll lead thee to the church on Monday week.
Till then, farewell! and then—farewell for ever!
O Julia! I have ventured for thy love
As the bold merchant, who, for only hope
Of some rich gain, all former gains will risk.
Before I asked a portion of thy heart,
I perill'd all my own—and now, all's lost! [*Exit* CLIFFORD.
Julia. Helen!
Helen. What ails you, sweet?
Julia. I cannot breathe!—quick, loose my girdle!—oh!" (*faints.*)

There is a high and chivalric sentiment in the whole of this dialogue on the part of Clifford, that alone makes his character no ordinary conception. In Julia, the prevalent feeling is Pride. Pride made her delight in her lover's station—Pride dazzled her love for the moment—Pride makes her recoil—offended, stung, maddened at Clifford's rejection. Pride makes her accept a loftier alliance, for the triumph of showing her disdain; and now comes the nobler and more delicate beauty of the character. Clifford is supposed suddenly to lose his station and wealth—to be humbled into insignificance: the Pride is no longer appealed to—the Love returns at once. His generous qualities force themselves on her mind—the motive for desiring a greater rank is gone—and Clifford, wronged from his advantages, is avenged by his misfortunes. This is thoroughly feminine; and the picture is no less beautifully wrought than it is justly conceived. Here we pause for one moment, to observe to Miss Kemble, as a hint in her future plays, that the great secret and source of Dramatic interest is mainly the developement, not of one passion, but of conflicting passions—the movement of a play should be the alternation of mental struggles. In "Francis the First," the author would therefore have obtained a far deeper success, if in the Queen Mother the passions were less marked and separated—if the love and vengeance perpetually renewed their conflict, and were perpetually lost again in each other. In Françoise the pathos would have been more touching, if her shame at her ruin was mingled with bursts of love and tenderness for her undoer. In Bourbon we should have recognised a loftier mind, if we had seen the sense of loyalty struggling with the sense of wrong—now conquering, now conquered by it. It is these lights and shades that the Higher Drama especially affects; it is these which present so awful a picture of the human heart in the irresolute daring of Macbeth, and harrow up feeling after feeling in the love, the jealousy, the wrath, the penitence of the Moor of Venice.

So, returning to the Play before us, it is the struggle that now ensues in Julia's breast—the want of decision—our sympathy with that infirmity—which make her character so eminently touching in itself, and so brilliantly effective on the stage. The struggle between her pledge to the accepted lover—her returning passion to the rejected one—her high-minded sense of honour—her subdued yet passionate

self-reproach, carry us away in each alternation, and replace, with a most felicitous skill, our feeling of displeasure for her first weakness by a mingled admiration and tenderness for the pure, and high, and soft, yet still proud feelings, that lurk beneath it. Clifford makes his appearance again on the stage, as the supposed secretary of the nobleman whom Julia is pledged to marry. But here we must stop, to blame the Author for a great defect in the dignity with which Clifford's character was originally conceived. The situation of servant to Julia's affianced husband is so utterly degraded, so incompatible with the feelings that any honourable and ardent lover could entertain, that we recoil from it at once—it is a crime against the dramatic decorums, which forbid a hero ever to be lowered in our eyes. True that the situation is feigned—but we do not forgive him for feigning it; and to Julia at least, and to the audience for the time being, it appears real. The situation is gratuitously revolting, and by no means essential to the conduct of the play; but the scene which ensues is exceedingly fine, and we greatly regret that it is too long for our present limits.

Julia now thoroughly completes her conquest over us—and stipulating that he should only release her with honour from her present engagement, pledges her troth to the impoverished and humbled Clifford. A scene, one of the finest in the play, takes place between Julia and Master Walter. The wedding hour approaches—the bridegroom appears—Clifford comes not—he comes. Master Walter steps in and explains; the Hunchback proves to be Julia's father, and an Earl—the plighted marriage, and the secretaryship of Clifford, are merely a plan to admonish and reform the heroine—

"And all goes merry as a marriage bell."

Such is a rapid outline of this very delightful play, on the success of which we build many golden hopes of the revival of better days for the Drama, and in which, as the heroine, Miss Kemble has outshone all her former triumphs:—The most perfect appreciation of the Author's conception—the most refined, and natural, and subtle embellishment of all the numberless graces which the Poet scattered over the creation which she made her own—prove how fine her powers on the stage really are when fairly exerted, and command from us a warmer admiration than any English actress (we never had the good fortune to see Mrs. Siddons), save Miss O'Neil in the one character of Belvidera, ever called forth. We hold the chief reason of Miss Kemble's success in Julia to be this—that it is a part which does not allow her to declaim. She escapes at once from the schools—from the falsetto voice—the artificial tone—the buskined air. She becomes natural, and she becomes great. The "Do it!" which Mr. Knowles, in his preface, has so justly extolled, is effective, exactly because it is delivered in the common and unaffected voice of Feeling *off* the stage. And the more the young actress forgets she is a Kemble, the more, we are convinced, will the World be sensible of her genius.

We cannot pass from this subject without observing, that so far from agreeing with most of the theatrical critics as to the acting of Mr. Knowles, we thought he made quite as much of the character as any actor now on the stage possibly could do. We saw little that was-

ungraceful in his action, the abruptness of which seemed, on the contrary, suited to the character; and though we could willingly dispense with a certain huskiness, and more than a certain provincialism, in voice, we have no hesitation in pronouncing his performance of "The Hunchback" to be one of great merit and high promise.

"THE MERCHANT OF LONDON."

Between this play and "The Hunchback" there is a certain similarity in the design, and in a seeming affection for the fresh, muscular animated style of the old Dramatists. We shall at once secure (to the Merchant of London) the admiration of our readers by the following passage:—

" *Scroope.* *(Ridiculing the assertion, that* FLAW, *a certain rhyming young lawyer, affects the poet.)*

Farewell—I 'll watch my niece and my young lawyer!
My poet!—that 's a rare, unheard-of union—
Ha! ha! a poet! *This is* poetry—
The sun, the rippling stream—the mighty wealth
Of nations clustering to our London mart,
The grandeur of pure nature and of man
In his proud enterprize, his lofty passions,
And his sublime endurance—all that tends
To lift the spirit upwards from controul
Of baseness:—'tis the heaven of high thoughts
That stirs our earthly natures!—and this verse-maker—
A poet! Well, I'll join them."

The plot is simply this:—Scroope, the Merchant—

" The son of one who tenanted
A humble dwelling on Lord Beaufort's land,"

having been noted for his studious temper, was by the said Lord Beaufort made tutor to his two children—a son and daughter. The lines that describe the disposition of the latter are very beautiful:—

——— " She
Loved Poesy's ideal world—the lore
Of high enthusiasts. She was beautiful,
As youth is ever ere it looks on care;
Generous, frank, high-minded above pride,
As youth is ever ere it knows of wrong;
Full of imagination's noblest dreams,
As youth is ever ere it reads sad truth."

The young student loves, and "weds in secret" this high-born maiden. The old Lord Beaufort died—the son succeeds—discovers the secret. Mary at that time ruled in England—"Beaufort was Catholic," and denounces the presumptuous husband as a heretic and traitor—the wife escapes to a convent, and there dies—an orphan niece—Mariana, the heroine—is left to the care of the widower—

" In Mariana's eyes he loved to trace
The expression of his Catherine's."

" He toil'd and prosper'd—toil'd again and throve,
Till he was rich for her sake."

Meanwhile Lord Beaufort becomes embarrassed—ruined. Scroope secures a mortgage on his estates—and the first Act ends in these words of the Merchant—

> ——— "His mortgage
> Expires to day. His houses, lands, himself—
> All are within my grasp. Let but my heart
> Pour out its charities on Mariana,
> Then for a sterner and a stricter audit—
> Severe and equal justice with Lord Beaufort."

This nobleman has (like his father before him) two children—the son, Edward—wild, libertine, and unprincipled—loves Scroope's niece for her gold—the daughter, Isabel, loves secretly a certain page of her father's, Richard Fitzalan, who is Edward's successful rival for the affections of Mariana. Edward, disappointed and enraged at Mariana's refusal of his suit, resolves to carry her from home; and in the Third Act we are made witness of a tavern scene, in that old Alsatia which "The Fortunes of Nigel" has lately so vividly revived. Edward bribes the revellers he there meets, with the monies he has borrowed from Scroope himself, to carry off to these agreeable retreats of love the unfortunate lady. Thence our profligate, repairing to a chamber at Lord Beaufort's, meets Richard and a quaint old coxcomb, their common tutor, one Parallel. This latter gentleman, desirous of marrying a rich wife, has already been the occasion of an exceedingly comic scene, in which, making love to Mariana, he slanders Richard and Edward unconsciously in the hearing of both. Now there is a buxom widow in love with Richard, and Edward, in the interview we are alluding to, merrily proposes that Richard should write some anonymous lines in reply to "a loving letter" she sent him that morning—

> "Requesting her attendance: she would swear
> The hand was yours *(Richard's)*, and Master Parallel
> Might profit by the opportunity,
> And win a rich wife."

Richard unsuspiciously falls into the snare—writes some anonymous verses—Edward takes possession of the verses, and employs them to lure away Mariana. This hacknied and very inartificial contrivance is the greatest defect in the play, and we are quite sure that a little exertion of the author's inventive faculties would have struck out something more novel and more natural. It is strange that in many fictions, the greatest fault is often that which it seems the least pains might have avoided. The next scene is one between Lord Beaufort and Scroope—the former not knowing who and what man was his creditor. The recognition takes place:—

> "*Lord Beaufort.* And am I in your power?
> *Scroope.* Ay: for years
> I've worm'd myself, by fine degrees, to the heart
> Of your once proud fortunes: I have thrown the means
> Of waste within your way: when you shot forth
> Unhealthy branches of expenditure,
> I still supplied the sap: but there I dwelt,
> Near to the core, eating and eating still
> The strength of the trunk away, till my slow patience
> At length hath fell'd it.
> *Lord Beaufort.* Fool! that I knew you not.
> These five years you have lived here.
> *Scroope.* Ay! I came
> To keep a steward's eye o'er my estate,
> And watch its heedless tenants. Now you know me
> What can you ask of me I cannot answer,

Out of your own mouth, with a stern denial?
Is there a common tie of man to man,
Such as the Arab of the desert owns
When e'en an enemy of his faith craves shelter,
You have not broke between us? Now, what ask you?

Lord Beaufort. Nothing. Your fate has conquer'd, and I'm lost.

Scroope. I came not here to triumph, but to judge.
I've lived to see you at my feet: deny't not!
For all your outward pride is but the symbol
Of your heart's quailing. I have lived to see this,
And I am satisfied. I've little cause
To spare you; but for her sake, whom you kill'd,
And for some others who are near to you,
You shall at least have justice. For the terms,
Within an hour send Richard to my house,
Richard Fitzalan. I will hear no more!
Awaken not the deadly fiends that struggle
Yet into life within my breast. Send him,
And in my better mood, amid those thoughts
That cleanse the heart of vengeful will, perchance
Your fortunes may fare better. Send him to me."

The Fourth Act opens with this beautiful soliloquy:—

"*Scroope.* Yes, this is my revenge upon the world,
Before whose tyranny my fervent youth
Fainted: they shall be happy. It shall not,
As it hath done from mine, wrench out deep torture!
The fondest charities from the best years
Of their heart's life. No, they shall spurn the world
That loves to spurn the lowly—that base world,
That cheers its valiant hunters on the hare
And throws a shield before the lordly lion;
That vile, that parasite world, that knows not merit,
Save in prosperity, high birth, or wealth,
Its very charters of monopoly
In all its paltry ventures. They, at least,
Shall not become its victims. He is here."

In this Act, Scroope, who approves of Richard's love for Mariana, tells that history with which we commenced our epitome of the Play. Mariana is lost—Richard's verses, found on the table, announce the cause—Richard, in agony and despair, perceives the snare he has fallen into, and explains it to Scroope—*Then* hearing that a Beaufort a second time has wronged him — the generous revenge the Merchant had hitherto purposed, is exchanged for the more dark and writhing order of the passion which rage excites:—

"*Scroope.* Call me officers!
Bring forth those bonds and papers! I'm their master!
Bid them make seizure on Lord Beaufort's house!
Send thou to Flint, the lawyer: if to-night
They lie not in the prison—which, I pray,
May hold them ever—I'm no more his client!"

* * * *
* * * *

"I'll seek her at Lord Beaufort's; if she's lost,
What have I left to bind me to my kind?
I'll hold a revel of revenge and misery,
And that proud house shall be my court! My gold,
I bless thee for my power!—I have them all!
The light of goodness shuns me: darkness and evil

Have, too, their festivals: and mine shall be
As terrible as his, th' arch-fiend's, where groans
Re-echo round his burning throne, and torture
Teaches him torture. In my heart's a fire
To scorch up all around. Oh, my poor child!"

We now return to Mariana in a miserable and squalid lodging in Alsatia; and with an unavailing struggle by Flaw, a good-natured, half-witted royster (who has been newly seduced by the Alsatians) to rescue her, the Fourth Act ends.

The Fifth Act brings about a duel between Richard and Edward, in which the former is wounded; and to this succeeds an interview between Lord Beaufort and Scroope, executed with great power. Edward is brought in, guarded by two officers—and amidst the threats, and wrath, and execration of Scroope, Lord Beaufort, desiring to

—— "Awake one chord
Of mercy in his breast,"

announces that Richard is his son—that his wife had become a mother in the convent—that he had received the child, but—

———— "Pride
Bade me first keep it secret; and this day,
In the same pride, I hoped I might repay
All thou couldst show of mercy."

While Scroope is yet amazed with the news, Mariana is restored—partly by the assistance of Flaw, partly by that of Isabel, who, suspecting Edward's treachery, had in her generous love for Richard resolved to defeat it. Edward, part in shame, part in pride, quits the scene, with a vague hint that—

"If you again should hear of Edward Beaufort,
It may be that he has perish'd, or done that
May merit kinder thoughts."

And the play ends as all romance ends—with a marriage.

The greatest merit in this play, which abounds in a thousand beauties, is the character of Scroope: his thoughtful, musing temper—his bitterness at the inequalities of the world—his scorn for the wealth he has raised—his fierce passions crossing and passing over his high soul, to leave it bright and unstained at the last, are all conceived with the knowledge of a master, and adorned with the genius of a poet.

We have now performed our task—stepping for a while from the angry stage of real life to that gay and pleasant world in which crimes and follies last but a fleeting hour—where we glean the record of the passions without sharing in their ruin, and gain experience of the heart without the sorrows or the languor that experience produces. Beautiful delusion! how much do we owe to you of hope in our earlier, and of memory in our later life! Our youth sees in you the romance that is to come—our age the bright realities that have past! Never shall arrive that time when the Stage shall be without its spells and the Actor without his honours—when the staff of Prospero shall indeed be broken, and—

"Deeper than did ever plummet sound,
Be drown'd his book!"

FIESCO. A TRAGEDY.

*Translated from the German of Schiller.**

We have just reviewed our recent English Dramas—we have now to thank a very accomplished and distinguished soldier, Colonel D'Aguilar, for presenting to us a spirited and valuable translation of one of the finest Tragedies which Germany, or we might say, which the World ever produced. It is one which we should like to see brought on the English stage, and which we are convinced would go far towards reviving a taste for the loftiest triumphs of the dramatic art. Every one knows the celebrated work of the Cardinal de Retz, entitled "La Conjuration du Comte Jean Louis de Fiesque," and the animated and stirring description given by Robertson in his "Charles the Fifth" of the conspiracy of that daring and wily noble. From this History, eminently fitted for tragic effect, Schiller has woven the great work now before us.

The first scene opens with a saloon in Fiesco's palace, and music heard at a distance—Leonora (Fiesco's wife) enters. Genoa, at that time governed by Andreas Doria, the Doge, was insulted and galled by the arrogant and frantic excesses of his nephew Gianettino; and Leonora had hoped that for her powerful and popular husband was reserved the privilege of freeing Genoa from its tyranny. She now bewails Fiesco's licentiousness, his appetite for pleasure, his forgetfulness of glory, and his love for Julia, Gianettino's insolent and wanton sister. With these complaints, however, she mingles the fondest and most regretful affection for her husband, and indeed the proud softness of her character sheds over the dark and turbid scenes which ensue, an unwavering and tranquil beauty. The bustle of the Play begins at once. In the next scene Gianettino engages a bravo-Moor to assassinate Fiesco, of whose power in the State he is jealous. Fiesco is shortly afterwards presented to us as the gallant and graceful lover of Julia—the profligate and heartless character of this woman unveils itself from the first, and we form a deep compassion for the deserted Leonora, and a wondering anger at Fiesco's infidelity. Verrina, a stern Republican—Brutus to the core—upbraids him with his indifference to liberty—with his epicurean disdain of the sentiments his youth had so burningly professed. Fiesco defends himself laughingly, and the old man quits him in indignant despair. A former and rejected lover of Leonora now seeks Fiesco and endeavours to provoke a quarrel with him for his conduct to that lady. It is now that Fiesco drops a hint that rouses all our interest —that interest which is of the highest and sublimest order in fiction —not derived only from the mere progress of external events, but our desire to penetrate into the workings of the mind—the springs of that conduct which is to guide events.

"*Bourgonino.* Think you I would have yielded up my claim
To any one but him, whom I esteemed
The *first of men*?

Fiesco. Then hear me for a moment—
The man who once deserved your reverence,
Should sink by *slow* degrees in your opinion.

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* Dublin. Milliken and Son.

The plans of great men must be deeper laid
Than to allow each passer-by to scan them—
Go home, good Bourgonino, and there reflect maturely,
Why *thus* and only *thus*, Fiesco acts at present.
(Bourgonino moves slowly and pensively off the stage.)
Farewell, brave youth! If but thy gallant spirit
Fire our country—no power can save the Dorias
From destruction!"

Fiesco, now left alone, is approached by the Moor hired to assassinate him. Fiesco's vigilance and suspicion defeat the design, and he extorts from the bravo the name of his employer, and the price of the sum set on his head.

Fiesco, struck by the spirit and rude wit of the Moor, takes him into his own employ, and hires him "to make the tour of Genoa, and sound the disposition of the people—to discover above all things what they think of Doria, and how they stand affected to his government—not forgetting what is whispered of Fieso's own extravagance and dissipation."

The next scene is one of dark and terrible power. The proud and austere Verrina has an only daughter—Bertha. She is discovered leaning back on a sofa—her head resting on her hand. Verrina enters in gloomy reverie. Bertha has that day been violated by force—the violater Giannettino Doria! The exquisite—the touching—the reluctant—modest, yet despairing manner in which this confession is wrung from the daughter—the shock of the stern father—his rage—his indecision—the resolve now to slay the dishonoured child—now to crush the ravisher—are all painted with a dignity so fearful—so solemnly true to nature—that we should rank the whole scene among the grandest achievements of human genius. Nothing can be conceived finer than the severe grandeur with which, attesting the unsullied honour of his race—he reveals to two fellow-conspirators, in the presence of Bertha, the gloomy secret of his dishonour. At this moment, to complete the pain of the scene, Bourgonino, who had consoled himself for the loss of Leonora by the affection of Bertha, rushes in to announce that the only obstacle to their marriage—to his confessing his passion to the father—is removed—that his wealth, before uncertain, is now fixed and great.

"Give me your Bertha—
I will make her happy."

Verrina replies bitterly—

"Have you a mind, young man,
To throw away your heart upon a harlot?"

Bourgonino soon comprehends that force only has sullied his Bertha, and furiously demands where he shall find the ravisher.

"*Verrina. There* where you find the Tyrant!"

While Bourgonino stands motionless with horror, Verrina, approaching Bertha, slowly unwinds the black crape from his arm, and continues solemnly—

"Till Doria's blood
Has wash'd away the stain that blots thine honour—
No ray of light shall dawn upon thy cheek,
Or visit thy sad eyes. Till then—
(Throwing the crape over her)
Be hid in darkness!"

In the second act, an interview between the Moor and Fiesco, in which the ruffian narrates the current opinions in Genoa against the Dorias, is broken in upon by a sudden insurrection. Gianettino has in the Senate House, in a vote for a Procurator, insulted the haughty nobles and wronged justice. This produces a tumult. The manner in which the witty and brilliant Fiesco banters first the nobles who come to complain, and then plays upon the mob who rush into his palace, is entirely Shakspearian. Fiesco now acquaints the Moor that the time has come when he shall publish that design upon his life which the Moor had entertained—the Moor consents (for the sake of the reward) to be seized—to submit once to the torture, and then to confess his employer in Gianettino. Meanwhile the elder Doria, whose mild dignity wins him our interest throughout the conspiracy, reproaches the wretched Gianettino for his excesses, and warns him that they may bring him even to the scaffold. Scarce is this scene over, before Gianettino learns that the Moor had been seized in an attempt on Fiesco's life, had confessed Gianettino to have hired him—that Fiesco had presented himself to the people—and amidst their shouts of applause and their curses on Doria, had demanded the Moor to be given over to his mercy and—had pardoned him. Enraged more than dismayed, the guilty Gianettino resolves now to execute a plot he had before conceived, viz. by the assistance of the Emperor Charles V. to pass the sway of Genoa from his uncle's hands to his own. Twelve senators are to fall by murder—amongst them Fiesco. The conspiracy on Fiesco's side now ripens also, and the reader begins to look breathlessly forward to the result. Verrina and his Republican comrades still, however, conceiving that Fiesco laps his great soul in pleasure, and anxious to arouse him, have devised a plan. The accomplished and dazzling noble is described as fond of art, and easily moved to enthusiasm by pictures. A painter has just finished the picture of the story of Virginia and Appius Claudius—they have the picture brought to Fiesco, hoping it may elicit some spark to be kindled into a flame. This is altogether the finest scene (out of Shakspeare and Æschylus) in the world. Verrina's wrath as the modern Virginius beholds in the painted history his own disgrace—the other nobles crowding round, and watching Fiesco's lips—Fiesco seeming at first only sensible to the beauty of Virginia—

> "The snowy lustre of her breast,
> Swell'd by her dying breath, like the round wave
> Beneath the evening breeze."

all make a group of extraordinary art and effect. The Count views the painting not as the Roman painter, but the Italian voluptuary. The conspirators draw back baffled and dejected; when Fiesco sharply regarding the conspirators, after a pause, seizes the painter by the hand, and steps up with him before the picture—with a majestic and lofty air.

> " *Fiesco.* Come here, Romano! art thou therefore proud,
> Because thou stampest Life on senseless canvass,
> And canst immortalize a noble deed
> By trifling with a pencil?
> * * * *
> Thou overturn'st a tyrant upon *linen*,

And art thyself a miserable slave!
Thou free'st Republics with a pencil's stroke,
And canst not even loosen thy own chains!
I have perform'd—what *thou* hast only painted!
(*Pause of astonishment, during which* ROMANO *carries off the picture in confusion.*)

Fiesco. (*breaking the pause,*)
And did you really think the Lion slept
Because he roar'd not?
Did you endeavour to persuade yourselves
That *You alone* could feel the chains of Genoa?
That *You alone* were bold enough to break them?
Ere e'en the rattling of them reach'd your ears,
Fiesko's self had burst them!
(*He opens a bureau, takes out a packet of letters, and throws them on the table.*)
Here soldiers from Parma!—
Here money from France!—here four galleys from the Pope!
What is there wanting, I'd be glad to know,
To overturn the Despot? What more do you require,
Or can you think of?
(*The whole assembly remains lost in silent wonder.* FIESCO *steps aside with dignity, and assuming an air of conscious superiority.*)
Republicans! Republicans!
I see you're much more fitted to *detest*
Than to *dethrone* a Tyrant!
(*The whole, with the exception of* VERRINA, *throw themselves speechless at* FIESCO'S *feet.*)"

The conspirators now proceed to a solemn oath—the bond is cemented—Fiesco is left alone. High but dark thoughts come across him—the ambition of the deliverer becomes mingled with the ambition of a King. Shall he dethrone that he may rule?

" Sovereign Fiesco!—citizen Fiesco!—
Ah! there's the gulf that severs vice from virtue."

On these struggles—on the epoch of a fiery change in a great heart—the curtain falls.

ACT III.—A strange wilderness in the neighbourhood of Genoa.—Time midnight—Bourgonino and Verrina enter. In this most grand and noble scene Verrina informs Bourgonino that Fiesco must die. That severe and deep Republican sees through the great man's nature—sees that it is certain

" Fiesco's hand
Will overturn the tyrant—but more certain
Fiesco's heart will subjugate his country."

Verifying this prediction, we now behold Fiesco in his palace—the day slowly dawns—Genoa and the sea are below his casement—he holds high soliloquy with himself—the sun rises over Genoa—

" And this Majestic city!
(*hastening with extended arms to the window*)
To think that it is mine!"

In a word the die is cast—Fiesco resolves to redeem Genoa and to enslave her. Immediately following this fine soliloquy is a scene of unutterable sweetness between Fiesco and his wife. It is impossible to conceive a more soft yet striking character than Leonora's—it is as gentle as Desdemona's, but far loftier. Through the rest of

the act the conspiracy on both sides—that of Gianettino—that of Fiesco, thickens and proceeds. The Moor suspecting, from some expressions of Fiesco's, that when the Count has succeeded in his work he may break up the tools, resolves to betray him.

Act IV.—Night—Castle-court at Fiesco's—People are lighting the lamps and bringing in arms of every description—The apartments on one side the Palace are illuminated. Several nobles, Verrina, Bourgonino, &c. appear, and to them Fiesco, who, after an harangue of great eloquence, gives to the nobles the paper (which the Moor's arts had purloined for him) containing the names of the twelve senators whom Gianettino had doomed to death. While their rage is yet fresh, Kalkagno, a Conspirator, rushing in, announces that he had seen the treacherous Moor obtaining an audience with the Doge. The art and skill with which Fiesco manœuvres this point—cheers his friends—silences Kalkagno—and carries off the ill-fortune, betray how accurate was Schiller's conception of the qualities requisite in a great leader. While this goes on, the Moor arrives—guarded—sent back by the Doge to Fiesco's mercy with this note:—

"Methinks your fate and mine are nearly similar—your benefits procure you but ingratitude. The Moor has just informed me of a plot against my life. I send him bound to you, and shall sleep to-night without a body-guard."

This generous note, appealing to a generous mind, produces an instantaneous but evanescent effect. After resolving to throw up the whole conspiracy, Fiesco again returns to it—gives instructions to his companions—and the scene changes. Among the amiable traits in the character of Julia Doria was a slight disposition to poison. She had prepared powders for Leonora. Fiesco had discovered the intended crime, and is now resolved to punish it. He had sent word to his wife to wait him behind the tapestry in the concert-room. Through that room Julia and Fiesco now pass. Julia confesses her passion to Fiesco. In the midst of that confession, he summons the conspirators, raises the tapestry, and betrays to Leonora and to his guests the guilty and shameless Julia. This scene is the worst part of the Play—it more appertains to comedy than tragedy—there is a coarse want of gallantry in the whole trick unlike the noble bearing of Fiesco, and it is but a paltry contrivance wherewith to stay a plot so dignified and high in its conception. All misunderstanding between Leonora and her husband is now at an end. He reveals to her his lofty ambition—he pours forth his undiminished love to herself. At this moment the mind of the tender Countess rises to its native height—she warns—she prays—she counsels—with ineffable sweetness, but with convincing wisdom—the aspiring noble. She has conquered—he forsakes his daring scheme. No; the signal gun is heard—Fiesco springs from her embrace—the whole of the conspirators enter the hall—Leonora swoons—Fiesco throws himself at her feet—

"Leonora! my Leonora!
Save her—for God's sake, save her!
* * * *
But softly!
She revives—again her eyes are open.
(*Springing up.*)
Then haste and close the Dorias for ever!"

(The whole of the conspirators, Fiesco at their head, draw their swords, and rush with enthusiasm from the saloon.)

ACT V.—Time past midnight.

" (FIESCO *enters in complete armour, and remains for a short time standing opposite the Duke's palace.*

Fiesco. 'Tis as the old man told me. The lights extinguished—
All the guards removed. I 'll ring the bell.—(*ringing.*)
Hillo! awake, Andreas, awake! Thou 'rt sold,
Betray'd, and ruin'd! Doria, awake, awake!
(ANDREAS *appears at the balcony.*)

Andreas. Who rang the bell?

Fiesco. (*in an altered voice*)
Ask not, but follow me!
Thy star is faded, Prince—thy sun extinguish'd!
Genoa rebels against thee! Thy executioners
Are near at hand, and thou canst sleep, Andreas?"

But Fiesco in vain counsels the brave old Doge to fly—a horse waits for him, in vain—The Doge leaves the balcony, and Fiesco, thinking that in the attempt to save him, he has opposed "To virtue, virtue, and to honour, honour," hastens down a wide street. The drums beat to arms from every quarter—A sharp engagement at the Thomas Gate, which is at length burst open, and discovers a view of the harbour and shipping all illuminated. Enter Gianettino in a *scarlet mantle*—he in doubt, and bewildered—Bourgonino enters, and after a short conflict, the ravisher of Bertha falls. The Doge now guarded by his Germans, beholds his dead nephew—he is borne off. Leonora and her confidant Arabella steal across the stage. The timid woman but valiant wife, anxious for Fiesco, has followed him to the battle in male attire. Hearing from Isabella of the achievements of her husband, a new spirit—a spirit of hope and daring—animates her. She sees Gianettino's sword, and hat, and *scarlet mantle*—indues them—the alarm sounds. In ecstasy at the roar, the tumult, and the proud name of Fiesco triumphant over all—

"—— Leonora's self shall dare the war,
And learn to bleed for Freedom and her country!
Returning then, I 'll challenge his applause;
My Hero shall embrace a Heroine!
My Brutus, clasp a Roman to his bosom!"

She hastens down one of the streets—soldiers enter—new directions as to the battle—to them succeed (we think this a magnificent Rembrandt contrast—the selfish crimes stalking through the stage, consecrated at that moment to armed struggles, dignified by the loftiest names of liberty and honour) the Moor with a gang of thieves, with matches and linstocks, &c. ready "to burn and plunder every place they meet with."

Fiesco enters shortly afterwards, startled at the fires bursting forth—orders them to be quenched, and demands if they are sure that Gianettino has fallen. One of the conspirators declares that he had seen him "not eight minutes since," in a yellow plume and scarlet mantle.—Fiesco rages at this news.—The Moor is brought in, accused of setting fire to the Jesuits' college, and hanged up at a distance.—Leonora appears in the back-ground, in Gianettino's hat and mantle—Fiesco rushes furiously on her and hews her down exclaiming—

> "If thou hast yet another life to lose,
> Arise again and wander!"

Leonora falls with a piercing shriek—Triumphal music is heard—the soldiers enter—the standards sink low—the trumpets sound—

> "All hail! Fiesco!—hail the Duke of Genoa!
> All hail! (*Omnes*) Fiesco!—hail the Duke of Genoa!

Fiesco's first thought is for his absent wife—in the tortures of suspense, he desires that she "may share his glory and partake his joys"—he asks them to accompany him to their charming Duchess. But Gianettino's corse—

> "It must not rot in darkness—
> * * * *
> Fix the head
> Upon a halbert."

Soldiers approach the body with torches—it is not Gianettino's visage. It is impossible for human genius to go beyond the magnificent and terrible art with which Schiller now draws, and lingers over, Fiesco's emotions—that painting may go side by side with the dread agony of Othello's last hour.

Fiesco is crowned; is an usurper; and now re-appears the stern and hard Verrina—Bertha with him (foreseeing the dark justice of his resolves)—he dismisses his daughter and Bourgonino. Enter Verrina and Fiesco, both in armour—Fiesco with the insignia of royalty. Short as has been the time since we saw Fiesco last before us, we feel that he is changed—he cannot be the same man. We feel that the greenness of life is for ever gone from him—we feel that all soft emotions have passed from his soul—we are assured that an arid and dry ambition can alone strike root in the desolate grandeur of his soul—his daring crime no longer excites interest, but awe—we feel that the unlovely traits of his character have survived the crush and perdition of the more gentle and redeeming qualities—we no longer tremble lest justice should fall upon that plumed head—the dark catastrophe creeps upon us—we shudder, we hold our breath, but we do not seek to avert it. With Leonora passed away nothing indeed that we admired, but all that we loved in the magnificent Fiesco. The scene that now ensues is wonderfully fine. Fiesco presses Verrina to his bosom—endeavours to warm, to conciliate, to convince him that—

> "Power does not always constitute a tyrant."

Verrina rejects him coldly—

> "The very sight of royalty congeals him."

In vain Fiesco assures the blunt republican that he shall only make his dignity—

> "The means
> Of wide benevolence and public good."

Verrina exposes the sophistry; and at length, his indignation warming, bursts into one explosion, which appals and silences Fiesco. The time, we feel, has passed when Fiesco silenced all men. Recovering himself, Verrina now, in a tone of respect, beseeches him to give freedom to some slaves chained to the oar; while—

> "The sea receives their tears,
> But, like a great man, hurries careless on,
> Nor heeds the falling tribute of misfortune."

The generous Fiesco, anxious to vindicate himself in the eyes of Verrina, tells him to proclaim that they are free. Verrina tells him not to lose their transport, to be present at their reception of the gift—

> "Believe me, Prince,
> The greatest pleasure of a monarch's soul
> Should be a wretch's joy!"

Fiesco, overpowered by the shadows of his coming fate, replies—

> "Man, thou art terrible!
> And yet, I know not why, but I must follow thee."

They both go towards the sea.

At this moment, the great Poet proves himself indeed the master. A remorse, the memory of former days, comes over the old man—he stops suddenly, looks at Fiesco with the tenderest affection, and bursts into tears:—

> "*Verrina.* But once again! embrace me, my Fiesco;
> Here's no one that observes Verrina weep,
> Or sees a Monarch feel! (*Pressing him ardently to his bosom.*)
> Surely were never yet
> Two greater hearts, that beat in stricter unison
> Together! We loved each other with such warm esteem,
> Such brotherly affection! (*Hanging on his neck.*)
> Oh Fiesco!
> Thou leav'st a vacancy within my breast,
> Which the whole human race thrice over told
> Must strive in vain to fill!
> *Fiesco.* Be—be—my——friend!
> *Verrina.* Cast off this ugly Purple, and I am so!"

Fiesco indignantly refuses — Verrina resumes his coldness — they stand on a plank that leads to one of the galleys—Verrina plunges the Usurper into the waves—the weight of his armour sinks him. This is the catastrophe of the Tragedy.

We have thus gone through one of the noblest performances that the genius of man ever accomplished. With all the fire of "The Robbers," it has all the depth of "Wallenstein." We have dwelt upon it at the greater length because we are convinced, that of all the German dramas, it would be one that, with prudent omissions, might be rendered the most effective on the English stage. The magnificence of the scenery—the perpetual stir and bustle of the action—the dazzling and fiery life that burns in every scene, would alone attract the multitude; while the deep learning that is of the heart—the majesty of the sentiments—the august poetry of the conception, would place before the wiser few such models of taste—such examples for emulation, as could not but tend to ennoble and refine our Stage. Macready would perform Fiesco admirably. We perceive that our influential contemporary, the "Literary Gazette," has compared Colonel d'Aguilar's translation to some passages from the German by Mr. Gillies, and not advantageously to the former; but the fact is, that the best lines in Mr. Gillies' translation are not a word of them in the original. And as regards the flow of the verse, we suspect that Colonel d'Aguilar has designedly left it frequently rude and imperfect to convey the better idea of the original, which is written in prose—the melodious prose of Schiller.

ON VERNACULAR LITERATURE.

I. England, which has given models to Europe of the most masterly productions in every class of learning, and every province of genius, so late as within these last three centuries, was herself destitute of a native literature.

How "that was performed in our tongue which may be compared, or preferred, either to insolent Greece or haughty Rome," as one of our great poets has nobly expressed himself, becomes a philological tale for an English philosopher, who discovers in the history of the human mind the gradual expansion of public opinion.

The vernacular literature of every European nation was long impeded by the predominance of that universal language which the Gothic nations of Europe, from accident, if not from necessity, had adopted from that mighty Rome which they had themselves conquered. Ecclesiastical Rome, whence the novel faith of Christianity was now to emanate, far more potent than military Rome, perpetuated the Roman language. The clergy through the diversified realms of Europe, held together by a common bond, chained to the throne of the priesthood—one faith, one discipline, one language!

The Latin language, in verse and in prose, was domiciliated among people of the most opposite interests, customs, and characters. The primitive fathers, the later schoolmen, the monkish annalists, all alike composed in Latin; charters, even marriage contracts, in a word, all legal instruments, were drawn in Latin, and even the language of Christian prayer was that of abolished Paganism.

The idiom of their father-land, or, as we have affectionately called it, our mother-tongue—those first human accents which their infant ear had caught, and which, from their boyhood, were associated with the most tender and joyous recollections—every nation left to fluctuate on the lips of the populace, rude and neglected: all men who looked towards advancement in the world, and were members of the higher classes in society, cultivated the Latin language. It is an observation of the learned historian of our Anglo-Saxon history, that owing to this circumstance "the Latin language and the classical writers were preserved by the Christian clergy from that destruction which has entirely swept from us the language and the writings of Phenicia, Carthage, Babylon, and Egypt." But we must also recollect that the influence of the Latin language became far more permanent when the great master-works of antiquity were gradually unburied from their concealments. In this resurrection of taste and genius amidst the most barbarous ages, they survived by the secret charm of their style and the imperishable art of their composition.

II. But we in England, while we shared in common with our neighbours this bondage of a foreign idiom, had likewise the peculiar unhappiness of bearing a double chain, and the ignominy of a double servitude. Not only the general cultivation of the Latin language crushed every native attempt, and long procrastinated the day of our emancipation, but our countrymen had been compelled to adopt that Norman French which a foreign race had imposed on us—a hateful intruder, with which we had long to wrestle. Thus while the learned only communicated in Latin, the English at large, from their cradle,

were also taught to speak French, the court language. The vernacular idiom seemed utterly extirpated. So much was our nation kept under, that we were glad to dissemble our tongue and learn theirs; whereupon came the proverb, "Jack would be a gentleman if he could speak French," as we gather from Sir Thomas Smith, the learned Secretary of Elizabeth, who was himself intent on refining the unpolished English of his day.

It is remarkable, that when John de Trevisa, in 1381, translated the "Polychronicon" into English, and stated his reason in a dialogue between "Clericus and Patronus," the patron deemed it a supernumerary labour, since the Latin was the more general language; and even Trevisa himself doubted the utility of his own labour, at a time when the national antipathy to our old masters, the Normans, was at its height; when Edward III. had recently abolished the practice of carrying on the pleadings in our law courts in French; when a crisis had come, and a revolution was occurring in our grammar-schools, where, as Trevisa tells, "the children leaveth French and constructh in English." Our native translator still considers this important innovation not to be so wholly an advantage as some conceived; for Trevisa feared that the neglect of the French idiom would be sensibly felt in their intercourse and "travaile in straunge londes and in manie other places also." So unsettled was the English language at that day, that Trevisa notices its unintelligible orthoepy. In different parts of the island a diversity of pronunciation occurred, so that the northern, the southern, and the middle-land-men, an intermixture of the Danish, the Saxon, and the Norman races, could not often understand one another.

But the history of this ancient translation of the "Polychronicon" offers a still more remarkable circumstance in the history of our language. At a subsequent period, when it was printed by Caxton, not more than one hundred and twenty years had elapsed since the translator's death, and we find Caxton complaining of Trevisa's "rude and old English, that is to wit, certain words which in these days be neither used nor understood." Trevisa himself, in his translation, had avoided what he calls "the old and ancient English." It might have startled Master Caxton to have suspected that he might be to us what Trevisa was to him, as it might equally have amazed Trevisa when he discovered archaisms which had contracted the rust of time, to have imagined that his fresher English were to be archaisms to his printer in the succeeding century. What a picture is here exhibited of the mortality of words through all the fleeting stages of their decadency!

III. Our language, indeed, long continued in this fluctuating state: it was built on sands. And to pursue this philological speculation to a much later date, look in the prefaces of our elder lexicographers. Every one of them pretends to purify the vocabulary of his predecessor. In the reign of Elizabeth, we see Baret in his "Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary of Four Languages," in 1580, thus expressing himself:—"I thought it not meet to stuffe this work with old obsolete words which now a-daies no good writer will use." Words spurned at by the lexicographer of 1580 were probably words consecrated by the venerable Chaucer, Gower, and Piers Plowman, and

which, at least, the poetical antiquary would now gladly retrieve. These rapid revolutions in our language are remarkable. The nephew of Milton, in the preface to his "Theatrum Poetarum," where the critical touch of the great master so frequently betrays itself, pleads for our ancient poets, who are not the less poetical because their style is antiquated. Writing in the reign of Charles II. in 1675, he says:—"From Queen Elizabeth's reign, the language hath not been so unpolished as to render the poetry of that time ungrateful to such as at this day will take the pains to examine it well. If no poetry should please but what is calculated to every refinement of a language, of how ill consequence this would be for the future let him consider, and make it his own case, who, being now in fair repute, shall, two or three ages hence, when the language comes to be double-refined, understand that his works are come obsolete and thrown aside. I cannot—" he, perhaps Milton, continues—"I cannot but look upon it as a very pleasant humour that we should be so compliant with the French custom as to follow set fashions, not only in garments, but in music and poetry. For clothes, I leave them to the discretion of the modish; breeches and doublet will not fall under a metaphysical consideration. But in arts and sciences, as well as in moral notions, I shall not scruple to maintain, that what was '*verum et bonum*' once, continues to be so always. Now whether the trunk-hose fancy of Queen Elizabeth's days, or the pantaloon genius of ours be best, I shall not be hasty to determine." It would seem as if Milton, from this new invasion of Gallic words and Gallic airiness which broke in at the Restoration, had formed some uneasy anticipations that his own learned diction and sublime form of poetry, might suffer by the transition, and that Milton himself might become as obsolete as some of his great predecessors.

I cannot quit this subject of *ancient words* without one reflection. This rapid mortality of words, these perpetual ejections of powerful lexicographers, these terrors of neologisms, all only exhibit the natural progress of style in the infancy of a language which was not yet that of a literary people. A national idiom, in its mighty formation struggling into birth, incumbered by the heavy mass in which it lies involved, is like the creation of the Lion of the Bard of Paradise, when

"· half appeared
The tawny lion, pawing *to get free*
His hinder parts—"

It may be suspected whether the English of our own times has not been enriched even by some former extravagant attempts, and there is no doubt that we have lost some picturesque words, and even some fortunate expressions, which have not always found equivalents in their substitutes. If Time, the great arbiter of words, as well as of things, chases away the fantastical, like expelled vagrants, the more felicitous should at all periods be allowed to claim their denizenship.

IV. But to return to the history from which this digression has for a moment lured us. The learned wrote only to the learned in an universal language; and the authors of every nation were alike accessible to each other, unobscured by faithless translations. But however this might be desirable in this community, or republic of

letters, great scholars, after all, were only addressing great students; and a similarity of thinking and of style usually deprived the writers of that raciness or originality, which the nations of Europe afterwards displayed when they cultivated their vernacular literature.

The progress of the human mind was not commensurate with the curious diligence which long prided itself on the purity of its Latinity. At a more advanced period in society and literature, authority was sought for every word, and patiently culled every favourite phrase, in a classical superstition of style; a solecism was fatal to a man's honour; and even libels, and it is said, duels have occurred between two vindictive Ciceronians. Erasmus has written a satirical dialogue to expose the extravagance of this wordy race. In a mosaic of phrases eminent scholars were often but ridiculous apes of Cicero, and in a cento of verses empty echoes of Virgil.

The most classical Latinity, for no author ventured beyond an epigram in Greek, could be little more than the result of an ingenious memory, and the felicitous appropriation of phrases collected from the authors of another age and people. Century after century, men of genius in Europe were following each other in these sheep-tracks of antiquity. University responded to University, and the human mind was ever cast in the same mould. All native vigour died away in the coldness of imitation. Even meaner intellects were not always unsuccessful in acquiring this artifice of diction, covering their squalid meagreness with the purple patches of the immortal ancients.

And in the progress of the human mind, of which literature is the history, it is remarkable of those writers who had already distinguished themselves by their Latin works, that when they began to compose in their native language, those classical effusions on which they had confidently rested their future celebrity, sunk into oblivion; and the writers themselves ceased to be subjects of critical inquiry or popular curiosity, except in that language in which they had created a manner, and a style, of their own. Here their original power, and their freed faculties, placed them at a secure interval from their imitators. Modern writers in Latin were doomed to find many equals, and some superiors; and it was only those who afterwards became so inimitable in their vernacular idiom, who discovered how the productions of the heart, rather than those of the lexicon, were echoed to their authors in the voice of the people.

The people indeed were removed far out of the influence of literature; the. people could neither become intelligent with the knowledge, nor sympathise with the emotions, concealed in an idiom which had long ceased to be spoken.

This state of affairs had not occurred among the Greeks, and hardly among the Romans, who had only composed their immortal works in their maternal tongue. Their arts, their sciences, and their literature were to be acquired by the single language which they used. It was the infelicity of their successors in dominion to weary out the tenderness of youth in the repulsive and barren labours of acquiring the languages of the two great nations, whose empire had for ever closed, but whose finer genius had triumphed over their conquerors.

With the ancients, instruction did not commence until their seventh year; and until that period, nature was not disturbed in her mysterious workings; the virgin intellect was not doomed to suffer the

violence of our first studies; the torture of learning a language which had ceased to be spoken, by the medium of another equally unknown. Perhaps it was from this favourable circumstance that among the inferior classes of society in the two great nations, those slaves who discovered an aptitude for study, became eminent as skilful scribes, and even as original writers. One of the earliest prose writers in our language, when style was beginning to be cultivated, aptly described by a domestic but ingenious image, the effect of our youth gathering their burthens of grammatical faggots in the sylva of antiquity.

It is Sir Thomas Elyot, who speaks in "The Boke of the Governor," which was first printed in 1531: "By that time the learner cometh to the most sweet and pleasant reading of old authors, the sparks of fervent desire are extinct with the burthen of grammar, like as a little fire is soon quenched with a great heap of small sticks, so that it can never come to the principal logs where it should burn in a great pleasant fire."

V. It is evident, since the Christian era, that to the people at large, throughout Europe, all knowledge was inaccessible, because the first steps to approach the foreign idiom exacted a labour and a leisure which only a cloistered student could bestow.

It is not, therefore, surprising that except the libraries of the monks, whose preserving hands have conveyed to us the treasures of ancient literature, there was a time when probably there neither existed a Royal nor a private collection in the kingdom. Even Glastonbury Abbey, one of the most extensive in England in 1248, possessed no more than four books in English, and those on religious topics; nor could Leland, in the reign of Henry VIII., when he ransacked the monasteries and other libraries, find more than two or three books written in English. Dr. Dibdin has expressed his surprise that Sir Thomas More, among the books he introduced into his "Utopia," has mentioned no English authors, and that Roger Ascham is equally sparing of his notice of English writers. Our bibliographer did not recollect that at the time that More and Ascham wrote, we did not possess a single vernacular writer in prose whom a scholar would quote. When Sir Thomas Elyot published his elaborate treatise "The Governor," in that work, after a critical enumeration of the Greek and the Roman authors, he is at a stand for "the best garden plots out of which to gather English language," and in fact no English writer is specified. Yet, though without writers, there were those who felt the ambition or the love to cultivate their native English; and about this time, when Lord Berners gave his Froissart, it is described as "translated out of Frenshe into *our maternal English tongue;*" an expression which indicates all the filial affection of literary patriotism.

Accident has handed down to us two or three catalogues of books in the libraries of noblemen, one in the fourteenth century, and the other in the sixteenth. In the fourteenth century the volumes consisted, for the greater part, of those romances which, during that long period, from the twelfth to the fifteenth century, formed the reading of the Noble, the Dame, and the Damosel, and all the courtly loungers in the Baronial castle. There is an intermixture of many legendary lives of Saints, and apocryphal adventures of "Notre Seigneur," in Egypt, with a volume or two of physic and surgery. The library in

the sixteenth century, in the reign of Henry VIII. was greatly improved—volumes of Divinity in Latin—a few classical authors of antiquity, chiefly of a secondary order. In French, the same multitude of romances of chivalry, some ancient chronicles, and a Froissart, some translations of St. Austin, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, Irish legends of saints. In English, a Gower, a Chaucer, Trevisa's "Polychronicon," "The Order of the Garter," "The Shepherd's Calendar," and "The Feats and Arms of Chivalry," by Christina of Pisa. Books on husbandry, surveying, on hawking, and hunting, and herbals. Of contemporaneous English authors, we only find "The Castle of Health," a favourite treatise on medicine, by Sir Thomas Elyot, who was, however, no physician, and a single treatise of Sir Thomas More, of "Dialogues concerning Heresies and Matters of Religion," which this bibliographer of the sixteenth century has erroneously indicated "against the new opinions that held against pilgrimages." Sir Thomas More has written no express treatise on "Pilgrimages," but in the "Dialogues on Heresies," More has incidentally noticed the anti-Papal objections against pilgrimages then rising in those days of early Reformation. Among such important topics, how came the catalogue-writer to fix on one of minor interest to describe the volume? To him, indeed, it might not have seemed so—had the bibliographer himself ever trudged in one of those toilsome peregrinations, and now had lived to witness the validity of all those holy sufferings questioned, when, with a conscience as tender as his toes,

> "Le [illegible]u qu'il avoit fait
> D'aller au grand Saint Jacques,
> Grace à Dieu il l'avoit accompli
> Pour l'amour de Jesus Christ."

At a still later period, in 1580, the Royal Library, at Whitehall, in the reign of Elizabeth, was visited by Hentzner, the German traveller. He found it well furnished with Greek, Latin, Italian, and French books, but no English author is noticed! The shelf of native writers must have appeared vacant to the German's eyes. At that time there was no English author whose name was sufficiently conspicuous to attract a foreigner's notice. The massive folio of Sir Thomas More's works probably did not show itself in the library of Elizabeth, for we know that even the life of this illustrious man, written by his son-in-law Roper, in the reign of Mary, no one would venture to print in that of her successor. This biography first appeared at Paris so late as in 1626, when a Roman Catholic Princess had ascended the English throne. The writings of Sir Thomas Elyot and Roger Ascham were the only ones which might have obtained a place in the Royal Library. A language which had not yet produced a Dictionary, and whose writers hardly exceeded the dignity of pamphleteers, could not be supposed to possess any native literature to attract the attention of a foreigner.

It is curious to discover, that some time before this period an English Grammar had been actually printed at Rouen in 1563, by Gabriel Meurier, who, however, acknowledges that the English language was held in little estimation by Foreigners, except for commercial purposes, and was not regarded at home, since French was usually spoken by the English Court; and the Learned communicated in Latin. This literary curiosity of so early an English Grammar is noticed by

La Croix du Maine and Du Verdier, old French bibliographers. This Meurier published other similar pedagogical volumes, which may be found at the British Museum. An Englishman, John Palsgrave, who resided so long in France that he became ambidextrous in both idioms, accompanied the sister of Henry VIII. when she married Louis XII. as her language-master. Palsgrave published his "Esclaircissemens de la Langue Françoise", in 1530, one of the most precious volumes in English philology; and as a monument of our language, its rarity is much to be regretted, since this treasure of English words and phrases has been overlooked by our lexicographers.

Nearly thirty years after Hentzner's view of the Royal Library at Whitehall, about 1610, when we discover English authors in number, Edmund Bolton, a judicious critic, in his "Hypercritica," a treatise on the composition of History, in his strictures on "the proper graces of style," adds—"the books out of which we gather the most warrantable English, are not many to my remembrance." Already this refined critic censured Sir Thomas More for "some few antiquated words;" Sir Philip Sidney is admired for "rich conceit and splendour of courtly expression," but too florid for the historical style; the preface of Hooker is described as "a choice parcel of our vulgar language;" Sir Walter Rawleigh's preface to his great work, as full of "clear and courtly graces of style;" Sir Francis Bacon's writings are pronounced (the Essays, doubtless) "to have the freshest and most savoury form, and aptest utterances, that, as I suppose, our tongue can bear." The Jesuit Father Parsons' style, and Cardinal Alan's apology, are commemorated for "natural and exquisite English." The critic was a Romanist, but the commendation of Father Parsons' style was not awarded without justice. In this style, a primitive critic decided on our primitive authors.

VI. The state of literature in England, from the reign of Henry VIII. to Elizabeth, is remarkable.

The taste for classical learning and philological studies was fervid among certain classes in society; it even became fashionable, and distinguished females were familiar both with Greek and Roman writers. Our Grammar Schools had succeeded to the dissolved monasteries in initiating our youth in their early studies. We had eminent grammarians; and Henry VIII. had lent his royal name, if not his hand, to the compilation of a Latin Grammar, which, according to his despotic edict, was to be the established Grammar of England.

But the native language was abandoned and left to itself; as yet it had neither school, nor grammar, nor dictionary. Education was then in its infancy; and there was none for the luxurious nobles and gentry, who were occupied by hunting and hawking; more select in their cook and their falconer than in their domestic tutor, generally a degraded menial in their household, usually chosen for the smallness of his stipend and his patient suppleness to his seigneur, and not less to his boy-lord. Their reading was usually restricted to some French tome of chivalry, or to "a merrie tale in Boccace;" and their science advanced not beyond the "Shepherds' Calendar," or the "Secrets of Albert the Great." The people, with no other knowledge of languages than their uncultivated English, seem to have possessed a flying literature of their own. The tales of minstrels still lingering in our nursery, traditional proverbs, and Æsopian fables, were faithfully

transmitted from father to son, among those who never read. The Germans have a term to designate this class of traditional literature, if so it may be considered, and call these volumes *Volksbücher*, or the People's books. The memories of the people had their stores of a short narrative poem or a startling tale, and all the fragmentary wisdom of sage antiquity, so daily useful, or so apt and delightful in the extensive scene of human life and manners. That these were handed down from generation to generation appears probable, from the circumstance, that hardly had the printing-press been in use when a multitude of "the People's books" spread through Europe their rude instruction and their national humour. In France, their *Bibliothèque Bleue* preserves the remains of this literature of the people. In Germany, some patriotic antiquaries have been delighted to collect this household literature of the illiterate; and, in our own country, the chap-books sold on the stalls of fairs, or mixed with the wares of "the chapman," were these books of the People. The courtly favourites of one age, descended in another, from the oriel window to the cottage lattice. They took, indeed, a different appearance. The folio metrical romance, erst bound in crimson velvet, studded with bosses, and clasped in silver, now shrunk into a sixpenny-tale in prose; and the "lays" of minstrelsy were re-echoed in the doggrel of the balladmonger. The political satire of Reynard the Fox mixed with the Fables of Æsop; and the "gestes" of Guy of Warwick, Sir Bevis of Hampton, and such other heroes of Chivalry, have been detected in the Tom Thumb and Thomas Hickathrift of the people.

VII. The people, however, did not advance much in intelligence, even after the discovery of printing; for new works, which were designed for popular purposes, were still locked up in a language which none spoke and only the scholar read. And this, notwithstanding that the Italians had set a noble example to the other nations of Europe, as we shall shortly see. "Il Cortegiano" of Castiglione, and the "Galateo" of La Casa, were great and original efforts to strike at the follies, or reclaim the popular errors of social life, in their vernacular idiom. But in other countries, those who were treading in the same path of ethical instruction, and refining the manners of their nation, dared not yet emancipate themselves from the golden manacles of their Latinity. Erasmus, whose amusing colloquies, and whose satirical panegyric on folly were so happily directed to open the minds of men; and Sir Thomas More, in his "Utopia," that philosophical model of an ideal society, were confined to the lettered circles. At a still later period, the genius of Verulam, whose prescient views had often anticipated the institutions and the discoveries of succeeding times, appears never to have contemplated the future miracles of his maternal tongue. Lord Bacon did not foresee that the English language would one day be capable of embalming all that philosophy can discover or poetry can invent; that his country at length would possess a national literature, and exult in classical compositions of its own. So little did Lord Bacon esteem the language of his country, that his favourite works are composed in Latin; and what he had written in English he was anxious to have preserved, as he expresses it, in "that universal language which may last as long as books last." It would have surprised Lord Bacon to have been told that the learned in Europe would one day study English authors to learn to think

and write, and prefer his own "Essays" in their living pith to the colder transfusions of the Latin versions of his friends. The taste of the philosophical Chancellor was inferior to his invention.

VIII. The progress of the vernacular idiom among the nations of Europe was long impeded by the very circumstances which, in the due course of events, terminated in creating it. Two splendid incidents in literary history long occasioned the neglect of every native literature—the emigration of the fugitive Greeks into Italy, and the researches for the recovery of ancient manuscripts before the era of Printing.

The modern Greeks charmed the Italians when they disclosed their Hellenistic stores; and though the Greeks proudly triumphed that they alone possessed the great originals, yet the Italians often infused into the supple Greeks a sympathy for their old Latin favourites. The Romans, in their rivality, by the very act of their imitation, at least, had conceded an eternal homage to the genius of their masters. This period has been termed the Restoration of Letters. It struck a fresh impulse into literary pursuits. The occupation of disinterring manuscripts, which had long been buried in dungeon-darkness, was carried on with an enthusiasm of which, perhaps, it would be difficult for us at this day to form an adequate conception. Many exhausted their fortunes in distant journeys, or in importations from the East; and the possession of a manuscript was considered not to have been dearly purchased by the transfer of an estate, since only for the loan of one, the pledge was nothing less. The recovery of a complete author, known only by fragments, or the discovery of one, perhaps heard of for the first time, was tantamount to the acquisition of a province. When a copy of Quinctilian was discovered, the news circulated throughout Europe. The rapture of collation, the restoration of a corrupt text, or the perpetual commentary, was the ambition of a life.

This was the useful age of critical erudition. It furnished the studious with honours and avocations, reserved only for themselves, but it withdrew them from the cultivation of all vernacular literature. They courted not the popular voice when a professorial chair, or a dignified secretaryship, offered the only profit or honour the literary man contemplated. Accustomed to the finished compositions of the ancients, they depreciated their maternal language, too rude and unworthy of a scholar's regard. More than two centuries were ardently consumed in these studies of antiquity and of critical learning.

The Latin language thus became the literary language of Europe. It was even employed on incompatible subjects, in contradiction to good taste and common sense. Although Machiavel and Guicciardini had exhibited to Europe models of historical composition in their vernacular idiom, England and France remained without a classical historian of their affairs in their native language.

The native rude chroniclers of both these nations in their confused pages, were but crude and childlike collectors of events; their indiscriminate narratives seem never to have passed through their minds by any intellectual process. When these simple recorders occasionally fall on some important incident, they make it small by their meagreness, or perplex by their trivial abundance. They are still the prolonged torture of the philosophical historian whenever

he would detect among such formless masses what these writers themselves never suspected—the principles which govern mankind—the passions which rise up at every new era—and the genius of the men who were their leaders.

The great historians still persevered in composing in Latin, notwithstanding the period was so modern and the interest so personal, which engaged their patriotic pens. The illustrious Camden surely partook largely of this reigning fatuity when he composed the chorography of England in the language of Rome; Camden too wrote the history of Elizabeth; Buchanan that of Scotland, and De Thou his great history, which includes that of the Reformation in France, in Latin. All these works addressed to the deepest sympathies of the people were not imparted to them.

There was a peculiar absurdity in composing modern history in the ancient language of a people, alike foreigners to the feelings as well as the nature of the transactions. The Latin had neither proper terms to describe modern customs, nor fitting appellatives for names and places. The fastidious delicacy of the writers of modern latinity could not endure to vitiate their classical purity by the gothic names of their heroes, and of the barbarous localities where memorable transactions had occurred. These great authors in their despair actually preferred to shed an obscurity over their whole history rather than to disturb the collocation of their numerous diction. Buchanan and De Thou, by a ludicrous play on words translated the proper names of persons and of places. A Scottish worthy, *Wiseheart,* was dignified by Buchanan with a Greek denomination, *Sophocardus;* so that in a history of Scotland the name of a conspicuous hero does not appear, or must be sought for in a Greek Lexicon, which, after all, may require a punster for a reader.

The history of De Thou is frequently unintelligible, and two separate indexes of names and places, and the public offices which his personages held, did not always agree with the original family copy. The names of the persons are latinised according to their etymology, and all public offices are designated by those Roman ones which bore some fancied analogy. But the modern office was ill indicated by the ancient; the Constable of France, a military charge, differed from the *Magister Equitum,* and the Marshals of France from the *Tribunus Equitum.* His nomenclature seems a chaos, and his equivocal personages are not always recognized in the travesty of their Roman masquerade.

The predominant prejudice of writing in Latin was first checked in Germany, France, and England, by the leaders of that great revolution which opposed the dynasty of the tiara. It was one of the great results of the Reformation, that it taught the learned to address the people. The versions of the Scriptures seemed to consecrate the vernacular idiom of every nation in Europe. Calvin wrote his great work, "The Institute of the Christian Religion," at the same time in the Latin language and in the French; and thus these are both alike original. Calvin deemed, that to render the people intelligent, their instructor should be intelligible, and that if books are written for a great purpose, they were only excellent in the degree that they were multiplied. Calvin addressed not a few erudite recluses, but a whole nation.

IX. The reader may have already observed by our notices of Castiglione and La Casa, Macchiavelli and Guicciardini, that while the European nations alike continued to neglect the cultivation of their native idiom, the Italians however had set them a far different and noble example. It was indeed Italy, the mother and the nurse of literature, as the filial zeal of her sons have hailed her, which first opened to the nations of Europe the possibility of each creating a vernacular literature, reflecting the image, not of the Greeks and Romans, but of themselves.

Three memorable men of the finest and most contrasted genius appeared in one place and at one period. Petrarch indeed imagined that his Latin Epic would form the delight of posterity, and contemned his Italian "Rime" as "nugellas vulgares." With that contempt for the language of the people, in which the learned participated, Petrarch was even insensible to the inspiration of a mightier genius than his own, who with a parental affection had adopted the orphan idiom of his father-land—an orphan idiom which hitherto had been a wanderer, and had not yet found even a name; for it was then uncertain what was the true language of Italy. Dante, with a more daring genius, had anticipated the wants of future times, for with all his adoration of his master Virgil, he rejected the verse of Virgil, to secure his own immortality. A peculiar difficulty however occurred to the first former of the vernacular literature of Italy. In the state of this unsettled language, composed of fragments of the latinity of a former populace, with the corruptions and novelties introduced by its new masters; deformed by a great variety of dialects, submitted in the mouths of the people to their caprices, and unstamped by the hand of a master, it seemed hopeless to fix on any idiom which by its inherent nobleness should claim the distinguished honour of being deemed Italian. Dante refused this envied grace, to any of the rival principalities of his country. He, however, mysteriously asserted that the true Italian "volgare" might be discovered in every Italian city, but being common to all, it could not be appropriated by any single one. He dignified the "volgare illustre" which he had imagined by magnificent titles; it was illustrious, it was cardinal, it was aulic, it was courtly, it was the language of the most learned who had composed in the vulgar idiom, whether in Sicily, in Tuscany, in Puglia, even in Lombardy, or in the marches of Ancona! This fanciful description of the Italian language appeared enigmatical to the plain sense and the methodical investigations of the cold and cautious Tiraboschi. That grave critic submitted the interior feeling of the poet to the test of facts and dates. With more erudition than taste he marked the mechanical gradations of every language, from rudeness to refinement. The historical investigator could conceive no other style than what his chronology had discovered.* But the spirit of Dante had penetrated beyond the palpable substances of the explorer of facts. Dante, in his musings, had thrown a mystical veil over the Italian language. He seems presciently to have contemplated amidst the distraction of so many dialects, that an Italian style would arise which at some distant day would be deemed classical. Dante wrote, and Dante was the classic of his country!

* Tiraboschi, VIII. Pref. xv.

The third great master in their first vernacular literature was Boccaccio, who threw out the fertility of his genius in the *volgare* of Nature herself. The Shakspeare of a hundred tales transformed himself into all the conditions of society; he touched all the passions of human beings; he penetrated into the thoughts of men ere he delineated their manners. "His most eloquent and most perfect prose" is the theme of the Italian critic's ecstasy.* Even two learned Greeks had acknowledged that the tale-teller of Certaldo, in his variegated pages, had displayed such force and diversity in his genius, that no Greek writer could be compared with his singular excellence. The "volgare eloquenza" was at once created, and this new glory has never been eclipsed by his successors.

Thus was the Italian language formed three centuries before the English, or the French, and indeed preceded all other modern languages. Whether from the more familiar intercourse which the Italian writers enjoyed with the fine remains of ancient literature, which insensibly enriched their own idiom, or from that native spirit which lingered under those lucid skies, and was still displayed in their manners and their genius, may be an inquiry of some curiosity. It is indeed remarkable that the other languages of Europe had the ill-fortune of falling into decrepitude; they were all too barbarous and inartificial to remain permanent. Puttenham, the critic of the reign of Elizabeth, complains that Piers Plowman, Chaucer, Gower, and Lydgate, required glossaries, so did Ronsard, Baif, and Marot, in France. In prose, we had no single author till the close of the sixteenth century who had yet constructed a style; and in France Rabelais and Montaigne seemed to have contracted the rust and rudeness of antiquity, to the refinement of the following generation.

Custom and prejudice, however, predominated over the feelings of the learned even in Italy. Their epistolary correspondence was still carried on in Latin, and even the first dramas of Italy were in the language of ancient Rome. Angelo Politian appears to have been the earliest who composed a dramatic piece, his "Orfeo," in "stilo volgare," and for which he assigns a reason which might have occurred to many of his predecessors, "perché degli Spettatori fusse meglio intesa," that he might be better understood by the audience! The vernacular idiom in Italy was still so little in repute that their youths were prohibited from reading Italian books. It is, however, evident that their native productions operated with a secret charm on their sympathies, for Varchi has told a curious anecdote of his father sending him to prison, where he was kept on bread and water, as a penance for his inveterate passion for reading works in the vernacular idiom.

X. Such were the difficulties and obstructions which occurred in the formation of that Native Literature, in whose prosperous state every European people now exults. Homogeneous with their habitual associations, moulded by their customs and manners, and every where stamped by the peculiar organization of each distinct race, we see the vernacular literature ever imbued with the qualities of the soil whence it springs, diversified, yet ever true to Nature; for the same eternal passions are alike eloquent in the literature of every nation.

VARRO.

* Botari Lezioni sopra il Decamerone, 1—14.

OUR ANECDOTAGE.

(Now first published.)

It is now some years since, that the *anecdotic-mania* broke out among us. A literary lounger was first infected with that agreeable disorder; and not inappropriately, it first appeared as "Drossiana" for a periodical work. Collected in volumes, "Seward's Anecdotes" were a favourite with the Public. The form of the work, and the embellishments by Fuseli, gave an appearance of elegance to these volumes. They contained several inedited pieces, but the chief materials were extracted from books, and apparently often from recollection, for they are given in a loose and inaccurate manner. Another lounger, James Petit Andrews, puts forth his "Anecdotes Ancient and Modern," but these are trivial and betray the feeble mind of the collector. Other similar publications followed, some better and more as indifferent. It was on this occasion that the most elegant poet of our times, declared that it seemed as if we were all in "Our Anecdotage." This was the feathered arrow of the Wit. But "A Dissertation on Anecdotes," by a well-known writer, showed so many excellencies in Anecdotes, that it seemed as if the depreciating term had been misapplied.

Among those numerous literary "Designs" which Dr. Johnson had projected in his studious days, there is one entitled "Minutiæ Literariæ, Miscellaneous Reflections, Criticisms, Emendations, Notes." During the life of every man of letters every day furnishes a variety of curious information, often on important subjects, which is condemned to perish, from its isolated nature, and the improbability that such particles of information, or curiosity, can ever be introduced into elaborate works. It is evident that these matters are neither unimportant, nor uninteresting, otherwise they would not have exercised the pen of their recorder. They are not trite or trivial things, what we care not to know, but usually they are unknown, and often in the strict and original sense of the term *Anecdotical*, published for the first time.

Of such matters drawn from their *manuscript state*, and indeed we only profess to exercise a faithful Editorship in the present article, we propose opening a collection to be occasionally continued. In despair of embodying them in any other form than in the present unconnected *ana*, we must submit to accommodate ourselves to their heterogeneous nature, convinced that if they are not preserved in this inartificial manner they must be suffered to moulder away on the solitary leaf which retains them. We should then lose many things, agreeable to read, and which often convey information not elsewhere to be found.

The materials of these papers are not extracted from any ordinary sources of information, and they pretend to communicate original additions, or illustrations, to whatever we already possess on the subjects they touch on; they will not interfere with what already lies on our shelves. They will sometimes contribute small particulars of great men, which the reader has not before met; poignant anecdotes, morsels of criticism, and fragments of literature. These have been furnished from contemporary manuscripts, where the writers themselves

have given their views of the persons and events, which then busied their curiosity, and still interest our own. Histories of books and authors which were unknown to their critics, or life-writers, may yet be told. Many pieces of secret history too detached to enter into the general views of more formal history, may be preserved. Sometimes comparatively trivial, and sometimes important, sometimes concise and sometimes copious—an anecdote or a narrative—in their disjointed state, they will still be the scattered members of history. They may gratify the curious, they may delight the general reader, and even serve to embellish the page of the future writer who may sometimes bestow on them the happier grace of aptness and juxtaposition, in combining them with his own work. For the convenience of reference hereafter, the separate articles are numbered.

am not aware that any writer, not excepting Lord King the recent biographer of Locke, has noticed one of the most curious particulars in the history of the studies of our philosopher. It appears, that his memorable discovery, or developement of that new system of the "Association of Ideas," was an after-thought. It never appeared in the first edition of the "Essay on the Human Understanding," and when he sent it forth to the world, Locke certainly was not aware of the surprising novelty which has immortalized his name. I learn this from a manuscript letter which accompanied the new edition on its presentation to Sir Hans Sloane.

"Oates, Dec. 2, 1699.

"I took the liberty to send you just before I left the town the last edition of my Essay. I do not intend you should have it gratis. There are two new Chapters in it; one of the 'Association of Ideas,' and another of 'Enthusiasm.' These two I expect you should read and give me your opinion frankly upon. Though I have made other large additions, yet it would be to make you pay too dear to expect you should be at the task to find them out, and read them. You will do very friendly by me if you forgive me *the wasting your time on these two chapters.*"

II.

Daniel De Foe said there was only this difference between the fates of Charles the First, and his son James the Second; that the former's was a wet martyrdom and the other's a dry one. When Sir Richard Steele was made a Member of the Commons it was expected from his ingenious writings that he would have been an admirable orator, but it not proving so, De Foe said "He had better have continued the *Spectator* than the *Tatler.*"

III.

The local designation of the following anecdote confirms its authenticity, which however required no other indication than the characteristic humour of Addison in his odd conception of old Montaigne.

When Mr. Addison lodged in Kensington Square, he read over some of "Montaigne's Essays," and finding little or no information in the chapters of what their titles promised, he closed the book more confused than satisfied.

"What think you of this famous French author?" said a gentleman present.

"Think!" said he smiling. "Why that a pair of manacles, or a

stone doublet would probably have been of some service to that author's infirmity."

"Would you imprison a man for singularity in writing?"

"Why let me tell you," replied Addison, "if he had been a horse he would have been pounded for straying, and why he ought to be more favoured because he is a man, I cannot understand."

IV.

A medical confession, frankly delivered by that eminent physician and wit, Sir Samuel Garth, has been fortunately preserved; perhaps the truth it reveals is as conspicuous as its humour.

Dr. Garth (so he is called in the manuscript) who was one of the Kit-Kat Club, coming there one night, declared he must soon be gone, having many patients to attend; but some good wine being produced he forgot them. When Sir Richard Steele reminded him of his appointments, Garth immediately pulled out his list, which amounted to fifteen—and said, "It's no great matter whether I see them to-night or not, for nine of them have such bad constitutions, that all the physicians in the world can't save them, and the other six have so good constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't kill them."

V.

Sir Godfrey Kneller latterly painted more for profit than for praise, and is said to have used some whimsical preparations in his colours which made them work fair and smoothly off, but not endure. A friend noticing it to him, said, "What do you think posterity will say, Sir Godfrey Kneller, when they see these pictures some years hence?"

"Say!" replied the artist: "Why they'll say Sir Godfrey Kneller never painted them!"

VI.

Many epitaphs and inscriptions were composed for Sir Isaac Newton. It was a contest with the wits of the day. We are only acquainted with the fine poem of Thomson, dedicated to his memory, and the inscription designed by Pope. I discovered an epitaph on the father of modern philosophy, which, as far as I have been enabled to ascertain, still lies in its manuscript state. The conception is sublime, as the subject.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

More than his name were less—'twould seem to fear
He who increased heaven's fame, could want it here;
Yet when the suns he lighted up shall fade,
And all the worlds he found, are first decayed,
Then void and waste *Eternity* shall lie,
And *Time*, and *Newton's* name, together die.

VII.

An epitaph on the Scottish Mary, may be found in the Harleian MS. 681. The original may serve as an extraordinary specimen of the noble lapidary manner of compression on the style and the subject. It is the whole biography of that victim of love, of state policy, and of female jealousy. The close translation which accompanies the original, not inadequately conveys its force.

EPITAPHIUM MARIÆ STUARTÆ REGINÆ SCOTIÆ.

Regibus orta, auxi Reges, Reginaque vixi;
Ter Nupta, et tribus orba viris, tria Regna reliqui:
Gallus opes, Scotus cunas, habet Angla sepulchrum.

Issued from Kings, I greatened Kings, and kingly crowns have worne;
Thrice wedded, thrice a widow, I three kingdoms have foregone;
The French my wealth, the Scot my birth, the English hath my tomb.

VIII.

The enthusiasm which at first was caught by the readers of the works of the platonic Dr. Henry More, is remarkable; but Henry More was himself an enthusiast. So necessary is it, that there should be some reality in every great illusion, if we hope to create the sympathy of those around us. Time however has long cast into shade the visionary pages of Henry More, and he seems himself to have survived that fame which he had once promised to himself. I find a curious fact relating to his works. A gentleman who had died beyond sea, left a legacy of three hundred pounds for the translation of Dr. Henry More's works. The task was cheerfully undertaken by the Doctor himself, but when he had finished, he was forced to give the bookseller the three hundred pounds to print them.

IX.

An extraordinary prosecution for a singular libel occurred under the administration of the Duke of Buckingham. Some fiddlers at Staines were indicted for singing scandalous songs of the Duke. The songs also did not fail to libel both James and Charles. The Bench were puzzled how to proceed. The offensive passages they would not permit to be openly read in court, lest the scandals should spread. It was a difficult point to turn. They were anxious that the people should see that they did not condemn these songs without due examination. They hit upon this expedient. Copies of the songs were furnished to every Lord and Judge present; and the Attorney-General in his charge, when touching on the offending passages, did not, as usual, read them out, but noticed them by only repeating the first and the final lines, and when he had closed they were handed to the fiddlers at the bar, interrogating them whether these were not the songs which they had sung of the Duke? To this they confessed, and were condemned in a heavy fine of 500*l.* and to be pilloried and whipped.

This novel and covert mode of trial excited great discontent among the friends of civil freedom. It was asserted, that all trials should be open, and that a court of justice was always a public place, where the judges publicly delivered the reasons and the grounds of their judgment. The mode now resorted to, was turning a court of judgment into a private chamber, and excluded the hearers from understanding the reasons of every judge's opinion, and the court themselves from hearing each other's. It was farther alleged, that in the present case, the Lords could not be sure that the copies showed to the prisoners were the same as that which each had before him, or that every Lord had looked into the same paper which was showed to the fiddlers, so that they might be condemned for that in which they stood not implicated.—I suppose this singular case of the *Fiddlers of Staines* to be unique, and never to have been perpetuated in any of our law books.

THE CHARACTER AND ADMINISTRATION OF NECKER.

Perhaps the annals of the world do not furnish an epoch more worthy of fixing the attention of those, who regard the history of their race with the eye either of a philosopher or philanthropist, than the few years that immediately preceded the outbreaking of the first French Revolution.

When Louis XVI. came to the throne, an attempt had been made to retard the fate of the falling monarchy by the appointment of the Minister Turgot: the first time, perhaps, in the history of the human race that the administration of the affairs of a great nation had been committed to the hands of a truly virtuous and philosophic statesman. But the aristocratic and ecclesiastical faction, whose interests were so much opposed to those of their fellow-citizens, soon succeeded in driving him from his post, and the vessel, with additional speed, continued to drift down the torrent of her fate. Some idea of the number, and the rate of increase of the number, of those who were as much opposed to any reform in the government or finances of France of that day as those whose family names have for the last fifty years figured on the British pension-list, may be formed from the following statement made by Necker in his work, "De l'Administration des Finances de la France:"—*

"Il ne m'avoit point paru indifférent," he says, "de connoître, quelle est la quantité de charges, en France, qui procurent la noblesse héréditaire, soit dès l'instant qu'on en est revetu, soit à la seconde ou à la troisieme génération, soit au bout d'un certain nombre d'années de possession. Le nombre passe quatre mille, et je crois à-peu-près juste, l'énumération succinte que je vais en donner.

"80 charges de Maître des Requêtes.

"1000 charges, environ, dans les Parlements, en retrenchant celles qui sont possédées par les conseillers-clercs.

"900 charges, environ, dans les Chambres des Comptes, et les Cours des Aides.

"70 dans le Grand Conseil.

"30 dans la Cour des Monnoies.

"20 au Conseil Provincial d'Artois.

"80 au Châtelet de Paris.

"740 dans les Bureaux des Finances.

"50 charges de grands baillifs, sénéchaux, gouverneurs et lieutenants généraux d'épée.

"900 charges de Secretaires du Roi.

"Enfin, on peut fixer à 200, environ, les offices en commission au Parlement de Nanci, et au Conseil Souverain d'Alsace, plusieurs charges tenant en second ordre au Conseil et à la Chancellerie, celles aux Tribunaux de la Table de marbre, et quelques autres encore."

In order fully to appreciate the advantage and ornament which this noblesse thus formed conferred on the French nation, it is necessary to bear in mind that a large proportion of these offices were utterly useless, and that those who bore them enjoyed certain exemptions from the payment of taxes. Necker does not inform us whether any of them were held by ladies, though there are many instances in French history of women of intrigue about the Court being placed at the

* Tom. iii. p. 145.

head of a convent of monks; and, no doubt, cases might be produced where the proper performance of certain functions by an agreeable woman was rewarded by a pension, that, computed in English money, might even amount to little less than twelve hundred pounds a year.

Though we think there is no parallel between the Ministry now ruling England and that which then governed France, yet there is a certain fearful analogy between the State of France at that time and that of England at this, some points of which we shall present to the attention of our countrymen, as we pass in rapid review some of the leading measures of M. Necker's administration. We may state at the outset, that our opinion of Necker's merits as a statesman is by no means very high; though, at the same time, we consider him to have been, perhaps, as much underrated by some writers as he has been overrated in the estimation of himself and his daughter. There was little hope that he would succeed in accomplishing that in which Turgot had failed, with both more knowledge and greater firmness of character, with a stronger will, and a more powerful and enlightened understanding.

In the interior administration of the kingdom, Necker's principal act was the adoption of a plan for the establishment of provincial assemblies, which had been conceived by Turgot, but which that Minister had been prevented, by his dismissal from office, from putting in execution. But in one important particular Necker departed from Turgot's system of finance. The three leading points on which Turgot insisted were—

Point de Banqueroute,
Point d'Augmentation d'Impôts,
Point d'Emprunts.

From one, at least, of these Necker departed. By means of his high commercial character he procured loans on tolerably moderate terms, and by that means relieved the immediate distresses of the treasury. These, however, were but temporary expedients, to which Turgot had disdained to stoop.

When Necker was appointed Director-General of the Finances (an office to which all the trouble, and a great part of the responsibility, were attached, without the supreme control), the finances of France were in such a condition that it was little that the most zealously able and active reforming Minister could have accomplished. An Englishman will fully comprehend that condition when we state, that it was somewhat similar to that in which the English Tories, after fifty years' malversation, handed over those of England to Lord Grey and his colleagues. And here a striking analogy appears. One of the first acts of Lord Grey's administration has been to undeceive the country as to the condition of certain branches of the finance, around which their predecessors were in the habit of casting an impenetrable veil of mystery. They were immediately assailed with the most vehement and vulgar clamour by the organs of the Tory faction. One of the principal acts of Necker's first ministry was the publication of the celebrated "Compte-rendu." This was the signal for a general attack from all those who were interested in the preservation, who worshipped the "venerable antiquity," of old abuses. All those

Court-insects, we should say reptiles, for they had not the harmlessness of insects, and rather resembled the noxious grub of Pope—

> "The bug with gilded wings,
> The painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;"

who had been always accustomed to live on the labour of others, and, what was more, to be insolent to those on whose labour they lived—those favourites, courtiers, and ministers, who concealed amid the glare of imaginary greatness both their real insignificance and their secret rapine—those pretended statesmen, who flattered themselves that they were great politicians because they were great intriguers, cried out "Sacrilege!" and represented the revealing of the mysteries of the Cabinet as an outrage upon the majesty of the Throne.

Another difficulty of Necker, which has been well described by his daughter, Madame de Stael,* has likewise a parallel in the present condition of England. The women of a certain rank, as is well known, interfered much in politics before the Revolution, indeed to such a degree that it might be truly affirmed, when we consider the character of the women in question, that at one time France was governed by a dynasty of titled harlots. Their husbands, their brothers, or the men with whom they intrigued, employed them to go to the houses of the Ministers, where they employed all those fascinations of manner and conversation, of which they were such perfect mistresses, to obtain whatever object they had in view. Necker listened to them with great politeness; but he easily saw through their designs, and the graces of their conversation made no impression upon him. Those dames then gave themselves great airs, recalled with affected negligence the illustrious names which they bore, and demanded a pension as a matter of right. Necker, however, always adhered to justice, and did not allow himself to lavish the money acquired by the sacrifices of the people. "What is a thousand crowns to the King?" said they. "A thousand crowns!" replied Necker; "it is the taxation of a village."

There is in England at present a dynasty of such women—proud of their rank, and perhaps still prouder of their fashion—immoral, insolent—

> "—— Empty of all good, wherein consists
> Woman's domestic honour and chief praise;
> Bred only and completed to the taste
> Of lustful appetence; to sing, to dance,
> To dress, and troule the tongue, and roll the eye."—MILTON.

Woe to the country where such women have power to give law to their countrywomen in the fashion both of their dress and morals! "What," say they, "is a pension of a thousand pounds a-year to a country like England? And our rank and fashion, you know, must be supported."—"Hang ye, gorbellied knaves!" said the high-mettled thieves to the dull, honest citizens; "young men must live." We may answer with Necker that a thousand pounds is the taxation of a

* "Considérations sur les Principaux Evénemens de la Revolution Françoise,' tom. i. p. 91.

street, or even of a small town, and that if they must live, they may live like hostess Quickly's gentlewomen—by voluntary contribution.

Necker was not permitted to transact business alone with his Majesty; M. de Maurepas always made a third. It was during one of his attacks of gout that Necker, finding himself alone with the King, obtained the dismissal of M. de Sartines from the Marine, and the appointment of the Maréchal de Castries in his place.

"M. de Sartines," says Madame de Staël,* "was an example of the sort of choice which is made in the monarchies where the liberty of the press and the Assembly of the Deputies do not render it necessary to have recourse to men of talent. He had been an excellent lieutenant of police: some intrigue elevated him to the rank of Minister of the Marine. M. Necker went to his house some days after his nomination: he had had his chamber hung with maps; and he said to M. Necker, as he walked up and down his study, 'See what progress I have already made: I can put my hand upon that map and point out to you, shutting my eyes, where are the four quarters of the globe.'"

Madame de Staël adds, with cruel irony—at least we take it so—

"Ces belles connoissances n'auroient pas semblé suffisantes en Angleterre pour diriger la Marine."

Madame de Staël says, that from that day M. de Maurepas became Necker's mortal enemy. This old courtier belonged to that class of Ministers with whom the public good went for nothing, who only interested themselves in what they called the service of the King; that service consisting in the favour which they might gain or lose at Court. Maurepas discovered, by an imprudence of Madame Necker, that Necker was very sensitive to libellous attacks. He encouraged certain persons about the Court, and in the service of the Comte d'Artois, to spread libels against Necker. Necker desired to have some mark of the royal approbation which should support him against the attacks of those libellers, and act as a discouragement to them. He demanded their dismissal from the service of the Comte d'Artois, and at the same time, admittance for himself into the Council of State, from which he had been excluded on the ground of his being a Protestant. In consequence of the answer he received to his demand, M. Necker gave in his resignation, which was accepted.†

In 1787 M. de Calonne, in the Assembly of the Notables, took occasion to attack the veracity of the statements submitted to the King by Necker. The latter lost no time in transmitting to his Majesty a memorial which fully established the fidelity of his statement. The King read it and was satisfied, but was unwilling that it should be made public. With this however Necker, as he conceived himself to have received a public affront in the printed discourse of M. de Calonne, would not comply. Accordingly he printed his reply to M. de Calonne, of which the King was no sooner apprised than he exiled Necker by a *lettre de cachet* to a distance of forty leagues from Paris. Whatever opinion may be entertained of the amiable qualities, of the goodness of Louis XVI., it will convey no inadequate

* "Considerations," &c. tom. i. p. 94.
† Madame de Staël's "Considérations sur la Révolution Française," tom. i.—"Private Life of M. Necker."—"Histoire de la Révolution de 1789, &c. par deux Amis de la Liberté."

idea of his weakness to give a portrait of the man whom he thus supported against Necker.

"Men were struck with surprise and consternation to behold the wealth of the State in the hands of a man who had wasted his patrimony; a man who, inconsiderate by character, immoral by system, had dishonoured his talents by his vices, his dignities by the opprobrium of his conduct; who long since grown old in amorous intrigues and in those of the Court, overwhelmed with disgrace and debts, came with the greedy crew of his protectors to pounce upon the riches of the Kingdom, and to devour the finances under pretence of administering them."*

The exile of Necker lasted only four months; and soon after its revocation, he was recalled to the court on the 25th of August 1788. The second administration of M. Necker, from the 25th of August 1788, to the 14th of July 1789, comprehended a period big with events of the most overwhelming interest—events the influence of which cannot fail to be felt amid all nations and over all ages.

During the seven years which elapsed between Necker's first and second ministry, affairs in France had been rapidly advancing towards the Revolution. That progress had been not a little assisted by the incapacity of some and the profligacy of others of the men to whom the Government of the country had been committed during that interval. When his daughter apprised Necker at St. Ouen of his approaching nomination, he said to her—"Ah! why did they not give me those fifteen months of the Archbishop of Sens? now it is too late!" On entering upon office, he found only 10,000*l.* in the public treasury; but the next day the monied men brought him considerable sums. The stocks rose thirty per cent. in one morning.

We willingly concede that Louis XVI. and his Queen were two of the most amiable and gracious persons that ever filled a throne: and of the many foul murders committed in the Revolution, if there were some, as that of the unfortunate and lovely Princess de Lamballe, which from the manner of them excite a thrill of more unmitigated horror, a feeling of deeper disgust, there was none calculated to fill the mind of him who loves and would wish to be able to respect his species, with sentiments of such deep and genuine sorrow, of such sincere and eternal regret. Alas! that it should have been the fate of a man so truly virtuous, so scrupulously conscientious to become an atonement and an offering for the follies, the vices, and the crimes of those whom he succeeded! This was indeed visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children—ay, even unto the third and fourth—nay, unto the fortieth generation. The Absolutists and Divine-right-men, both in Church and State, are in the habit of pouring forth all the vials of their wrath upon the French Revolution. But let them bear in mind that He without whose Providence a sparrow cannot fall to the ground, willed it; for, if he had not, it would have never been.

It may bear a question whether Louis XVI., with the strongest character and the greatest talents that have ever been given to mortal, with the unclouded understanding and the unconquerable will of a Cæsar, a Cromwell, or a Napoleon, could have prevented the

* Revolution de 1789. Par deux Amis de la Liberté, p. 16, tom. i. Paris, 1790.

Revolution. But as it was, the good, the excellent weak man had no chance. Yet, ill-educated and kept in ignorance of the truth as he was, he had from the commencement of his reign felt and owned the necessity of some reform. He first entrusted the execution of this to Turgot, but Turgot's glorious designs for the salvation of his country and the happiness of mankind, were frustrated by the intrigues of the aristocratic faction that were the bane of France, we may add, of Europe; for much of the courtly and aristocratic vices that have been the scourge of the human race for the last three centuries have sprung from that source. Necker, with less knowledge and inferior abilities, shared the same fortune. Next came Calonne, and after him Brienne—of both of whom it may be truly said, that, if they did not make the fortune of the State, they made their own. During all this time, though these were the Ministers, another filled the office of favourite, and in that capacity, in some sort, directed the weak monarch's private judgments. Upon the death of Maurepas, Marie Antoinette succeeded him in influence over the Royal mind. Before the commencement of this influence she had been little courted by that swarm of court reptiles, so dangerous and yet so necessary to kings. But now they surrounded and besieged her with their pestilential breath, poured into her ear their aristocratic prejudices, and strove to interest and involve her in their party hates and their low ambition. The effect thus produced, through her, upon the King, proved her own and her husband's death-warrant, and that of the dynasty of their race. Her distaste for the stiff ceremonial of the old French Court, her light-hearted gaiety, nay, her very innocence, gave occasion to those libels upon her character, afforded those handles to calumny, that dissolute hypocrisy would have avoided. Thus was engendered that hatred with which she was regarded by the rabble to the very last, and which was only quenched by the blood of their gentle and innocent victim. Strange and mysterious award of Fortune! that a Richelieu and a Mazarin, an Orleans and a Louis XV., a Pompadour and a Du Barry, should go down to their graves in peace, while a Louis XVI. and a Marie Antoinette died by the hands of the executioner! If such creatures were capable of being influenced for good by the force of any example, the effect produced in this instance by their vile intrigues should become to those noxious and noisome reptiles who burrow and breed their sweltering venom in the shade of Courts, an everlasting warning to abstain in future from such practices. But until the Ethiopian shall change his skin and the leopard his spots, those obscure creeping things will continue to work after the manner of their kind; and by their baneful instrumentality the ears of other queens may be poisoned like those of Marie Antoinette, and the heads of other Kings rolled in the dust like that of her consort.

We have already alluded to Necker's adoption of the plan devised by Turgot of creating provincial assemblies, that were to be intrusted with the task of partitioning the imposts, thus exercising administrative rather than legislative power. Necker ordered that in these assemblies the number of members chosen by the *tiers état* should be equal to that of those chosen by the two privileged orders united. By this arrangement the noblesse formed a fourth, the clergy a

fourth, the deputies of towns and deputies of the country one-half. This served as a precedent for the organization of the States-general.

On the 5th of May 1789 the States-General met. "I shall never forget the hour," says Madame de Staël, "when I saw the twelve hundred deputies of France pass in procession to church to hear mass the day before the opening of the Assembly." That procession contained all that was most distinguished in France by rank or talent. The noblesse of recent origin were seen in great numbers in the ranks of the aristocracy; but it was observed that the plume and sword did not become them; and people asked why they took their station with the first class in the country, merely because they had obtained an exemption from their share of the taxes. But it was the six hundred deputies of the Tiers Etat, in their black cloaks and dresses, and, notwithstanding that still abiding mark of inferiority to the sworded and plumed aristocracy, displaying in their looks a confidence that the people's representatives in France had never dared to display before, that fixed the attention of the spectators. Literary men, merchants, and lawyers, formed the chief part of this order. A few noblemen had got themselves elected deputies of the Tiers Etat. Of these the most conspicuous, indeed as yet the only celebrated name among the six hundred deputies of the Tiers Etat, was that θηριον, as Æschines called Demosthenes, the Comte de Mirabeau, conspicuous by his talents, his immorality, the ugliness of his countenance, and his Samson-like head of hair—a man, whom even the French aristocracy, though, as all the world knows, nowise squeamish as to morals, had vomited forth from its ranks.

"A great revolution," said Louis XVIII. (then Monsieur,) to the Municipality of Paris, in 1789, "is at hand; the King, by his views, his virtues, his supreme rank, ought to be at its head." All that wisdom could suggest on the occasion, observes Madame de Staël, we think most justly, is contained in these words. The real adversaries of the King's authority at that time were the privileged orders; and had the King proceeded firmly in the course on which he had entered, and not withdrawn himself from the representatives of the Tiers Etat, it was the opinion of Necker, and Madame de Staël considers it beyond a doubt that they would have supported his prerogative.

A minority of the noblesse, consisting of more than sixty members, of highly illustrious families, and on a level with the age in information, were desirous that, as far as regarded the plan of a constitution, the mode of voting should be individually. The majority, however, supported by a portion of the clergy, showed an inveterate repugnance to any conciliatory measures. The provincial noblesse were still less tractable than those of the highest rank.

"These personages," says Madame de Stael, "did not scruple to dwell on their lately acquired rank, with as much emphasis as if it had existed before the creation of the world. They considered privileges, which were of no use but to themselves, like that right of property which forms the basis of general security. Privileges are sacred only when conducive to the general advantage; it requires then some arguments to support them, and they cannot be said to be truly solid, except when sanctioned by public utility. But the chief part of the

noblesse entrenched themselves in the assertion—'*C'étoit ainsi jadis.*' They were actuated by a certain aristocratic foppery—a mixture of frivolity in manner, and of pedantry in opinion; the whole united to a profound disdain for talent and information, unless enlisted in the ranks of folly, that is, employed in giving a retrograde course to reason."*

In the space to which we are necessarily limited, it will, of course, be impossible to give more than a mere outline, and that only of one or two of the many events of that momentous and eventful period. In the Council, M. Necker had opposed the order for collecting at Versailles and Paris the French and Swiss soldiers. He also voted for an amicable accommodation with the Commons. But this salutary counsel was overruled, and the King was persuaded, that by changing the Minister, he would remove the difficulty.

"It was on the 11th of July," says Madame de Staël,† "as my father was sitting down to table, with a numerous dinner party, that the Minister of the Marine came to his house, and taking him aside, presented to him a letter from the King, requiring him to resign his office, and to withdraw from France *as quietly as possible.* My mother, though in delicate health, departing without a female attendant, without even a travelling dress, entered with my father the carriage in which they usually took their evening airing, and in this they travelled day and night till they reached Basle, where, when I rejoined them four days after, they still wore the same full dress in which they had presided at the dinner party, from whence they withdrew, by stealth and in silence, from France, from their home, from their friends, from splendour, and from power."

A few days before Necker's exile, Messrs. Hope, the bankers of Amsterdam, had asked him to lend security from his own fortune of two millions, for a supply of wheat. On his arrival at Brussels, fearing that the news of his exile might impede the expected supplies, he wrote to confirm the guarantee. He thus not only served the King without emolument, but even risked the greatest part of his private fortune in the service of the state. On his way to Switzerland, through Germany, Necker was overtaken at Frankfort by a messenger, who brought letters from the King and the National Assembly, which, for the third time, called him to the Ministry.

Much of the laudation bestowed on Necker by his daughter, Madame de Staël, for "his constant vigilance and unremitted care" in preserving Paris from famine, arises from an utter misapprehension of the true principles of commerce. His "Essay upon Corn-Laws and the Corn-Trade" is as poor an affair, in one way, as his little novel, "The Fatal Consequences of a Single Fault," to which his daughter has prefixed a laudatory preface, is in another. His eulogy on Colbert we have not read, but we conceive that no man who could write an *eulogy* upon such a statesman as Colbert, could have any accurate knowledge of the true principles of statesmanship.

"Much has been said," says Madame de Staël, in her Private Life of her father, "of his want of firmness; and firmness is undoubtedly an essential quality in those who preside over a great nation; but it would not be difficult to prove, that in 1789 and 1790, such was the fermentation of the public mind, that no moral force could have arrested its violence. It is impossible to supply the want of firmness in the chief of an Empire. Talents may be lent, activity

* Considerations on the French Revolution, i. 197.
† Memoirs of the Private Life of M. Necker.

supplied, but there is something individual in the character or constitution of one mind, which never can be transferred to another."

The Court, perceiving the decline of Necker's popularity, began to attach less importance to his counsels; and this again re-acting upon the popular party, they no longer dreaded his influence. On the publication of the Red Book, Necker became the apologist of those who were implicated in the disclosure, although it was wholly unconnected with his Administration, and only exposed that of his adversary and predecessor, M. de Calonne. When the Convention passed the decree for abolishing titles of nobility, Necker not only advised the King to refuse his sanction, but even published a remonstrance against the edict at the moment when the enthusiasm for equality was omnipotent in France.

Necker's house having been menaced with destruction, Madame Necker became apprehensive for his safety; and as he had no longer a hope of being useful, he resolved to withdraw from the scene. He took his departure on the 8th of September 1790, having previously prepared a memorial on the depreciation of assignats, in which he announced, says Madame de Staël, the financial changes which afterwards took place: but he left his two millions in the Royal treasury, although he possessed a bond from the King which would have authorised him to reclaim them at pleasure; and although, as Minister of Finance, he possessed more facility than any other person for enforcing restitution.

"This last excess of generosity," says Madame de Staël, "has not escaped censure, and might almost be considered as a blameable imprudence, but for the reflection that my father wished to leave to his country a pledge of his Administration, and not to detach his fate from the destiny of France. It should also be observed, that although he had no other expectation than that his interest should be paid in paper money, it was repugnant to his character to admit the suspicion, that the principal of a debt so sacredly pledged, should be violated in the most perilous season of political agitation."

On his return to Switzerland, through Basle, Necker was stopped at Arcy sur Aube, and menaced with destruction at Vesoul, in consequence of the popular suspicion which libellous publications had excited against him. At length, however, he reached in safety his retreat at Copet. Thus retired Necker, as Turgot had done before him, with none of the stings of evil and baffled ambition rankling in his soul, but with the fond and benevolent hopes which he perhaps once entertained, of being able to save France, we should rather say, perhaps, the French monarchy, utterly and cruelly defeated.

In the foregoing rapid and imperfect sketch we have not drawn a parallel, but merely pointed out the, in some points, existing parallel between the state of France *then*, and that of England *now*. But here let that parallel cease. England, as she was once distinguished above all the contemporary nations of the modern world for political wisdom, will evince that wisdom now, by forbearing to render complete the analogy to which we have pointed. She will be wise in time; under the auspices of a Great Man who has, in a late event, evinced a firmness which the vacillating but honest Frenchman would not have displayed, she has approached a revolution—only to secure her

objects without one. With the pure intentions of Necker, Lord Grey has displayed that energy which makes pure intentions triumphant. Necker wished to save France, and Lord Grey has placed England in that position in which she can save herself. Yet to the man who thinks well of human nature, though sorrowing over human events, there is joy in the contemplation of two such statesmen as Necker and Turgot. Where, on the long and dark catalogue of her blood-stained statesmen, can France point to a name that, for purity of morals, for a union of all the virtues, of all the charities that adorn and hallow private life, can vie with theirs? Let the champions of absolutism produce one if they can. We shall be truly proud to make his acquaintance. The difficulty of producing such appears almost to justify the remark of Madame de Staël:—

"What names stand opposed to each other in this cause? Louis XI. must be opposed to Henry IV.; Louis XIII. to Louis XII.; Richelieu to De l'Hôpital; Cardinal Dubois to M. de Malesherbes; and if we were to quote all the names preserved in history, we might assert, at a venture, that, with few exceptions, wherever we meet with an upright heart, or an enlightened mind, no matter in what rank of society, we shall there find a friend to liberty; while unlimited power has hardly ever been defended by a man of talent, and still less by a man of virtue."*

TO A GREEK GIRL WITH A LYRE.

As one who turneth from the face
  Of his mother pale with tears,
I turn from thy familiar grace,
  Sweet friend of many years!

Thy spell is on my soul; I know,
  Thou gentle Lyre, each charmed tone;
With thy soft voice to soothe my woe
  My heart can not be all alone!

Sweet Poesy! sometimes I curse
  The hour I worshipp'd thee—
Yet thou hast been a watchful Nurse,
  A Sister unto me.

Thine arms my bosom folded round
  Have lull'd my pains to rest;
The weary eyes of Grief have found
  A pillow on thy breast!

But take it, Lady, for my heart
  Will never more repine
From this sweet Lyre's voice to part,
  So it be soothed by thine!

W.

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* French Revolution, i. 147.

THE COURT OF EGYPT. A SKETCH.

Two or three miles from Cairo, approached by an avenue of sycamores, is Shubra, a favourite residence of the Pasha of Egypt. The palace, on the banks of the Nile, is not remarkable for its size or splendour, but the gardens are extensive and beautiful, and adorned by a Kiosk, which is one of the most elegant and fanciful creations I can remember.

Emerging from fragrant bowers of orange trees, you suddenly perceive before you, tall and glittering gates rising from a noble range of marble steps. These you ascend, and entering, find yourself in a large quadrangular colonnade of white marble. It surrounds a small lake, studded by three or four gaudy barques fastened to the land by silken cords. The colonnade terminates towards the water by a very noble marble balustrade, the top of which is covered with groups of various kinds of fish in high relief. At each angle of the colonnade, the balustrade gives way to a flight of steps which are guarded by crocodiles of immense size, admirably sculptured and all in white marble. On the farther side, the colonnade opens into a great number of very brilliant banqueting-rooms, which you enter by withdrawing curtains of scarlet cloth, a colour vividly contrasting with the white shining marble of which the whole Kiosk is formed. It is a favourite diversion of the Pasha himself to row some favourite Circassians in one of the barques and to overset his precious freight in the midst of the lake. As his Highness piques himself upon wearing a caftan of calico, and a juba or exterior robe of coarse cloth, a ducking has not for him the same terrors it would offer to a less eccentric Osmanlee. The fair Circassians shrieking with their streaming hair and dripping finery, the Nubian eunuchs rushing to their aid, plunging into the water from the balustrade, or dashing down the marble steps,—all this forms an agreeable relaxation after the labours of the Divan.

All the splendour of the Arabian Nights is realized in the Court of Egypt. The guard of Nubian eunuchs with their black glossy countenances, clothed in scarlet and gold, waving their glittering Damascus sabres, and gently bounding on their snow-white steeds, is, perhaps, the most picturesque corps in the world. The numerous Harem, the crowds of civil functionaries and military and naval officers in their embroidered Nizam uniforms, the vast number of pages and pipe-bearers, and other inferior but richly attired attendants, the splendid military music, for which Mehemet Ali has an absolute passion, the beautiful Arabian horses and high-bred dromedaries, altogether form a blending of splendour and luxury which easily recall the golden days of Bagdad and its romantic Caliph.

Yet this Court is never seen to greater advantage than in the delicious summer palace in the gardens of Shubra. During the festival of the Bairam, the Pasha generally holds his state in this enchanted spot, nor is it easy to forget that strange and brilliant scene. The banqueting-rooms were all open and illuminated, the colonnade full of guests in gorgeous groups, some standing and conversing, some

seated on small Persian carpets smoking pipes beyond all price, and some young grandees lounging in their crimson shawls and scarlet vests over the white balustrade, and flinging their glowing shadow over the moonlit water: from every quarter bursts of melody, and each moment the river breeze brought gusts of perfume on its odorous wings.

MESR.

THE CREATION OF MAN.

BEFORE the creation of man ('tis a fable
  Not borrow'd from Æsop, as most fables are)
A circumstance happen'd, for which I 'm unable
  To mention my author, whoever he were.

Dame Care took a walk by the side of a river,
  Till weary she sat herself down for a time;
Then for her amusement (we ne'er should forgive her)
  She moulded a form from the clay and the slime.

Two arms and two legs she affix'd to the figure,
  But wherefore I do not pretend to explain;
Some six feet in height, or perhaps rather bigger,
  A head on its shoulders—Alas, for the brain!

The tide would have soon wash'd away the frail image,
  But Jove coming by, gave it motion and life;
And by all the traditions brought down from that dim age,
  Betwixt Jove and Care there began an odd strife.

The quarrel was this:—having made such a creature,
  They could not together agree on its name;
And Care, who was always perverse in her nature,
  Refused e'en to Jove to relinquish her claim.

At length Jove proposed to refer it to Saturn:
  Dame Care with reluctance came into the plan;
And Saturn decreed, that all after this pattern
  Should be call'd (what a monstrous absurdity!)—MAN.

The ownership then was as stiffly disputed:
  Dame Care wish'd for ever to make him her drudge;
But her scheme with the notions of Jove little suited,
  So Saturn again was call'd in as the judge.

"Man's but man," (said the father of Gods) "not immortal,
  And Care's shall he be from the day of his birth;
But his soul shall be Jove's when it enters his portal,
  While his body returns to its owner—the Earth."

To this wise decree both the parties consented:
  Poor man for himself had a few words to say,
But Jove turn'd his back, and Dame Care soon prevented
  His murmurs, by stopping his mouth up with clay.

THE SUICIDE OF ST. VALLERY.

It was in a little village on the coast of Normandy, the village of St. Vallery, famous as the spot whence William the Bastard set sail for England, that I became acquainted, about a year ago, with an old man, who shared the solitude of that desolate spot with me. As we were the only dwellers in a small inn, and the only strollers along the wild sands, which are left dry, at low sea, across the whole of the bay or gulf in which St. Vallery stands, we became necessarily acquainted; nor, indeed, did the old gentleman shun the communion I sought to hold with him. His only attendant was a lame and aged man, who spoke French with a foreign accent, and bore, as the damsel of the auberge did not fail to din into my ears, the Russian name of Arnoff. There was that in the manners and carriage of the stately old man which bespoke a position in society above that which one might look for in a lonely sojourner in the solitary summer residence which, I confess, from motives of economy alone, I might perhaps say study, I had chosen. But even had his appearance been other than it was, his conversation, when it turned on matters of the world, would have convinced me that he had held no insignificant place there. He had travelled much—I might almost say everywhere—and it was on the subject of his voyages that I most relished his discourse. But his favourite themes were those of an abstract and philosophic nature, and some of our most animated discussions took place over a volume (which he found among my books) of my favourite Vico.

By degrees we got intimate, and as he darkly glanced at different passages of his past life, I frequently expressed, as broadly as I dared, the desire to become acquainted with it He promised me that, one day ere I left St. Vallery, I should learn its history; and so, of a surety, the following narrative, hastily transcribed, was put into my hands one morning by Monsieur Arnoff.

"Of a wild and savage humour, fond of the silence of our vast forests—of the solitude of our white wastes of snow—loathing confinement, and study which brought confinement, my parents, who would have broken me to the bit as a colt of our Cossack tribes, became my unrelenting persecutors. There was no cruelty tyranny can inflict, which, under the name of affection, I did not suffer; but my spirit was not to be tamed by blows, and the passions under which I had suffered correction settled at last into a deep aversion for the object to which it had been so fruitlessly applied. This feeling I returned with interest. One gentle being there was, however, for whose love, if Nature had given me no right to it, I would have suffered much. But the time came when I dreaded to approach, to smile on, to speak to this fair creature. She was my soul's enemy, and to her I seemed more savage than to the rest—she then shunned and shrank from me like all others. Still girt on all sides by an impenetrable, unnatural coldness, I was like one of those mountains covered with snow, whose entrails are travailed with unceasing fires. My bosom was a volcano, my youth a long delirium—a terrible conflict over my senses and my conscience: the latter triumphed, and I quitted the home of my fathers to wander over a stranger world.

"My family knew me too well to oppose any obstacles to my resolution; on the contrary, the kindness, which earlier shown might have chained me to their side, seemed to have been reserved for the moment of my departure. My mother gave me her blessing—my father an order on a merchant at St. Petersburg, and my sister hid her weeping face in my bosom. She planted scorpions there—and tearing from her embrace, I flung myself into the sledge that awaited me, and in a few days found myself at the Court of Catharine.

"It was not long before my haughty and impetuous character hurried me into adventures, to which my name gave a certain consequence and reputation. Nor was this all: once thrown into the society of the capital, I was eager in all its extravagances. My chargers (for I had entered the Imperial Guard) were brought from Araby or England—my clothes were from the same hand that fashioned those of the young and chivalric Comte d'Artois; nor did I find it difficult to support my expenses on the credit of my expectations. Then the warmth with which I loved and ever came to the assistance of my friends, the contempt and hauteur with which I treated those whom I had reason to believe my enemies, gave me that number of partizans and opponents which are necessary to procure notice and consideration at Court.

"The Empress distinguished me by that peculiar smile, which softened the usual majesty of her brow when she wished the sovereign to be forgotten in the woman; and (there is little vanity in the boast) I might have been as happy as a lady of her age could make me. She was handsome even at that time. There was a tenderness in her eye, and a slow, voluptuous languor in her voice, which pleased me more than the charms of many dames of her court by whom I had already been seduced. I might have wooed her as a caprice of my own, but I was too proud to be taken as a slave out of the ring to administer to the pleasures of another.

"I turned from her advances, then, with disdain, and half determined to quit the Court. It was in this mood that I was sauntering in the fantastic gardens of the Czars Mozelo, reflecting on what plan I should adopt—now determining on exile, as my eye rested on the Turkish pavilion and Chinese kiosks, and hesitating again, I confess, for I was young, and not without ambition, as it glanced on the monuments of Orlow's and Romanzow's victories. I stood gazing upon those monuments, not far from which might be seen luxurious groups of showy flowers—an apt exemplification of the thoughts that blended themselves in the mind of their ambitious and voluptuous mistress. The sound of voices aroused me from my reverie, and I saw the Empress, with a favourite lady of the Court, but a few paces from the spot where I was standing. I would have retreated, but Catharine beckoned to me with her beautiful hand.

"'What, Sir,' said the Empress, with that gentle and *naïve* familiarity for which this princess was as remarkable in private as for the pomp and magnificence with which she knew how to dazzle her people's eyes on any public occasion—'What, Sir, are you of so solitary a humour? or is there any thing indescribably terrific to a young cavalier in our Imperial presence?'

"I spoke my fears of intruding on her Majesty's privacy.

" 'We are not all so fond of being alone, Sir, when we can enjoy company that is not too timid to be agreeable. What, may we crave, was the romantic subject of your reveries?—to what happy lady of our Court were you framing a couplet, or conning a compliment *d'après la manière de mon bon Prince de Ligne?*'

" 'Your Majesty will think but poorly of me, when I say that my thoughts were rather with the dead than the living.'

" 'What! so young—and prefer a monument of marble to a chaplet of flowers! Suppose we were to twine you one?'

" The Empress fixed her full soft eye upon me.

" 'Nay,' said I, 'if your Majesty was to condescend so far as to offer me a chaplet, it is not impossible but in my present mood of ambition I might aspire to a crown.'

" I said this without withdrawing my eye from that which was bent upon me, and Catharine, whose knowledge of character was one of her most remarkable attributes, saw at once all that my words meant to convey. In spite of her well-merited epithet of *imperturbable*, she slightly coloured, and, without appearing offended, changed her manner at once; and assuring me, in an affectionate but maternal tone, that she had long conceived a high opinion of my abilities, and had been anxious that some one should give me such advice as would lead me to render myself fit, by a severe education, for the posts to which my merit and my birth might raise me, she gave me her hand, with a kind but dignified familiarity, to kiss, and said she would not interrupt my musings further.

" The same pride, then, which had made me shrink from study when it came as a punishment, now wooed me to it as a means of honour and renown. I shut myself up with my books for days and weeks together, when I was absent from the Court; I communed with myself on what I read; and my mind became, by degrees, saturated with the lore of other times. The beautiful philosophy of Antiquity charmed my reveries, and the history of her haughty and stern republics infused a new energy into my soul. Gratitude and admiration (for she had many high qualities) made me a faithful subject during the life of Catharine; but on her death I entered into cabals, which were to have diminished the power of her successor, and placed under some control the sceptre, which extends, with an unlimited, and not unfrequently a brutal sway, from the walls of China to the Frozen Ocean. It is useless to consider whether such a project were feasible and wise; I engaged in it with the enthusiasm of my character, and without an idea, I may say, of my own individual interest or advancement. As long as our plan was vaguely agitated, and its parts still undesigned, I deemed my comrades as patriotic as myself; but directly we came to consider what should be erected on the place of that which we meant to sweep away—directly we meditated on the new Government we should establish—having determined how much of the old one should be destroyed—I then perceived that as much of private interest was embarked in our enterprise as of public principle. One wished to be placed at the head of the constitution—another to have the command of the armies—and even the most insignificant would not hear of being less than generals or

ambassadors. Before we had hunted down the bear, we fell to quarrelling about its skin. I was disenchanted, disgusted. My father died (my mother had died three years before)—my sister was expected at Court. I disposed of my property, the principal value of which was in a mine, and having counselled my confederates to abandon projects which they had not a single virtue necessary to execute, I quitted the title of courtier—I threw up the character of conspirator, and determined to seek in the variety of travel that excitement which was necessary to my disposition.

"It is useless to detail to you the adventures which pursued me through the different Courts of Europe—they had little effect upon my destiny.

"It was on one of those gorgeous mornings when the Magi's ancient God, bright as the memory of his old magnificence, had risen over the site of his ruined altars, that I was traversing the wild sands which clasp the blue waves of the Persian Gulf, as it were, in a burning zone. Full in his effulgence, the sun lighted up the ruins of a riven temple; and there was that in the glad dance of those beams which played upon the broken pavement and the fallen pillar, that looked like the mockery of a thing eternal over the baffled art of a mighty but not immortal spirit. Around the ruins was a green spot, and hard at hand a living fountain. Thither we were conducted by our sagacious guide, in those regions of honoured name. My companions had long been fainting with the heat and thirst which parch the pilgrims of that pathless way; even the patient beasts that carried us were overborne by the unrelenting haste with which our journey had been pursued. It was resolved to halt for some hours, at the ruins of which I have spoken, and which afforded some shady recesses, that might well afford a repose and shelter for the day.

"Our camels were unloaded—our Arab guards (for we were under the escort of a small body from a neighbouring tribe) rubbed the sweat from their horses' foaming necks, and prepared their frugal repast of unleavened bread. I had retired to a distant part of the ruins, reflecting with a kind of restless satisfaction on the romantic scenes into which my wild disposition for wandering and adventure brought me—catching at times the strains, rude but marvellously musical, with which one of the children of the desert was beguiling his companions. The song ceased; the shout of 'To horse!' was raised; and my faithful servant Arnoff, whom you have so long known, rushing towards me, cried, 'The Arabs! the robbers!'—two terms differing slightly in their signification.

"The spring at which we had halted belonged to a tribe hostile to that of our conductors, and when I arrived at the exterior of the temple, I found it about to be the field of action between the adverse parties. Some of our Arabs were on horseback, waving their long lances, and encouraging one another by shouting the name of their tribe,—'Sebaa! Sebaa!' others, couched among the large masses of marble and stone, were adjusting their firelocks. Those who had been mounted on camels were now on foot, their spears in their hands, and shouting as loud as the rest the war-cry of their clan. My immediate attendants gathered together, were awaiting my orders and

presence. I did not at first perceive—for my eye was not trained to the dangers of these deserts—the peril by which we were threatened in the cloud of dust, which, rolling on nearer and nearer, encompassed us on every side.

"It was not long, however, before the tramp of approaching horses—the forest of ostrich feathers, and the wild cry of the advancing enemy, left me no doubt as to the danger of our position. My men were Russians—faithful, and ignorant of fear. We threw ourselves upon our horses, and closely supported by my followers, and shouting their own battle-word, I placed myself at the head of our wild guard.

"There was death-feud between the tribes, and our affray was of the fiercest. Bearing on through the midst of the foe, I almost suspended the blows I was dealing to gaze in ecstasy on the picturesque scene before me. The striped mantle waving here and there over the plaited cuirass of some ancient Templar—for such these wild people are sometimes found to wear—the graceful mien and spirited posture of the curveting barb, now turned to avoid the wire-twisted javelin, now urged forward to give effect to the feather-tufted spear—the strange cries with which each warrior, engaged hand to hand, animated his own courage and strove to drown the voice of his adversary—and then the vast desert around, and the temple's reverend relics by which we fought;—the strife and passion of men—the desolation of nature—the stern force of time, all blent and mingled, was enough to awake a wild and terrible gladness in a breast less disposed to rejoice amidst such scenes of strife than mine. Small space, however, was allowed for reflection or regard: and even the brief glance I gave might have been dearly paid for but for the instinctive skill of my steed, who of his own movement avoided the desperate lance-thrust which a grey-bearded Bedouin aimed at me. At the same moment the veteran warrior was struck from his horse, and an Arab's spear had passed through his throat but for a blow of my sword (for there was not time to speak), which severed it in twain. 'Spare the aged man,' said I—'I am warrant for his ransom;' and by Arnoff's aid, who was at that time a better Arab scholar than myself, I was successful in my intercession.

"The combat was now pretty well decided in our favour; the enemy were flying in different directions, and only fighting in one, where, though hemmed in by superior numbers, they defended themselves with determined spirit. In the middle of this group, a maiden with long fair hair, and mounted on a beautiful barb, snow white, and of the finest race, sat, with a young boy before her; her arm encircling him held the rein of the docile charger, while the urchin clapping his hands, and seeming to enjoy the fray, urged on the combatants by name, and yelped the war-cry of his race with all the shrill vehemence of which his childish voice was capable.

"The valour he excited was, however, in vain; the succour which I and my Russians brought to our friends, already half victorious, bore down all opposition—and those who could not escape were forced to yield themselves prisoners. The maiden and the child were the most eagerly watched and the least easily taken. Arnoff seized the damsel's horse by the bridle, and an Arab was speared who attempted to ride off with the boy.

"Our troop hastily disposed itself in order of march, since we had only fallen in with the vanguard of a party, the whole of which might be expected by evening, if not earlier, at the same spot. The prisoners, carefully secured, were attached to led camels which had been taken from the enemy, and placed in the centre of our band. The damsel, as Arnoff's prisoner, was assigned to my Russians, and treated, according to my orders, as she would have been according to the custom of the Arabs themselves, with every civility and respect. Fancy to yourself a countenance of an exquisite Grecian mould—a nose of the most delicate proportions—lips of the rarest vermeil, rather thicker than those of antiquity, but with the same classic and graceful curve—eyes of a deep but wandering blue, so that you could hardly catch their exact tint, for it melted away, as it were, with the latest emotion they had expressed—a brow high and broad, and a neck so aptly turned and exquisitely fitted to its place, as to give full play to every light and graceful motion of the slender but stately form to which it was affixed. But it was not the figure or the feature, perfect as each were, but the expression, the carriage (only desert-born), so free without boldness, so modest without timidity, which gave such a charm to this young creature; and then the strange scene in which I saw her—the wild circumstances under which we had met—the peculiarity of her garb itself—no female had ever before awakened such emotions in my bosom.

"I rode beside her during the whole of the day's journey, and endeavoured by every delicate and gentle attention to chase the mingled expression of shame and pride from her face. The old man whose life I had preserved, and the young boy, my fair prisoner's former companion, were placed upon a separate camel, and though strictly watched and guarded, seemed to be treated as persons of peculiar consequence and distinction. Towards night we arrived at an encampment of Sabaa Arabs, the tribe of my conductors; and being now in perfect safety from pursuit, we halted—and I learned from an Arab, who, having been obliged to fly the desert, had accompanied me through most of my Eastern wanderings, the nature and result of our day's adventure.

"Each clan of this race of warriors is commanded in their military and predatory excursions by an hereditary chief (Agyd), under whom, on these occasions, the Sheikh himself is obliged to serve. It had so happened, that to the tribe which we had that day encountered no males remained of their Agyd's family but one young orphan, who lived under the care of his elder sister. From want of a proper and genuine Agyd, the tribe had been headed on several occasions by the Sheikh (the brave and aged warrior whose lance I had so narrowly escaped), and always without success. After many losses, then, the Arabs had agreed in opinion, that without their true Agyd they should never be fortunate, and it was therefore resolved that they should ascertain how far that child, to whom the office hereditarily belonged, was fitted for his high station. Accordingly they directed his sister to mount the white steed which had belonged to their ancient and defunct commander, and desired her brother to take his seat behind her, that so he might join the troops who were already on their march. Had he consented to do this, the Arabs would not have

thought him sufficiently old or manly to assume the command. But when his sister desired him to take his place at her back, the boy, it seems, had resisted with violence, exclaiming, 'Am I a slave?—must I sit behind a woman?—No! you must mount behind me.' The Arabs accepted the favourable omen, and were marching to do battle against their enemies, when the Sheikh and the young Agyd, accompanied but by a small body of troops, having ridden on hastily, so as to enjoy during noon the freshness of their favourite fountain, fell in with our party, and in spite of the augury under which their enterprise had been commenced, had been dealt with in the manner I have described.

"'Loud will be the wail,' said my informant, 'in the tribe of Beni Lam; heavy and sick at heart will they be—the warriors of the long spear, when they hear of the capture of their venerable Sheikh and the youthful Agyd, the last of his race; neither have they camels or horses such as the tribe of Sabaa will accept as a ransom, for there is little milk in their tents, and many of their horses feed from strange hands; and now have they lost that which is better than the milk of camels, or the speed of horses; the strength of their right arm is broken—their best warriors have bitten the dry sand.'

"The man spoke with emotion, for he belonged to a tribe that had no relation to the feud at issue, and he felt like an Arab of the wide desert, and not as one of the race of Beni Lam or Sabaa.

"I should have been interested by the tale that I had heard, even had it not been for the blue eyes of the Arabian maiden, which however were not without their effect in exciting my sympathy for her tribe.

"'And what are to become of our prisoners?' said I.

"'The Arabs make no prisoners of those who descend upon them, their harness on their backs and their spear in the air—as enemies they may be plundered and stripped, but they may not be detained as robbers.'

"'And yet I would have given little for our baggage if they had been victorious; and if these people we are carrying along with us are not prisoners, it is difficult to say what they are.'

"They were not prisoners however, or rather it was not intended to keep them as such. Still as we had everything to apprehend from pursuit, it had been judged advisable to make those keep company with us who would otherwise be able to point out the direction we had taken, until we arrived at a friendly encampment, or were out of the reach of our vanquished enemy's revenge. This did not happen for several days, and during that time I was not idle in endeavouring to soften the heart of the fair captive. Not only to herself but to her youthful brother and the old Sheikh, who acknowledged me as the preserver of his life, I commanded my followers to show every attention and respect. I even condoled with the aged chief on the misfortunes of his tribe and the poverty which abridged his means of hospitality—the only source of regret to an Arab. I talked to him of the wild bands near whom I was born on the banks of the Don. I listened to relations of his own exploits, and ere the end of our journey we were on terms of amity that hardly suited our relative situations. Nor with the maiden had I been altogether

unsuccessful; my splendid dress, for I wore, as was the custom with travellers, a military uniform; the power which I exercised over my own people, and that carriage which the habit of command gives; the skill with which I managed my well-broken steed, and the soft words sometimes not the less agreeable to woman's ear for being whispered with a foreign and broken accent, had served me well. At length the hour of parting came, but it found me unprepared to part. There was a dew in the damsel's eye, the brave boy wept, and the Sheikh, as I pressed on him the price of the camels that had been lost in the late affray, invited me with tears to the hospitality of his tent.

"It is useless to say how or when, but it was not long ere I found my way thither. I found my way thither in the garb, and with the garb I adopted the habits, of their race; nor was it long before my name was known in the songs which speak of the valour of the warrior, and are sung in accompaniment to the reballa—the wild instrument of the desert. Ay, and a brighter reward soon came; the green branch waved on my head, and my bride was the blue-eyed girl, whom I had first seen on a milk-white barb in the throng of the battle.

"Years passed away in this wild life—the happiest I ever knew. The young Agyd grew to years of manhood, and fortune smiled on the wild adventures of our troop. The old Sheikh still lived, though his eye had grown dim and his arm weak. My gentle Zoe, for thus I had christened her, was as lovely and as much beloved as ever, and by her side walked a young boy who yet ate by the side of his mother. Here let me pause and look back, if but for an instant, on this time, the green spot in my existence. Of a high name in my own country, not unknown at its Court, acquainted with the various states for which civilization had done the most, and possessing all that could give me consideration or procure me pleasure in each, I had abandoned my place, not a lonely one, among those who lorded it, as the gentlest, the wisest, the most powerful, over others of the sons of men. I had quitted Europe, its laws, and courtesies—its long hoarded and living knowledge—its high posts and offices—its commands, its empires, for such at that time were to be seized by the ready and audacious hand—to become a desert wanderer—the actor of an insignificant drama, in an obscure and barren nook of the world, without even the pride of race, or the worldly ignorance that endeared their lot to my companions. It boots not why or wherefore, however, but I was happy; whether it was in the excitement that I found in our perpetual warfare and wild enterprises, or in the quiet that awaited me in my tent; or in the deep solitude, that awakes strange and mysterious feelings of its own, when I found myself alone, spurring over the wide ocean of sand, amidst which could I see nor tree, nor herb, nor animal—nor aught endowed with the bright spirit of intelligence and life, save it were the stars that shone above me, whispering wild things. Six years I spent, then, in happiness; at least I was free from that burning disquietude, that restless desire after new and strange things, which had hitherto tormented me.

"In the sixth summer the small-pox came to our tents, and my first bitter grief was for the death of my only child. Determined to shake off by exertion the melancholy which in quietude I could not overcome, I joined a party which was going on a distant expedition, and

kissed my wife's forehead with more emotion than was my wont on the occasional absences which were usual to my wild life. On my return, I found a young traveller, who had probably from curiosity made an occasional abode with our tribe. He was an Englishman of noble birth, who, without any other feeling than that which is usual to these islanders, who delight in doing the wildest things with the gravest countenance, had set out from a ball at Almack's for the Arabian deserts. His education had been of the most frivolous description, but he was of an easy nature, possessing that dignity natural to his countrymen, but uniting with it a softness and polish, which, blended together, formed the most noble and fascinating manners.

"Without mentioning my name, which I did not care to make known, I had no hesitation in speaking to him as a European whom taste and circumstances had induced to adopt the habit and the life in which he found me. I was just the person of whom to ask those inquiries which were necessary for the book he had been advised to publish on his return; and I confess that the communications he brought with him of a world from which I could hardly consider myself irrevocably divided, were not without their interest.

"Less had been necessary to form an intimacy, and our mornings, which are long to those who do not play at draughts, in an Arab tent, were spent together in conversation. Though I had in many things adopted the customs of the people among whom I dwelt, yet my love for my wife as well as the more chivalrous notions of my European education, prevented me from allowing her to be employed in those domestic and menial offices which would have awaited her merely as an Arab's wife. My exploits, my hospitality, and generosity permitted me to regulate the economy of my family according to my own fashion, without exciting the reproach or jealousy of my comrades; and I had transported something of the ease and luxury of the town into the arrangement of my desert tent.

"What drudgery there might be was performed by slaves, and the Russians who had remained with me. With my wife I lived as with an equal; and it had been my dearest and fondest task to add to that fancy and elevation of soul which is the inheritance of an Arab maid, those elegant accomplishments and that more refined thought which embellish the weaknesses of our less artless ladies. Most fatally had I succeeded: and on rendering her different from those by whom she was surrounded, I had placed her alone in the midst of her long-cherished companions. My new acquaintance, the Englishman, was necessarily much in the company of my wife, nor did he in the remotest degree excite my jealousy. Zoe was much too gentle to my will to make me doubtful of her love. Besides, I felt myself in every way superior to this young Lord; and the greater was my contempt for the one, the stronger if (which was not the case) the shadow of coming events had crossed my mind, would have been my confidence in the other. My absences now, rarely long, were still frequent; Arnoff accompanied me in them, and during these absences the stranger was by my express desire a frequent visitor of my tent. I felt too late that I had created a solitude round Zoe, and I was glad in my absence to think that there was anything or any one to render it less dreary.

"One evening I was returning from an expedition which had been unsuccessful; Arnoff had received that wound which has made him halt ever since; I had been slightly hurt, and my favourite mare, the most graceful, the most gentle and faithful of creatures, had met with a lance-thrust, and I was leading her forward with a faint hope that, if I could but get her as far as our encampment, she might yet recover. But a quarter of a mile from my tent, after a vain effort to keep up by my side, the poor animal dropped on the sand and died, as one of my hands supported her head, licking the other. I could not repress the tears that gathered to my eye, nor did I strive to do so, and to do my faithful follower justice he seemed less sensible to his own affliction than to the fate of my poor mare. I was still lingering by her, and thinking of the sorrow that I should give Zoe in the news of her death, for she was a foal of the very milk-white animal (since dead) on which my wife was mounted at our first meeting, when I heard the sounds of a horse approaching at full speed, and ere I could instinctively seize my spear, the Agyd was by my side. With this youth I had lived on the dearest terms of brotherhood and friendship, and his affection for me was heightened by that kind of devotion which is sometimes felt for one older than ourselves, and in whom we imagine there is that knowledge and experience which all men willingly obey. In an instant he was on foot and by my side.—'Go not to your tent, oh, my friend,' he said, 'that of your faithful brother is to the right.'

"I was startled by the deep and hurried tones of his voice—I looked up in his face, the moon shone full upon it, and fearful was the expression of those dark eyes, terrible the contraction of that sweet brow, and the convulsive muscular struggle that was taking place throughout the whole of the young man's countenance.

"'Zoe,' said I with a tremulous and hardly utterable exclamation:—

"'Is—false! and you are avenged.'

"I started as from a horrid dream—I passed my hand over my forehead as if to solve or awake my senses—it was in vain. I was stunned by his words, and felt as if he had muttered some spell which had taken from me the power of action or thought—I followed him without uttering an exclamation, while he poured into my ear, in the rapid accents of one to whom there is torture in every syllable he utters, the details of his terrible story. He had indeed found Zoe in the arms of the accursed stranger, and according to the wild and savage law of his race, he had cut her throat from ear to ear with his own hand; and the Englishman—was a guest and is dismissed!

"I felt that there was something yet to live for—vengeance; and that night I resumed the name I had borne at my birth, and set forth on my return to the haunts of civilized man. As long as my revenge was uncompleted, the keen and stern excitement was not wanting, which to me was the breath of existence, but the moment came when this dark desire, which had kept me awake amidst the dull and torpid varieties I mingled in, was satiated—was gone. Nor was I without a pang, as the breath of my enemy's last gasp cooled, as I knelt beside him, the heavy drops gathering on my forehead, at the thought that I had no farther pursuit among mankind—

that my eyes were for the future as much closed upon the objects of human life and human exertion as those of the poor dying wretch I leant over. So it was. A new inquietude, however, mingled with a new world, sprang up before me—an inquietude after the secrets which all philosophers have attempted to penetrate—all religions pretended to know, but to which the eyes of philosophy have been veiled, and those of faith visited by too many contradictory visions.

"Again I sought the regions which cradled Humanity at its birth, and on the strange characters of which men have frequently looked for the deep mysteries which were taught by the wise seers and astrologers of old.

"I sought the sage and serious Egypt, which gave Cecrops and Inachus to Greece, and which had in turn been visited before me by Homer, Lycurgus, and Pythagoras, as by Jacob, Joseph, and Moses. That Egypt where the shroud was carried round the feast, where the houses were called inns and the tombs houses—where the Habitations of the Living stood in insignificance beside the Palaces of the Dead. But even there the priests had bandaged up truth as they had done their mummies; and though somewhat of a sublime mystery had descended to their children, it bore but the semblance of life, and was dry and shrivelled.

"Nor did my inquiries cease here. I sought the Northern Chaldea,—that gloriously gifted people who have bound an imagination of the wildest wing with chains of the subtlest and most stern-minded thought. But the wise men of Germany knew nothing more than to dream, and to doubt; and to their deepest conclusions chimed the echo of my own uncertainty and hope.

"Nightly do the stars torment me; and the depths of the ocean and the dews on the flower have all a secret and a mystery, that my wearied soul has idly struggled to unveil. In vain have I haunted the abode of death—watching each variation under which the spirit departs, and attempting to read its destiny in the changes which a yet remaining sympathy may induce in the clay it has quitted. My temple still throbs with doubt—my thirsty curiosity still remains unsatisfied, and ever and anon comes the thought that a small bit of sharp steel might teach me more than all that the wisest and mightiest of this world have contrived to know."

The very morning after this MS. was delivered to me, the noble and once celebrated person from whom I received it, put an end to his existence.

NEW FACTS REGARDING GARRICK AND HIS WRITINGS.

Garrick may be said to have been among players what Shakspeare was among dramatists. I am not sure if the comparison (making due allowance for the wide difference between an author and an actor—a creator and an imitator) be not to the disadvantage of Garrick. Dryden, in his loose and sweeping way, tells us, in the preface to his Juvenal, that dramatic poetry owed its very existence to Shakspeare; but this notion is now known to be ill-founded, inasmuch as our great poet had many models before him, which at first he was content to follow, and which, subsequently, he only improved. Garrick was the inventor of an entirely new style of acting: the truth of its resemblance to nature was admitted at once—he sprang in a moment to the summit of popularity—and the cold, formal mouthing of Delane and Quin was remembered only to be contrasted. His talents as an author were considerable, and under any circumstances would have made him distinguished; but they sink into much less than their real importance, when compared with his surprising abilities as an actor. I am not one of those who think that these abilities were at the time, or have since been, over-estimated. The Larpent Manuscripts, or the copies of plays, &c. sent to the Examiner of theatrical productions, from the year 1737 to 1824, throw a good deal of new light upon Garrick in both capacities. I shall trace his progress from his first outset in authorship (for he was a writer for the stage before he became an actor upon it) in 1740, to his retirement in 1777, and to his death in 1779.

"Lethe" was in existence, and ready for representation, prior to April 1740; for on the first of that month it was sent by Charles Fletewood to the Licenser for his approbation. Garrick did not commence player, even in the country, until the summer of 1741; but his intimacy with Giffard began some time earlier; and when "Lethe" was originally represented, on April 15, 1740, at Drury-Lane, it was for the benefit of the latter. The manuscript allowed on this occasion was written by a copyist, but it was corrected by Garrick himself; and it is the more interesting, as it contains some songs, as well as dialogues, not found in any of the printed copies. Surely such a picture as the following of the manners of the time, by an observer so acute, is worth preserving. It was sung by the famous Mrs. Clive, who had the part of Lucy, as appears by the first cast, of which I shall speak presently.

"THE LIFE OF A BELLE.

What lives are so happy as those of the fair,
Who scarcely a moment from pleasure can spare,
But leave to their husbands reflection and care.
Such, such is the life of a Belle.

All morning, while others are up and employ'd,
She 's dreaming of pleasures the last night enjoy'd,
Whilst Betty for orders attends at her side.
Such, such, &c.

She breakfasts at noon, just slips on her gown,
Calls chair to the door and away round the town,
And just about two in the Park is set down.
Such, such, &c.

Then trips up the Mall and soon joins with the rest;
Of each awkward creature she meets makes a jest,
Kills three or four beaus and away to be drest.
Such, such, &c.

She seldom attends either high church or low,
But never is absent when other belles go,
Nor scruples to pray if the fashion be so.
Such, such, &c.

Her dinner and dressing employs her till eve;
Some troublesome tradesman to see her begs leave,
But the coach at the door procures a reprieve.
Such, such, &c.

All evening she visits, sips tea, plays her fan,
Collects all the news and the chit-chat she can,
And wonders her sex can be fond of a man.
Such, such, &c.

Plays balls and ridottos each night she attends,
And sometimes quadrille with a few female friends,
And sometimes in secret—but here my song ends.
Such, such, &c."

It is to be remarked, that in all the subsequent representations of "Lethe," a prose description of the life of a fine lady was inserted, instead of this song: such appears to have been the case, when, on the 7th of April, 1741, the farce was played at Goodman's-fields Theatre, for the benefit of Giffard. The other principal parts were given at Drury-Lane to persons of no mean eminence: Beard was Mercury; Æsop was played by Taswell; the Beau by Woodward; Mr. Thomas by Raftor; the Drunken Man by Macklin, and the Attorney by Tarbut. The mention of this last character leads me to notice another peculiarity in the earliest MS. of "Lethe." In the biographical accounts of Garrick it is said, that when he was called upon, as late in life as 1777, to read "Lethe" to the King and Queen, "he added an excellent new character (which has never been acted or published), of a Jew wishing to forget his gratitude to a benefactor in distress." This scene is now before me, in the MS. of 1740; the only difference being that the principal person in it, instead of being a Jew, is an Attorney; and as no trace of it is found in any of the printed editions, from the surreptitious copy of 1745 downwards, a considerable extract from so severe a satire cannot be unacceptable.

"*Attorney.* My case will appear very particular: I had one of the best friends in the world—a worthy generous man, and one who had done me signal services."

"*Æsop.* I guess your misfortune, Sir. That friend is dead."

"*Attor.* Would he was, that I might be at peace."

"*Æsop.* He 's ruined then, and has not sufficient to support him."

"*Attor.* You have said, Sir; he is become very poor and necessitous, and, what is worse, daily torments me with a recital of his misfortunes."

"*Æsop.* If it is in your power to assist him, why do you not ease yourself of that torment and make your friend happy?"

"*Attor.* I would rather choose some easier method to be at rest."

"*Æsop.* Propose it, Sir."

"*Attor.* I would drink of your Lethe, forget the obligations I have received from him; then his complaints would have no more effect upon me than those of a common beggar."

"*Æsop.* A very easy method, truly, and what such men as yourself can easily follow without the help of the waters."

"*Attor.* You seem to dislike my proposal, but I will assure you no man has more humanity and charity in theory, than myself; but I have such an uncommon indolence in my nature that I can never be persuaded to put it in practice."

"*Æsop.* Indolence! call it ingratitude; nor think it a crime peculiar to yourself: it is an indolence almost every man is inclined to, and oftentimes the men who are the most obliging are the most ungrateful."

"*Attor.* That 's impossible; for how can a man oblige and be ungrateful at the same time?"

"*Æsop.* By neglecting those who have obliged him, and obliging others from whom he expects greater obligations."

"*Attor.* 'Tis a necessary piece of prudence; and when a man may reasonably expect an ample return for his services, he must be a very great fool to be idle upon such an occasion."

"*Æsop.* Even you, Sir, at such a time perhaps, might forget your natural indolence and offer your services."

"*Attor.* Oh, Sir, where my interest is concerned, I am as active and obliging as any body."

"*Æsop.* Pray, Sir, of what profession?"

"*Attor.* I study the law, Sir; I am an attorney at your service."

"*Æsop.* Not at mine, Sir; for you will get nothing by me. But if you understand law, I am surprised you should have no greater regard for equity than to forsake a man in distress who has once obliged you."

"*Attor.* Equity! why, Sir—I have nothing to do with it; my study is the common-law."

"*Æsop.* I wish you would study common honesty, and do something for your friend."

If Garrick's letters are worth preserving in two quarto volumes (which I am far from disputing), these entirely new specimens of his dramatic authorship will probably not be thought undeserving a place here. In 1748, he made many additions to his "Lethe," which were sent to the Licenser in his own hand-writing; but (with the exception of the scene between Charon and the Attorney, which is omitted) they are tolerably accurately printed in the edition of 1749. In 1756, he introduced the character of Lord Chalkstone for Mrs. Clive's benefit; and in 1771 he added the part of Fribble, which was extremely popular. Before I quit this production, of which there were several imitations (among them, "The Anniversary," licensed in 1758), it may be noticed that it was in itself an imitation of Miller's "Hospital for Fools," acted in 1739, which was taken from Walsh's "Hospital of Fools;" a piece introduced into no dramatic list, but printed in 1714, and a copy of which is in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire.

While Garrick still continued to perform in Goodman's Fields, he brought out his "Lying Valet," regarding which the Larpent MSS. furnish no additional information. It was acted in 1741, and printed in 1742 (the "Biographia Dramatica" says, erroneously, 1741) and the title-page states that it was "performed *gratis* at the theatre in Goodman's Fields." I may take this opportunity of inserting an amusing, and a novel scrap of intelligence, regarding the early career of "the British Roscius," in the form of an advertisement, which I copy from the "London Daily Post" of February 18, 1741.

"Whereas it has been industriously reported to my prejudice, that I was at the masquerade in the habit of a madman: this is to assure the gentlemen and ladies who are offended at me without a cause, I was not at either of the masquerades this season, as can be testified by several gentlemen in whose company I was.

"If any person has a mind to be farther satisfied, I will fully convince them of the truth of this advertisement.

"David Garrick."

It is just possible that this trait may have some connexion with the story Murphy tells of Garrick's repeated imitation of the madness of a father, whom he had seen drop his child from a window, while Garrick was still playing at Goodman's Fields.

After having played for a summer in Ireland, Garrick was engaged by Fleetwood at Drury-Lane, in the season 1742-3. He subsequently again went to Dublin, and returned to an engagement with Rich at Covent-Garden. In this interval he composed his farce of "Miss in her Teens," which, as appears by the Licenser's copy, now before me, throughout corrected by Garrick, was originally called "The Medley of Lovers;" and this was long afterwards continued as the second title. The changes he made are not in general material, but the subsequent addition to the part of Biddy, in Garrick's hand, is worth quoting—it precedes the epilogue:—

"I am afraid the town will be ill-natured enough to think I have been a little coquettish in my behaviour, but as I have been constant to real worth, I think I have a right to be excused diverting myself with the other two.

"Ladies, to fops and braggarts ne'er be kind,
No charms can warm 'em and no virtues bind.
Each lover's merit by his conduct prove;
Who fails in honour will be false in love."

This, by comparison with the printed copies, will show, not only the verbal fastidiousness of the author, but that the admired epigrammatic conclusion to "Miss in her Teens" was an after-thought.

In the season of 1747–8, we find Garrick commencing his adaptations of Shakspeare, by "alterations in 'The Taming of the Shrew,'" which were sent to the Examiner on Nov. 14, 1747, with a letter signed by Garrick and Lacy; their partnership in Drury-Lane Theatre having commenced just before that date. The biographers of Garrick, and among them the Editor of the "Garrick Papers," have told us that his reduction of Shakspeare's "Taming of the Shrew" to a farce was not made until 1754; but the MSS. before me establish, that the work was not only written but performed seven years earlier. It was not printed until 1756, but it was acted in 1747. The Larpent Plays afford evidence of another remarkable omission of a similar kind: in 1749, Garrick converted Beaumont and Fletcher's "Little French Lawyer" into a farce; and the copy furnished to the Examiner for his approbation is elaborately corrected, from beginning to end, in Garrick's hand. I will only give a single specimen, from near the close, to show how, upon consideration, he varied and improved his points. La-writ and Sampson have been quarrelling, and Mrs. La-writ parts the fray, and tells them—

"Here, take your clothes, ye fighting fools, and take warning for the future lest you overheat your brains to the prejudice of your bodies."

This, as he first wrote it, did not please Garrick, and he substituted—

"There, put on your clothes, ye fighting fools, and let your quarrels strip your clients only for the future,"

which is an obvious epigrammatical improvement. Garrick, as we find by the cast which precedes the Examiner's copy, took no part in the representation, leaving it to Woodward, Shuter, Palmer, Winston, Taswell, Mrs. Bennett, and others of inferior note.

The MSS. in my hands furnish nothing deserving particular remark in connexion with Garrick for several subsequent years. He revived "Lethe," with additions (as has been already noticed); altered "Romeo and Juliet," and "Every Man in his Humour," and produced "The Fairies."

In 1756 he brought out "Florizel and Perdita;" perhaps incited to this alteration of "The Winter's Tale" by the success of Macnamara Morgan's "Sheep-Shearing," which was played at Covent-Garden in 1754, and had been sent by Rich for licence on the 18th of March in that year.

I mention Garrick's conversion of "The Tempest" into an opera, only for the sake of stating that the MS. of it contains a smart introductory dialogue between Wormwood and Heartley, one attacking, and the other vindicating the violence done to Shakspeare. This is not found in any of the printed editions. Among the Examiner's plays of the year 1757, is an alteration of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Tamer Tamed;" which was sent by Garrick and Lacy for licence on the 25th of April. It is inserted in no dramatic catalogue, and never was printed: although Garrick's writing is not seen on the MS. he had doubtless, as usual, a hand in the reduction of the original comedy to three acts.

Home's "Agis" was produced in 1758, and Garrick, in order, perhaps, to make some amends for the rejection of "Douglas," wrote a prologue to it, which has hitherto been considered anonymous, and which originally terminated thus tamely:—

"The widow'd mother show'd her parting son
The race of glory which his sire had run:—
'My son, thy flight alone I shall deplore;
Return victorious—or return no more.'"

Garrick substituted these among other lines in his own hand-writing:—

"Whilst beauty thus with patriot zeal combin'd,
And round the laurel'd head the myrtle twin'd;

Whilst, but the virtuous none were term'd the great,
Fame, freedom, glory grac'd the Spartan state.
Her power congenial with her virtue grew,
And Conquest awful o'er her phalanx flew:
But soon as virtue dropt her sickening head,
Fame, freedom, glory and the phalanx fled!
With Sparta's earliest sons may Briton's vie,
To live with glory and in freedom die."

There are two copies of Reed's "Register Office" among the Examiner's MSS. It was sent to him by Garrick and Lacy on the 7th of March, 1761, and returned marked, "not thought fit to be acted." In the same season (the date of the month is not given) the Manager "ventured to lay it again before the Lord Chamberlain," with some alterations, and it was licensed, though not without many marks and remarks by the Examiner. My reason for noticing it is, that Garrick (although the fact has not till now been stated) made some improvements and changes in the additional scene between Mrs. Doggrel (acted by Miss Pope) and Gullman. He has pointed Reed's dialogue throughout, and has made sundry erasures, particularly of an extravagant compliment to Mrs. Cibber. I may here add, that all Reed's dramatic pieces among the MSS. are in his own hand-writing. It is a scrawl worthy of a rope-maker.

We have now arrived at the most important point of Garrick's literary character and history—the writing and production of "The Clandestine Marriage," in which he was assisted by Colman. That Garrick was the author of the part of Lord Ogleby, and of what relates to him, may be gathered (although not conclusively) from what has recently appeared in the "Garrick Papers;" but it has been several times stated that he was greatly indebted to a farce by the Rev. James Townley, called "False Concord," which was acted at Covent-Garden in 1764, two years before the appearance of "The Clandestine Marriage" at Drury-Lane. This is a curious and important question, which it was supposed could never be decided, because no copy of "False Concord" was in existence. Mr. Galt, in his "Lives of the Players," tells us that he had not been able to procure a sight of one. It is now lying before me, the MS. having been sent for licence by the Widow Rich and John Beard, the celebrated singer. We are thus able to settle at once, and definitively, the extent of Garrick's obligation to it. The "Biographia Dramatica," on the authority of Mr. Roberdean, who married the Rev. Mr. Townley's daughter, asserts that the three characters of Lord Ogleby, Stirling, and Brush, were "transplanted to 'The Clandestine Marriage,'" with "the dialogue of some scenes nearly *verbatim*:" a charge that is by no means borne out by the fact. At the same time there is, I think, sufficient resemblance, both in the characters, plot, and execution of the two pieces, to make it clear that Garrick, when he wrote his portion of "The Clandestine Marriage," had "False Concord" in his eye, if not actually in his hand.

First, with respect to the leading personages. The Lord Lavender of Townley (who answers to Garrick's Lord Ogleby) is represented hump-backed, and somewhat decrepit. One of the characters says of him—

"He is old and ugly, deformed by nature, and made more disagreeable by the art which he uses to conceal his deformity. He is the son of a nobleman, but that cannot give him real merit."

Here is a glimpse of resemblance, but it is caricatured: Garrick needed no personal defect to make a distinct character of his hero. Another person in the farce remarks of Lord Lavender what makes the likeness stronger:—

"The lady will find him a choice composition—a piece of patch-work from head to foot, painted and padded with a vengeance."

Sudley is also an exaggerated original for old Stirling; but if we feel inclined to blame Townley for the coarseness of his delineations, we ought to recollect that he was writing a broad farce, while Garrick was composing a regular comedy. Sudley is a retired soap-boiler, who has no objection to marry his daughter to a lord, especially as his vulgar wife, like Mrs. Heidleberg, is very

anxious to bring about the match. The rivalry of the two sisters belongs to the authors of "The Clandestine Marriage;" and an ill-educated aunt might favour the pretensions of one rather than the other more naturally than a mother. As to the plot, the story of "False Concord" is nothing more than this. Miss Sudley is in love with Raymond, a young barrister, and he with her; but their union is obstructed by the amorous propensities of Lord Lavender, who is also anxious to repair and add to his fortune by marriage into a low, though rich family. Raymond arrives from London (the scene being laid in Essex), and runs off with Miss Sudley, and Lord Lavender learning what has occurred, declares that *l'affaire est fini*, and starts for town. Old Sudley is, therefore, fain to put up with Raymond for a son-in-law, to the great vexation of the ambitious Mrs S. To increase the business, an intriguing attorney is introduced, and a cub of a boy, younger brother to Miss Sudley, who strongly resembles Squire Richard in "The Journey to London."

Of the various scenes in "False Concord," the only one at all resembling any part of "The Clandestine Marriage," is that in which Lord Lavender converses with Jasper his valet, and how inferior in every respect it is to the opening of Act II of Garrick and Colman's comedy, will be seen by the subjoined extract. I need not apologise for the length of the quotation, as the point is not only well worth determining, but this is the only opportunity that has ever occurred of putting it finally to rest.

"*Enter Jasper and Servants.*

"*Jasper.* Come, quick, quick, my lads—my lord is coming. William, set the great chair and the foot stool and beat up the cushion.—Very well. George! see the toilet wants nothing. Are the eye brows there? And the rouge?—Very well. Thomas, you called upon the stay maker for the new pair of hips that my lord ordered?—very well. You should have told him about my lord's calves; the last he made were very ill-shaped—my lord has cursed them a thousand times [goes to the toilet]. Now for the *Eau de Luce*.—Here is my lord.

"*Enter Lord Lavender.*

"*Lord Lav.* Jasper!"

"*Jasp.* My lord."

"*Lord Lav.* I am in good spirits to-day. Let me be well dressed. You can do it if you will."

"*Jasp.* Your lordship vouchsafes to honour your poor servant too much—though I must say, with your lordship's indulgence, that I challenge the first valet in the kingdom for perfecting a nobleman in his appearance. But why am I so vain? 'Tis all your lordship's air.—'Tis all your lordship's shape.—There's dignity—there's a tread."

"*Lord Lav.* Nature has been kind to me. Give me my chair."

[*Sits down, puts his foot on a stool.*

"*Jasp.* Nature kind, my lord?—She has been lavish to your lordship.—There's nobility in your lordship's very foot."

"*Lord Lav.* You have observation.—Oh Jasper!

[*Starts.*

"*Jasp.* My lord! What's the matter?"

"*Lord Lav.* You have shaved me ill.—Here's a hair upon my chin."

"*Jasp.* An hair, my lord! Heaven forbid."

"*Lord Lav.* Give me the magnifier. [*Jasper gives the glass.*] Look—why, it is as big as a bull-rush."

"*Jasp.* A bull-rush indeed, my lord. Sirrah, how came you to escape the keenness of my razor upon so smooth and delicate a surface!"

"*Lord Lav.* A pretty fancy—ha! ha! ha!"

"*Jasp.* Come off, you impertinent rogue. There, my lord, I have nipped him off a day within the skin."

"*Lord Lav.* The fellow has wit.—Jasper."

"*Jasp.* My lord!"

"*Lord Lav.* Has Laudumy sent home my wedding teeth?"

"*Jasp.* No, my lord."

"*Lord Lav.* No!—that's monstrous!—they have been bespoke ever since the match has been in agitation. Brush up my last new ones. That fellow has met with such encouragement from people of fashion, that he uses us as he pleases. He knows the tenderness of our mouths; we may scold, but we cannot bite."

The great pains Garrick took with the adaptation of Wycherly's "Country Wife," are evidenced by the copy sent to the Examiner on the 22nd October, 1766: the principal part of the alterations is in the writing of the copyist of the theatre; but after they had been made, blanks were left for some of the most important additions, and they were subsequently inserted by Garrick himself, who went over the whole, introducing such farther improvements as struck him to be necessary. It is a monument of his patient industry and extreme accuracy. He did not bestow anything like equal labour upon his "Cymon," which was sent for licence in a comparatively crude state. The same remark will apply to the little interlude called "Linco's Travels," which was written for Tom King's benefit. Linco is a prominent comic character in "Cymon." With regard to the masque, "the Order of the Garter," it may be fit just to remark that the character of Sir Dingle, the Fool, was an after-thought by Garrick, and it was not sent for licence with the masque itself. From this date to the end of his career, Garrick seems to have been more indifferent to the manner in which his productions reached the Examiner of Plays. The copy of his alteration or adaptation of "Albumazar" has a few hasty corrections by him, and the last trace of his hand-writing (excepting his signature) among the MSS. is to be found in the note which accompanied his "Christmas Tale," on the 13th Dec. 1773: the body of it was written by the prompter, and as he did not know what species of representation to call it, he left a blank which Garrick filled up with the words "musical entertainment." At this date his writing was very shaky, and indicative of his sufferings from the gout in his hands.

I may here observe, that the ill-natured critique upon the "Christmas Tale" in the "Biographia Dramatica," was written by Garrick's friend George Steevens, who contributed most of the witty spite towards the moderns in that work, when Isaac Reed reprinted it. I state this fact because I have recently gone over and compared the original MSS. of Steevens: Reed sometimes objected to insert what Steevens gave him, as in the instance of Jephson's "Braganza," brought out in 1775. Steevens wrote as follows regarding it, and I quote from his own hand-writing—"When the present tragedy was read to the celebrated Mrs. Montague, who has defended Shakspeare with so much ability and address, she is reported to have said, that she trembled for her favourite bard, lest the splendour of his dramatic works should be eclipsed by the superior blaze of Mr. Jephson's production. *Credat Judæus Apella!* Yet thus by confident and continual puffing, in a variety of modes till then unthought of, together with the excellent performance of Mrs. Yates, 'Braganza' was received with tempestuous applause, and brought no inconsiderable profit to its author. Such turbulence of praise at length subsiding, it was reduced to the rank it now holds in the public estimation: indeed no man was ever more injured than Mr. Jephson by the absurd admiration of his friends: 'they decorated him with honorary garlands which the first breath of contradiction blasted.'"

After 1773, Garrick, by the death of Lacy, became sole manager, but he still, with one exception, subscribed the letters requesting licences for pieces, "D. Garrick for himself and Mr. Lacy." This was the form he adopted when he sent to the Examiner a piece called "Valentine's Day," by W. Heard, which is remarkable for its own silliness, and for being the very last dramatic production for which Garrick ever sought the Lord Chamberlain's permission. This fact is deserving note in the Life of Garrick, but it could only be ascertained from an inspection of the Larpent MSS. Sheridan, as is well known, succeeded Garrick on his retirement from Drury-Lane Theatre, but his father sometimes acted for him, and the first play sent for licence with his name attached to the letter—"R. B. Sheridan for self and partners,"—was Captain Ayscough's "Semiramis." I must not omit to notice that Sheridan with his own hand made divers erasures and alterations in the Examiner's MS. of this ill-concocted tragedy.

Everybody knows Sheridan's Monody on the death of Garrick in 1779. In the printed editions it concludes with the following couplet:—

"To you it is bequeath'd—assert the trust,
And to his worth—'tis all you can—be just."

The Duke of Devonshire is in possession of the original copy, which with some few other MSS. is bound up in his Grace's marvellously perfect collection of printed English dramatic productions. There I find the following lines appended to the couplet above quoted:—

> "Whether the song heroic woes rehearse,
> With epic grandeur and the pomp of verse,
> Or fondly gay, with unambitious guile,
> Attempt no praise but favouring beauty's smile."

These lines were judiciously omitted in the recitation as weakening the effect of the composition, and a pen was drawn through them; but recollecting that they are the production of such a man as Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and that they relate to such a man as David Garrick, they are worth preserving.

J. P. C.

TO A CHILD IN PRAYER.

Fold thy little hands in prayer,
Bow down at thy Maker's knee;
Now thy sunny face is fair,
Shining through thy golden hair,
Thine eyes are passion-free,
And pleasant thoughts like garlands bind thee
Unto thy home, yet Grief may find thee—
Then pray, Child, pray!

Now thy young heart like a bird
Singeth in its summer nest,
No evil thought, no unkind word,
No bitter, angry voice hath stirr'd
The beauty of its rest.
But winter cometh, and decay
Wasteth thy verdant home away—
Then pray, Child, pray!

Thy Spirit is a House of Glee,
And Gladness harpeth at the door,
While ever with a merry shout
Hope, the May-Queen, danceth out,
Her lips with music running o'er!
But Time those strings of Joy will sever,
And Hope will not dance on for ever;
Then pray, Child, pray!

Now thy Mother's Hymn abideth
Round thy pillow in the night,
And gentle feet creep to thy bed,
And o'er thy quiet face is shed
The taper's darken'd light
But that sweet Hymn shall pass away,
By thee no more those feet shall stay.
Then pray, Child, pray!

W.

M'CULLOCH'S COMMERCIAL DICTIONARY.

The above work, of which we propose to give a brief notice, appears to us most deserving of public attention. It is not too much to say of it, that within its pages will be found a variety and amount of useful information, not to be met with in any work of the same description.

The term Dictionary conveys a very inadequate description of the contents of the work, which, on all the most important subjects connected with commerce and commercial navigation, furnishes a collection of Essays replete with useful practical knowledge, and enlarged scientific views.

As instances we call the attention of our readers to the articles on Colonies and the Corn Laws. Mr. M'Culloch divides the article Colonies into five heads.

1. Establishment of Colonies.
2. Influence of the Monopoly of the Colony Trade.
3. Magnitude, Population, Trade, &c. of British Colonies.
4. Regulations under which Colony Trade is conducted—Disposal of Land in the Colonies.
5. Foreign Colonies.

The difference in the principles upon which the Greek and Roman Colonies were founded, is well pointed out by the author; and as the passages in which this is done present fair specimens of the style, we do not hesitate to transcribe them.

"Colonies.—Colony Trade.—*Colonies* are establishments founded in foreign countries by individuals, who either voluntarily emigrate from, or are forcibly sent abroad by, their mother country. The *Colony Trade* is the trade carried on between colonies and their parent states.

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V. Foreign Colonies.

"I.—ESTABLISHMENT OF COLONIES.

"(1.) Greek Colonies.—Various motives have, in different countries and ages, led to the formation of Colonies.* The Greek Colonies of antiquity seem to have been chiefly founded by citizens, whom the violence and fury of contending factions forced to leave their native land; but they were sometimes formed for the purpose of relieving the mother-country of a redundant population, and sometimes, also, for the purpose of extending the sphere of commercial transactions, or of providing for their security. The relations between the mother country and the colony depended, in a great measure, on the motives which led to the establishment of the latter. When a colony was founded by fugitives forcibly expelled from their ancient homes, or when it was founded, as was frequently the case, by bodies of voluntary emigrants, who received no assistance from, and were in no respect controlled by the parent state, it was, from

* Seneca has given, in a few words, a very clear and accurate statement of the different motives that induced the ancients to found colonies :—" Nec omnibus eadem causa relinquendi quærendique patriam fuit. Alios excidia urbium suarum, hostilibus armis elapsos, in aliena, spoliatos suis, expulerunt. Alios domestica seditio submovit: Alios nimia superfluentis populi frequentia, ad exonerandas vires, emisit: Alios pestilentia, aut frequens terrarum hiatus, aut aliqua intoleranda infelicis soli ejecerunt: Quosdam fertilis oræ, et in majus laudatæ, fama corrupit: Alios alia causa excivit domibus suis." —*Consol, ad Helviam.* c. vi.

the first, independent and even in those rarer cases, in which the emigration was conducted under the superintendence of the parent city, and when the Colony was protected by her power and influence, the dependance was, mostly, far from being absolute and complete. The great bulk of the Greek Colonies were really independent states; and though they commonly regarded the land of their forefathers with filial respect, though they yielded to its citizens the place of distinction at public games and religious solemnities, and were expected to assist them in time of war, they did so as allies only, on fair and equal terms, and never as subjects. Owing to the freedom of their institutions, and their superiority in the arts of civilized life, to the native inhabitants of the countries among whom they were generally placed, the Colonies rose, in a comparatively short period, to a high pitch of opulence and refinement; and many among them, as Miletus and Ephesus in Asia-Minor, Syracuse and Agrigentum in Sicily, and Tarentum and Locri in Italy, not only equalled, but greatly surpassed their mother cities in wealth and power.

(2.) Roman Colonies.—The Roman Colonies were, for the most part, founded by and under the authority of Government, being intended to serve both as outlets for poor and discontented citizens, and as military stations or garrisons, to secure the subjection of the conquered provinces over which they were scattered. The most intimate political union was always maintained between them and the mother city. Their internal government was modelled on that of Rome; and while their superior officers were mostly sent from the capital, they were made to contribute their full quota of troops and taxes, to assist in carrying on the contests in which the Republic was almost constantly engaged." pp 303-9.

The author justly observes that the Colonies of most modern nations have, in respect to the connexion with the Mother Country, rather followed the Grecian, than the Roman model. It has unquestionably been the practice of all European nations to view the Colonies as establishments that contracted an obligation of perpetual servitude to the Mother Country, by the mere fact of the first adventurers having been its subjects. By the Colonies this obligation has been readily acknowledged, while the protection of the Mother Country was required against attacks from other nations; but with the growing capacity of the Colonies to defend themselves, a disposition to shake off the yoke has constantly arisen. On the other hand, however, the anxiety of the Mother Country to enforce the obligation has borne a direct proportion to the increasing wealth and population of the Colonies. This observation is particularly applicable to the American Colonies of Great Britain. One great member has already been dissevered from the Parent State, (gloriously, it may be said, for the greatest of Republics has arisen from the separation,) and unless every principle belonging to the Old Colonial System of Government be abandoned, a similar result must ere long take place with the remainder of her North American possessions.

The superior wisdom of the principles on which the Colonization of the ancient Greeks proceeded is sufficiently manifest, inasmuch as the feeling of the Colonies towards the Parent State being from the first unmixed with bitterness or jealousy, the foundation was laid of a lasting alliance, in the important circumstances of community of language, moral associations, and habits. How different has been the case among the Colonies of European nations! from discontented or rebellious subjects, they have become political and commercial rivals, and have generally preferred, when independent, connexion with nations strangers to them in blood.

In the history of Colonization, the Spaniards stand pre-eminent for a total disregard of all the principles by which a civilized nation should be regulated, whether the interests of the Parent State be considered, or the just claims of the Colonies be examined. Such conduct has borne with it its own punishment. Peter Martyr's observation has been true, not only regarding South America, but Old Spain—"Auri rabida sitis à culturâ Hispanos divertit." The agriculture of Old Spain began to decay as the importation of the precious metals increased, and while the jealous and monopolizing spirit of the Mother Country cramped the youthful energies of her Colonies, the falling off in productive industry at home, and the consequent necessity of resorting to other nations for manufactures, left a very small proportion of the precious metals applicable to internal circulation. Spain became as poor in money as in produce, and there is every reason to expect that, by a singular inversion of probabilities, the loss of her South American possessions will eventually lead to the recovery of her domestic resources. In the mean while, however, she has been deprived not only of dominion over, but even of connexion with, her Colonies. The very race of European Spaniards has been proscribed, and neither community of language, nor of religion, have weighed against the indelible recollections of systematic extortion and misrule.

While Mr. M'Culloch condemns in no measured terms the system by which our Colonial intercourse has been regulated, which he describes as a reciprocity of injuries to the Mother Country and the Colonies, he guards himself against being included amongst those who "consider the foundation of Colonial Establishments as, generally speaking, inexpedient." He objects "not to the establishment of Colonies, provided they are placed in advantageous situations; but to the trammels that have been laid on their industry, and the interference exercised by the Mother Country in their domestic concerns." We believe this interference to be in the present state of the world necessary and acceptable at first; and the problem to solve is, a determination of the precise period when the Parent State can withdraw its protection, without subjecting itself, and the Colonies, to the discredit and disadvantage of their falling under the dominion of any other nation.

Whenever this period has arrived, the Colonies will not tolerate interference with their domestic concerns; if indeed the Parent State be a monarchy, they may possibly submit to a nominal allegiance, and such must be the successive euthanasia of the Colonial dominations of Great Britain.

The advantage, however, to Great Britain from extending her Colonization, appears to us more positive than Mr. M'Culloch is disposed to recognize. The concentration of intellectual and physical energies, arising from a high state of civilization, requires a larger area for exercise, than is afforded by the geographical extent of the British Islands. The establishment of Colonies is in fact an augmentation of this area, and offers the only means of finding employment for a population that, from the perfection of our social institution, has a constant tendency to become redundant. It is also manifest, that the interchange of manufactured goods against raw produce, is likely to be carried on with more convenience, and mutual advantage between

a Parent State and her Colonies, than between countries not so connected. This is so eminently the case with Great Britain, that the maintenance of her position in the scale of nations, if divested of her Colonial possessions, seems to us utterly impossible.

In the article on Corn Trade and Corn Laws, a very full account is given of the different laws by which the trade in corn has been regulated, together with an analysis of their effects; and it appears difficult to resist the truth of the proposition maintained by Mr. M'Culloch, that hitherto the restrictions on the regular importation of foreign corn, have failed in preventing fluctuations in price, highly injurious to the interests of the corn growers themselves. The most extraordinary variation in price, is that which took place from 1812 to 1822. In the former year the price of the quarter of wheat was 125*s.* and in the latter 38*s.* 1*d.*—the one almost a famine price to the consumer, and the other a ruinous one to the grower. Mr. M'Culloch says,

"It is thus demonstrably certain that the recurrence of periods of distress, similar to those that have been experienced by the agriculturists of this country since the Peace, cannot be warded off by restricting importation—a free trade in corn is the only system that can give them that security against fluctuations that is so indispensable. The increased importation that would take place, were the ports always open, as soon as any considerable deficiency in the crops was apprehended, would prevent prices from rising to an oppressive height; while, on the other hand, when the crops were unusually luxuriant, a ready outlet would be found for the surplus in foreign countries, without its occasioning any very heavy fall."

Mr. M'Culloch recognizes the principle of protection to the home grower of corn, provided the duty imposed be limited to the amount of the local taxes that fall upon the land, and he estimates these charges at 6*s.* the quarter: this he would fix as the duty on importation, and he would on the other hand allow the same sum per quarter as a drawback on exportation. Looking at this question practically, we consider that the interests of domestic agriculture require a much higher rate of protection than a mere countervailing of the local taxes upon the land, and to the proposed drawback, or rather to the bounty under the name of drawback, we object as inconvenient, if it should ever come into operation, and in fact, as utterly illusory.

One of the best executed articles in the work is that of Bordeaux, and we can confidently recommend pages 157 and 158 to all who are purchasers or consumers of claret. These pages embrace every detail that the learned or unlearned can wish for, respecting the various crus, grands, bourgeois, and ordinaires of that wine, in the quality of which, all who love good fellowship, must take a great interest.

Although the character of the work rendered great compression necessary, the reasonings are sufficiently extended to satisfy the understanding; and the merchant or seaman who refers to its pages, will not have to regret the omission of any fact, however minute, which can be required for his practical guidance, and information.

The Dictionary of Commerce and Commercial Navigation will be found equally useful in the library, the counting-house, and the cabin of the ship. It is truly a British work, and we believe could not have been executed elsewhere, than in this metropolis of the Commercial world.

TO JUNE. BY LEIGH HUNT.

May 's a word 'tis sweet to hear,
Laughter of the budding year;
Sweet it is to start and say
On May-morning, "This is May!"
But there also breathes a tune,
Hear it—in the sound of "June."
June 's a month, and June 's a name,
Never yet hath had its fame:
Summer 's in the sound of June,
Summer, and a deepen'd tune
Of the bees, and of the birds;
And of loitering lovers' words:
And the brooks that, as they go,
Seem to think aloud, yet low;
And the voice of early heat,
Where the mirth-spun insects meet;
And the very colour's tone,
Russet now, and fervid grown:
All a voice, as if it spoke
Of the brown wood's cottage smoke,
And the sun, and bright green oak.
O come quickly, show thee soon,
Come at once with all thy noon,
Manly, joyous, gipsey June.

May, the jade, with her fresh cheek,
And the love the bards bespeak,
May, by coming first in sight,
Half defrauds thee of thy right;
For her best is shared by thee
With a wealthier potency,
So that thou dost bring us in
A sort of May-time masculine,
Fit for action or for rest,
As the luxury seems the best,
Bearding now the morning breeze,
Or in love with paths of trees,
Or dispos'd, full length, to lie
With a hand-enshaded eye
On thy warm and golden slopes,
Basker in the butter-cups,
Listening with nice distant ears
To the shepherd's clapping shears,
Or the next field's laughing play
In the happy wars of hay,
While its perfume breathes all over,
Or the bean comes fine, or clover.

O could I walk round the earth,
With a heart to share my mirth,
With a look to love me ever,
Thoughtful much, but sullen never,
I could be content to see
June and no variety,
Loitering here, and living there,
With a book and frugal fare,
With a finer gipsey time,
And a cuckoo in the clime,
Work at morn, and mirth at noon,
And sleep beneath the sacred moon.

A NEW LIFE OF MILTON.*

Every man who undertakes to write the life of a distinguished author, should endeavour to do it in a kindred spirit, and his style, in a degree at least, should be adapted to the productions of which it treats: the biography should form a species of consistent and corresponding introduction, so that when the reader has finished it, and enters upon the body of the work, they should seem of a piece, without violent and offensive contrast. However obvious this principle may be, it is not always acted upon, and we may refer to some of the earlier memoirs in the series of poets, of which Milton forms the last part, in proof that the authors of those memoirs had little taste, knowledge, or understanding for the task they attempted to perform.† Such is not the case with the Rev. Mr. Mitford, who has written the Life of Milton: he is himself a poet, as well as a scholar; and his preliminary sonnet, with two others addressed to Genoa and Algernon Sydney, (inserted in the Notes,) are written as if he had just risen from the perusal of the productions of the same class by the great subject of his biography. In the same way, the narrative he has supplied of the chief events of Milton's history, (accompanied by acute and often original remarks upon the politics of the time and upon Milton's prose tracts, arising out of those politics,) is composed as if the last piece he had read before he took up his pen was the noble treatise for "the liberty of unlicensed printing." This is as it ought to be.

It was not to be expected that any new and interesting facts would be added. Unlike Shakspeare, who, singular as it may seem, has only had two biographers of any merit—Rowe and Malone, Milton has met with at least nine persons of celebrity and industry to collect and publish circumstances connected with his life—E. Phillips, Toland, Richardson, Birch, Johnson, Newton, Hayley, Todd, and Symmons. No particular of the slightest interest accumulated by these authors has escaped Mr. Mitford, and he has accompanied his summary by notes and illustrations which show that he has made original and accurate researches, and that he has scarcely left a book unread, either connected with the studies of Milton, or with the events of his times, which could throw a spark of new light upon the subject. Such is the character of the notes upon "the Life of Milton:" in the notes upon the poems, we confess, there is a slight exhibition of what Bishop Hall calls "vain learning"—a little ostentation of out-of-the-way reading. This has led sometimes to the apposition of passages, not in themselves parallel, merely because they contain the same word; as for instance, where in the first book of "*Paradise Lost*," it is said that Pandemonium "rose like an *exhalation*," we are treated in a note with the following line from Marlowe's "*Hero and Leander*" :—

"Did like a shooting *exhalation* glide."

Pandemonium did not "glide" like "a shooting exhalation," only the word "exhalation" happens to be found in both authors. This is wasting space that might be better filled, and a few (very few) of the notes are in our judgment entirely useless. In the second book of *Paradise Lost*, two lines occur that rhyme: they are repeated at the bottom of the page, and we are there also gravely informed that "the commentators have not observed" upon the circumstance. Why should they? After all, these are trifles, but we are surprised that the excellent judgment Mr. Mitford has shown in "the Life of Milton" did not lead him to avoid such defects, which ought to have expired with the puerilities of the annotators on Shakspeare.

Mr. Mitford, who, we believe, resides in Suffolk, had of course no ready access to the depositories of records in London; and all his predecessors, who might have possessed facilities of the kind, seem to have omitted to examine these important sources of information. How much they have illustrated the life of Shakspeare and his contemporaries is evident from recent experience: Milton's MS Treatise on Christianity was very lately found smothered with

* Accompanying his Poetical Works among Pickering's "Aldine Poets."

† Of course we do not here refer to the very careful and able Lives of Pope and Shakspeare by the Rev. A. Dyce.

dust in the State Paper Office; and we have little doubt that the diligent search of a few years will bring other curious matters to light regarding a person of so much notoriety. The Privy Seals at the Chapter House, and the Patents at the Rolls, ought also to be gone over with care for the same purpose; and we hope that ere long measures will be taken to remove all obstruction to inquiry in those quarters. To show what may possibly be discovered in such places, we will mention a curious fact connected with the Life of Sir Henry Wotton, not noticed by his biographers—that in the Chapter House is preserved an original Privy Seal, granting him an additional pension of 200*l.* a-year, (besides the 200*l.* already allowed,) in order to enable him to keep an amanuensis, and to finish without delay the "History of England" he was then writing by order of King Charles I. Of this History we now know nothing beyond "the Characters of some of the Kings of England," and the parallel between the Earl of Essex and the Duke of Buckingham, which are found in the *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*.

After Mr. Mitford has told us that Milton's mother was "a woman of incomparable virtue and goodness," (which we dare say she was, although we are without much evidence on the subject) we were a little disappointed at finding him dismiss Milton's father so briefly, especially as he appears to have been a man possessing much learning and many accomplishments. If John Milton, sen. were the author of "The Six-fold Politician," as has been generally believed, he was a man of great shrewdness and considerable reading; and recollecting the celebrity his son has attained, the chapter "of Poets," abusing them and their art, as it was professed in the year 1609, is remarkable. He was a Puritan, like his son, in the earlier part of his career, and it is a curious and an able part of Mr. Mitford's sketch, where he traces the gradual change in the poet's religious opinions from Puritanism to Presbyterianism, and finally, (in opposition to Dr. Symmons,) not long before his death, to Arianism. We venture to quote the following short extract from "the Six-fold Politician," a rare volume, as a specimen of the style of thought and expression. Milton's father is speaking of writers for the stage, to whom the Puritans were always opposed. "Either," says he, "they write to please idle vain gentlemen and gentlewomen, and so may be placed among the number of shuttle-cocks, tennis-balls, apes, monkeys, baboons, parrots, puppets, and such like, (their office having correspondence to no other use and purpose,) or else they fashion their wits to the pleasing of a vain multitude and rabble of loose livers, and prescribe to the ignorant and simple (very ill disposed of themselves) rules and rudiments of worse living: and as the interludes may be termed the school-houses of vanity and wantonness, so these are the school-masters thereof. And methinks they who have tasted of the sweet fountain water running from their academic mother's breasts, by this, if nothing else, should be deterred from their scribbling profession, that they see their writings and conceits sold at a common door to every base companion: but most of their conceits are too dear at that rate."

Notwithstanding the antipathies of the father, the son knew how to read, admire, and profit by our old dramatists, and we trust, that among the poems of Milton in this edition, will be inserted, besides his "Epitaph," the lines subscribed J. M. S. (i. e. John Milton, Student,) prefixed to the edition of Shakspeare's Plays in 1632, and which are infinitely too good for Jasper Mayne, to whom Malone, in his guess-work, would assign them. One slight deficiency we may be allowed to point out in Mr. Mitford's introduction to Milton's Poems, the supplying of which would have given more novelty to his undertaking: he ought to have furnished us with a brief account of the writers of undramatic blank verse, who preceded Milton, who fell into an obvious error when he supposed that his "Paradise Lost" was "an example set, *the first in English*, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem from the troublesome and modern bondage of rhyming." Lord Surrey, it is well known, had translated the second and fourth books of the "Æneid" into blank verse nearly 150 years before Milton produced his great work, and he was followed by many other writers of eminence.

THE USURPATION OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN REGARD TO SECRECY OF DEBATES.

To the Editors of the New Monthly Magazine.

"GENTLEMEN:—

"On considering maturely the very important right arrogated by the House of Commons, I have no hesitation in asserting, that the claim of secrecy of debate as *now* made, is a claim not only subversive of their just responsibility, but unfounded in any clearly established law. A little deeper research than has recently been made upon the point, will be worth the pains; and may perhaps justify this broad and unqualified assertion.

"The House, then, claims the right of absolutely excluding the public from all knowledge of its debates, at the discretion of any one member: and it is maintained, and with a high hand too, that even for a member to state those debates to individuals out of the House is a breach of privilege; thereby rendering Parliament at all times a secret assembly, if so it appears good to any one of its members. And this, I say, is not borne out by true constitutional principles, nor by sound Parliamentary learning. I go a step farther; and shall attempt to prove, that not only is this extreme claim a manifest usurpation, but that, generally speaking, the people are entitled to access to the votes and proceedings; and *at the present day* to be present at the debates when not specially excluded by solemn vote, only fit to be given on particular occasions for the public good.

"An early enumeration of the privileges of Parliament is to be found in a book, attributed to a very learned person, Mr. Justice Doddridge, entitled 'The several Opinions of sundry learned antiquaries touching the Parliament of England.' In this book these privileges are stated to be—'lawful summons, free election, liberty of admission into the House, a quiet session there, with a just freedom of speech, and debate, without fear or disturbance.' Sir Edward Coke, a contemporary of Doddridge, and no careless vindicator of the privileges of the House of Commons, does not include that of 'not-reporting' amongst them (4 Institute, p. 8.); and in all the cases in which the subject was discussed before the reign of Charles the First, *misrepresentation*, or the like improper way of noticing the debates, were the clear grounds of animadversion on the offending parties. This will be apparent upon a careful examination of the cases of Hall, a member, in 23 Elizabeth, (Sir Simon D'Ewes' Journal, p. 291; Commons' Journals, vol. i. p. 122—125;) and the Bishop of Bristol's case, in 1604, (1 Hatsell, 233; and the Commons' Journals, vol. i. p. 226, &c. 251, and 1000.)

"In 1588, indeed, the members were admonished 'that speeches should not be made table-talk, nor given in notes in writing to any not members of the House.' But this 'admonition' was given by *consent of the House;* (Observations collected out of divers Journals, 1717, p. 44,) and the practice was ever otherwise, as is proved by the existence of such documents as the Preface to the 'Ephemeris Parliamentaria,' D'Ewes' Journal, Hakewill's and other early collections. It is not in modern times that the people of England have first learned that they are entitled to control the House of Commons; and that in order to control men, their conduct must be known. The year 1588 was also a period of great national danger from a foreign enemy, who possibly had domestic favourers in the heart of England, against whom unusual secrecy was mere prudence. But the general rule of suitable publicity may be inferred farther from the fact, that even Henry the Eighth directed the members of the House of Commons 'to report in their counties what they had seen and heard; that is to say, the King urged them not surely to commit in every town a breach of privilege, but to discharge their duty to the public, who would thus be enabled to comprehend what the general good might require; and whether the

trusts reposed in the members had been duly performed. Thus alone, to go still farther into antiquity, could the excellent declaration of Edward the First be fulfilled, that what concerns *all*, should be deliberated upon by *all*. Seal up the House of Commons hermetically, as Mr. Perceval would do, and these truly fundamental principles must be abandoned.

"The position, that the proceedings of Parliament are not intended in law to be secret proceedings, is illustrated by another rule—namely, that the votes are notice to all men, in support of which rule, it is to be presumed in law, that no Parliament will close its proceedings against those who are bound by them. The law, in short, has invested Parliament with the power of occasional secrecy, trusting to its discretion that such power shall be exercised wisely and justly.

"The modern doctrine was first acted upon at the Restoration. It was in 1662, perhaps for the first time, that strangers were ordered to withdraw (2 Hatsell, 171). Before the reign of Charles the First, privilege was needed to protect the Members from Kings; but the people were part of themselves, and not at all times shut out from a knowledge of what there was no danger of their disturbing, when properly imparted to them. The exclusion of the people seems to have grown up in later times, when new interests arose in Parliament adverse to the public interests, and which dared not face the light.

"The Restoration of Charles the Second took place under circumstances which forbid surprise that popular control over either King or Parliament should have been prevented as much as possible. Accordingly, it is then for the first time that 'not reporting' seems to be mentioned as 'of the essence of Parliament.'* Numerous cases, however, even after that, turned solely upon the *misrepresentations* of reporters, rather than upon simply reporting debates, and Blackstone, in the Commentaries, stands upon the older and better law of Sir Edward Coke and Doddridge, omitting this new privilege of 'not reporting' in his enumeration of Parliamentary rights.

"Upon the whole, it may be safely concluded that the sound rule of the Constitution is that of common sense—namely, that the exclusion of the public from the debates is to be a rare case, depending upon the wisdom of Parliament in unforeseen emergencies, but certainly not upon individual caprice or the discretion of single men, and that, although printing was unknown in the beginning of Parliaments, and its use scarcely familiar in this view till of late years, yet that it is only a convenient modification of the original power, well established, and generally allowed to the old narrators of what they had heard in debate—what they might repeat we may print. The usage of modern times must be annexed to ancient right, and the usurpation of yesterday, which would abridge that ancient right, will be succeeded by a practice susceptible of proper correction dictated by just experience. The duty incumbent on Members, even in such a reign as that of Henry the Eighth, of reporting to 'the counties what they had seen and heard,' will now be best discharged by encouraging a better instrument for distributing intelligence—the newspapers, and independently of free scope being given to the public press on this head, Parliament should have its own short hand writers, in order to protect the public from the evil of perishing, or of partial record.

"I am, Gentlemen, &c.

"W. B."

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* Sir Orlando Bridgeman's Judgments in the Common Pleas, 334.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

The Rail-road Newspaper—The threatened Revolution—Candour and Credit—Parliament Newspapers—The Smuggler: Yankee Criticism—Signs of the Times—Old Maids—Mrs. Comfort and the Duke of Wellington—Dealers in Poison—Foreign Drama in London.

The Rail-road Newspaper.—The active Americans are shooting rail-roads all through the States like veins. They will soon be really United. Communication, rapid, safe, and easy, is the surest promoter, not only of civilization and luxury, but of freedom and knowledge. A weekly newspaper has been established at New York, called "The Rail-road Journal," which especially devotes itself to intelligence concerning rail-roads, and the projects designed or in execution; combining with it the miscellaneous and literary contents of ordinary journals. The Editor, in his third number, amusingly defends the title he has chosen in a manner indicative of the interest taken in such matters by our busy and speculative brethren:—

"'The Rail-road Journal!' 'Phœbus! what a name! I should as soon think,' cried a gentleman in our hearing, 'of a Patent-Furnace or Cooking-Stove Journal! A newspaper devoted to rail-roads! You might as well have an "Aqueduct Chronicle," or a "Turnpike Commentator," as a *Rail-road Journal!*' —'Certainly,' echoes another; 'and "The Steam-boat Ægis," or "The Steam-bath Locomotive," or "The Steam-scouring Visiter," would be a far more attractive title!' So they might! so they might! gentlemen; and you may add, that 'The Automaton Working-man' would be a more engaging title still to those who sit with their arms folded quietly at home, and when the whole world is awake and bustling about them, not only put their hands to no work of enterprise, but close their ears to the din of business, and shut out all sounds that would remind them of strenuous exertion. But, happily for the success of our undertaking, in this country there are but few such."

The absence of the stamp duty in the U. S. enables the person who possesses or disseminates knowledge of any kind, instantly to scatter it wherever the soil is prepared for the seed.

The threatened Revolution.—We were said lately to be in very jaws of a revolution: if so, the monster has not such sharp teeth as has been said; for he has let us down without breaking the skin, much less a bone. The truth is, that a revolution, like other bugbears, is a more dreadful thing at a distance than close at hand: we are always in a slow revolution, and it only requires the pulse of events to beat a little quicker to bring on the real political fever. Testimonies of various kinds might be quoted, to show that people, at the time, seldom know that they are actually in a revolution: that it is only on looking back that they discover the greatness or the importance of the event. Even so shrewd a politician and philosopher as Dumont was not aware, in the very heart of the French Revolution, of the nature of the changes taking place. He declares that he would have put down memoranda of every thing going on under his eyes, if he had had an idea that the times possessed the extraordinary character which has signalized them for ever. To be in the heart of great national movements, is like watching the hour-hand of a clock—it moves, but we cannot perceive the motion. While the eye is upon the pointer it seems still, but on recurring to it a few hours after, we

perceive the immense strides that have been made. A decree that silently changes the whole condition of a people sounds like the vulgarest proclamation. On looking back, the period seems crowded with important and striking events: it seems as if persons must have felt in a tornado—no such thing, it is an eddy here and there; the stream of occupation proceeds noiselessly. Besides, the events on which almost every thing afterwards appears to turn, are very frequently in themselves on the spot, and to the actors themselves, nearly insignificant. There are two modes of looking on an event—as it was performed, and in its consequences. Now the former is the general habit of the eye-witness, and rarely the latter; unless indeed there happens to be blood spilt, and then accidents and consequences are all exaggerated grossly. When ordinary persons look back at the French Revolution, all they turn their memories upon are the execution of Louis and the massacres of September; the least essential points of the epoch, and which, had they been avoided, as they might easily, events would have run pretty nearly the same course. Less prejudice would have been created, and that is all. When men cry out about revolutions, they rarely know what they mean: many revolutions, of the most essential kind, occur without a king's removing from a palace in one country to a palace in another.

Candour and Credit.—The following is an advertisement in an American Savannah newspaper. In that country, where the absence of a duty places no restriction on the genius of the advertiser, men's humours are curiously shown, in columns here dedicated to the matter-of-fact or matter-of-fiction announcements of tradesmen:—

"All persons are hereby not only warned, but absolutely forbid, to give me credit on any pretence whatsoever; as from this day forward I shall not pay any debt contracted by myself, so help me God! (Signed) John Hewett."

It is not unusual in this country for men thus to denounce their better halves, but a novelty of this kind was reserved for the new world. Here is a man candid enough to declare that he is unworthy to be trusted, showing that he cannot even trust himself. This is an abnegation of one of the rights of character for the sake of preserving the rest. Fair notice is given—I am a warm-hearted, imprudent fellow, and constantly do foolish things in the heat of the moment, if I am permitted, for which I am made to suffer deeply afterwards. I want self-government, therefore let me deprive myself of the opportunity of doing wrong. Advertisements of this kind would make a curious department in the Gazette, under the head of persons "who will not be trusted," or "declarations of Insolubility."

It would certainly be greatly for the advantage of society if the candour exhibited above were more common; there are many persons, like honest nobody-paying John Hewett, who have made a firm determination to pay no debts contracted by themselves (so help them God!), but who, so far from taking this upright course of advertisement, keep their intentions a profound secret—nay, show by all possible outward signs that it is not only their resolution to pay, but that they propose to pay well; and, in fact, are often heard, like the dandy who called for a glass of water and a tooth-pick, to "damn the expense."

Parliament Newspapers.—One of the consequences of the repeal of the tax upon political news will be, as has been before observed, a division of labour in Journalism. Every branch of knowledge, and most interests, will have their peculiar organ. At present, a newspaper is not an accredited publication, and a legislator disdains to be thought connected with one. Nevertheless it is probable that one of the earliest efforts of the repeal of the tax will be a convenient and popular mode of communication between Members and constituents, by means of a Journal. Mirabeau used to give his electors a report of all that passed in the National Assembly in his Journal, the Provençal Letter, and it served as the vehicle of essays and other papers. What more natural or more convenient than that the Member for Glasgow or Manchester should instruct his constituents, through the instrumentality of a small newspaper, of all the topics which especially relate to their interests. What an admirable vehicle for instruction of every kind—what a guide, what a tutor on all subjects connected with legislation, education, commerce, and other important branches of political science, would such a Journal prove, if conducted, we will suppose, by such men as Huskisson or Brougham. Would not the weekly letter or budget of such men be looked for with eagerness and delight? How much more good such means would have enabled them to do—how many errors they might have exploded—how many right principles established—and what a convenient form for explaining parliamentary conduct. The example of such men, taking with them the aid of a secretary, and thus, as it were, opening a school like an ancient professor, would be powerful. Other men would follow in their track, with unequal step, but they would each be useful from the local aptitude of their communication, and the practice itself would beget a supply of publicists in a short time. Newspapers, as at present conducted, deserve considerable praise; but such is the multitude of their objects, and their greater or less subserviency to the necessity of courting a circulation, that their usefulness is limited, and their authority contracted. The advantages of this scheme open up on every side as we consider the plan. A consideration of them methodically would be out of place here. Let only the idea be borne in mind when the Reform Bill is passed and the knowledge tax repealed—as repealed it must be.

The Smuggler—Yankee Criticism.—The following is a sentence from a piece of New York criticism:

> "The Author's scenes and characters are most of them out of the beaten track of Fiction, and his own reflections upon them, relish of a mind that has not been emasculated by devoting its powers to illustrating the vapidity of Almack's and *Regent's Park.*"

Fault need not be found with the justness of the opinion. Mr. Banim's style is certainly not emasculated by any practice whatever; much less by the vapidity of the Regent's Park. This description of illustration is very dangerous. What is meant by the vapidity of a ball-room is readily understood; but what can our Brother Jonathan have heard of the Regent's Park, that he should accuse it of vapidity? We do not believe that a circulation in the Regent's Park would do any mischief to anybody, or that if Mr. Banim had lodged in Cornwall Terrace for a century, he would in that atmosphere have run any

risk of fashionable vapours at least. It may not perhaps be universally known that sturdy Jonathan has been bit by the mania of fashion, and actually talks of London with the knowing air of the initiated. How they succeed in a paltry business which they should never attempt, this extract may serve as an example. The little mistake above may also serve as a warning to English people who pretend a familiarity with the manners and habits of such foreign nations as are supposed to be quotable. The practice of introducing scraps of a foreign tongue in writing is in itself bad taste even correctly executed, which is rare, for generally speaking these phrases are introduced in a style which sends a cachinnatory movement from Calais to Marseilles. By way of the very latest illustration, we may mention that one of the heroines of The Fair of Mayfair declares that she is *embêtée*—now this is a very pretty slang word, but the accidental use of it by an awkward Parisian pretender, in one of the novels of the inimitable Paul de Kock, is represented as creating a singular sensation of disgust among a party of ladies who hear it. Now if the term prove a male Frenchman fit for the shop or the stable, we opine that it does not become a Fair of Mayfair.

Signs of the Times.—It may be perceived that most persons are looking abroad for signs of the times—some find them in William the Fourth turned upside down over a public house, or in the Queen's health drunk in funereal silence; but these are not signs, but meteors; they are transient and will pass away shortly, even before the originals and the cry which screams itself hoarse in their disfavour. A much more solid sign of the tendency of the metropolitan times we hold to be an advertisement which daily meets our eye in the newspapers. It is the advertisement of a madhouse, *alias* a retreat, "at which a clergyman of the *established* church is engaged to perform divine service every Sunday." When this can be held out as an inducement by an exceedingly shrewd advertiser, it says more for the disposition to piety among what are called respectable, that is, wealthy people, than a volume of ordinary signs. To pray in the presence of and in conjunction with the insane is a mockery: but the mere mockery is supposed of power to bring "grist to the mill."

Old Maids.—

These lay sisters of charity are the comfort and salvation of so many families, that every home appears to us imperfect which has not the good fortune to have one of them appended to it."—*Edinburgh Review*, No. 109.

This is a most amiable view of the state of single blessedness: the reflection on its truth may be a consolation to a class most undeservedly subject to the sneers of society. Instead of pointing out the peculiarities of old maids as a fair game, it would be praiseworthy if some of the more eminent writers of fiction, who in fact exercise more influence on popular morality and popular sentiment than any other class of instructors, would put these "lay sisters of charity" in their true light. Their faults are chiefly the necessary consequences of the sentiments entertained respecting them. As long as it is a disgrace for a female not to be married, it is natural that those who possess any love of approbation or self-esteem—and who does not?—should be anxious to impress upon their acquaintance, that it has

been a matter of choice, and not for want of conquests. Precision and fidgetiness are also charges made usually by the slatternly and the disorderly. A love of scandal and tittle-tattle, is also a part of their bad character unluckily shared by all their sex who have time on their hands and few intellectual pursuits. It is a charge, however, which does not sound well in the mouths of the readers of Sunday newspapers. It is remarkable that many of our women of genius have been, or are of the order of "lay sisters of charity," such as Miss Hannah More, Miss Bailie, Miss Bowles, Miss Bowdler, and others far too numerous to mention.

Mrs. Comfort and the Duke of Wellington.—Police reports have certainly greatly declined in richness since the extinction of that curious, shaggy, picturesque remnant of another order of society—the watchman, who has been an esteemed butt from the time of Shakspeare downwards. This is not a matter to be regretted: except as causing a failure in the supply of an amusement of a very questionable character. There is a great deal to be said against the publication, or even the publicity of proceedings in the very first instance; and though it certainly does contribute often to the production of evidence, it perhaps still oftener acts as a decided bar in the minds of the mass of quiet people against taking any steps whatever against crime. When in addition to the publication of their names in every quarter of the kingdom next day, there was a chance of being held up to ridicule and made to stand in the situation of a caricature instead of a complainant, the reluctance was naturally increased. Some parties are callous to such exposures, and in fact from their position never know of them. The cases also sometimes justify publicity. When a man is brought up, for instance, by his wife for attempting to cut her throat, we do not see that there is any reason for being lenient, though the culprit may, as he sometimes does, plead aggravation. A story of this kind does not often present points of humour, yet, in the course of the month, from the droll circumstance of the complainant Mrs. Comfort, much to the surprise of the magistrate, laying all the blame to the Duke of Wellington, a good deal of amusement was elicited from a charge of murder.

"'The Magistrate asked her what cause she assigned for her husband's behaviour towards her?'

'Mrs. Comfort.—I lay it all to that Duke of Wellington: he will be the ruin of him.'

'The Magistrate inquired what the Duke of Wellington had to do with her husband?'

'Mrs. Comfort.—More the misfortune for me, my old man is never easy except when he is in company at that blackguard Duke of Wellington's. There he is morning, noon, and night, and when he is away he is dreaming of that cursed Duke of Wellington.'

'Magistrate.—My good woman, I don't understand you rightly. What do you mean by saying that you attribute your husband's bad treatment of you to the Duke of Wellington? Explain yourself. I suppose your old man, as you call him, would not spend so much of his time at his Grace's, unless he were occupied in some capacity about the stables, or elsewhere.'

'Mrs. Comfort.—About the stables, your Worship! He has no employment in the stables—I wish he had; he is never out of the tap room.'

'Magistrate.—Oh, I understand you now; then your husband it appears, is fond of the ale-house.'

'Mrs. Comfort.—He is, in truth, Sir.'

'Magistrate.—And the house he frequents is called the Duke of Wellington?'

'Mrs. Comfort answered in the affirmative, and said, that if she could only sever the connexion between her husband and the Duke of Wellington, she knew she should be happy once more. She never knew what a day's pleasure was since her old man associated at the Duke's.'"

At this moment it so happened that all the Comforts in the country were laying all the blame of the hubbub then existing at the door of the unfortunate Duke of Wellington; and the coincidence was, as the newspapers say, curious. Some of these penny-a-line men, as they are called, are ingenious and witty; their forte is the droll—the power of broad humour. Nothing of this sort is done on the Continent: when in the French papers a little penny-a-line paragraph is got up, its characteristic is usually sentiment. When done, they are always well done—that is, completely, and with an air of finish. Take for instance this truly French anecdote of the Cholera—it bears every mark of its recent importation:—

"A person kept a lodging-house, intrusting the care of attendance, as is the custom in Paris, to a man who waits upon all the tenants. About a fortnight after the Cholera had broken out, the porter brought the key of the house to his employer, and told him it was empty. It had been occupied by ten lodgers from different parts of the world, every individual of whom had been cut off by the malady—not one was left to transmit the tale to his distant relatives!"

Dealers in Poison.—An unfortunate Captain Burdett has fallen a victim, at Brighton, to the carelessness of a maker-up of medicines. Poison, remedies, applications internal and external, are all mixed up and laid down on a shop counter, in that order termed by the lovers of arrangement "higgledy-piggledy," and thus dispensed with the air of nonchalance which may be observed in a dispenser of colonial produce in a grocer's shop. Amidst all the enormities of detail characterizing the manners and customs of this free country, there are none more abominable than the regulations governing the making-up of medicines. Every body knows that the same prescription made up at different shops is rarely the same medicament, in taste, colour, or effect. The physician ponders nicely upon proportion, feels the pulse again, and adds a grain; calls into play all the resources of art and education, and at length finishes a document on which, perhaps, rest the hopes of a family—all to be overturned by an ignorant apothecary's boy behind a counter, flirting with maid-servants, or in the interim of beating up or weighing out some delicate appliance which is to soothe an ulcerated mesenteric gland, or stimulate a torpid secretion of the pancreas—ladling out a pound of Æthiop's mineral to a groom for his horses, or an ounce of arsenic to a farmer for his rats. An apothecary in bad credit with his wholesale house in town is supplied with bad drugs; and they who do not get better out of his shop, are little aware that the cause lies in the dishonouring of a repeatedly renewed bill. The wholesale houses themselves vary most considerably, and the chemists who supply them frequently issue death or disease by the cart-load, in consequence of an experiment made by one of the ingenious partners, by which he hopes to bring out some wholesale drug at a reduced rate. From undoubted authority, we learn, that in the course of one individual's experience (a physician) in hav-

ing medicine chests fitted up by eminent houses in London, it has occurred *thrice* that poison was substituted instead of some popular medicament. Apprenticeship is all very well in some trades, but it ought to be differently managed in the business of making-up (as it is called) prescriptions. The shoemaker or tailor's apprentice may blunder and pinch a toe or a shoulder, but the apothecary's boy blunders in a manner that admits of no remedy. While he is dreaming of Vauxhall, or of his master's daughter, he puts the label of a saline draught on a liniment of tar, and sends that intended for an old woman's hand into the stomach of a Captain in the Navy. In the case we are alluding to, which has just occurred at Brighton, a verdict of manslaughter has been brought in against the youth who sent in oil of tar instead of decoction of senna, and caused the gentleman to die, while the old lady was rubbing her hand with senna tea, in all faith: but where was the master all this time who reaped the profits? His business was done by a helper and a boy with a basket (we never see these boys and their covered basket. full of papered humbugs, without a shudder), while he, probably, was regaling himself in the interior of his mansion, or gossiping on the Steyne. *The verdict should in all cases be against the master of the shop wherever the poison issues,* and for which he is *paid.*

Foreign Drama in London.—A Spanish play and afterpiece have been performed at the Coburg Theatre by Spaniards. We have now in London a French, an Italian, and a German theatre: the two last, however, being confined to operas. It would be a very creditable circumstance to the metropolis if now a Spanish one could be established, not only because it would be of essential service to numerous deserving men, who are suffering all the pains of poverty in exile, but because it would tend to make London what it ought to be and might be—a true University. The Italian and Spanish political emigrants have been chiefly compelled to resort to instruction for a livelihood, but how much might they not have done for the student of the language and the lover of their literature, by getting up dramatic representations, and by bringing successively before us the *chefs-d'œuvre* of their ample repertories! No more delightful mode of taking (or even of giving) a lesson in language or poetry could well be imagined; and we feel certain, that had it been properly made known and respectably conducted, it would have been well supported. What a useful and indeed noble institution would be a theatre, in this building age, adapted solely for the performance of the dramas of the different nations of Europe! how worthy of a great capital! how appropriate to London, the resort of crowds from every corner of the world! and what an aid to the students of foreign literature, the lovers of poetry, and even the *élèves* of commerce or diplomacy! The two London Universities ought to patronize such a scheme. The expense of the building would not be great, for such a theatre should necessarily be small; and as the three languages, of German, Italian, and Spanish, could each have two nights in the week, three different sets of subscribers would contribute to its maintenance. There would be no fear of not finding performers, for as the business would altogether assume an *amateur* character, the difficulty would probably lie in the selection. During the residence of the Italian and Spanish emigrants in this country, there have been among them some of their

best modern authors, and of these, one who was the tragic writer of the highest reputation in Madrid at the destruction of the Cortes—the grand crime of the Bourbons, for which they are doing penance at Holyrood.

A theatre such as we design, might be, in the morning, employed as a lecture or concert-room, and occasionally devoted to Improvisatori, such as those inspired men, Sgricci and Pistrucci, or to the reading of original compositions, whether in verse or prose.

The characteristic of such an institution should be excessive cheapness. Our theatrical prices are enormous: partly rendered necessary by high salaries to actors, expensive decorations, and the accumulation of arrears arising from losses, extravagant lawsuits, and other old claims. There would be here, in this new scheme, which should be more like an academy than a play-house, no demands of the kind: the costumes would be of the simplest kind, and as few scenes would be necessary as in the time of Shakspeare and the Globe and Bull Theatres.

Let one of the benevolent capitalists take this plan in hand without view to profit, and he will prove himself a benefactor on a large scale, and his name may be recorded among those who have really contributed to the diffusion of knowledge and the spread of intellectual cultivation.

The Lion's Mouth.

"Aliena negotia centum."—*Horat.*

Conservative Reform; being the Outlines of a Counterplan enclosed in a Letter to Lord Lyndhurst. By Horace Twiss, Esq. one of His Majesty's Counsel. London, 1832.

This pamphlet had the singular fortune to be praised simultaneously by *The Times* and *John Bull*, and coming from an ex-member of the Duke of Wellington's government, really merited attention on its first appearance, on account of the admissions contained in it, as well as of the ability displayed. We had consequently prepared a notice, which a press of other matter compelled us to postpone, and events have since occurred which entirely supersede the necessity of recurring to it. The time is certainly gone by for counterplans, and the nation's mind is now thoroughly made up as to the true meaning of Conservative Reform. We are therefore obliged to lay Mr. Twiss's scheme, with all the other schemes of his party, upon the shelf.

We have received a plan for the establishment of "A Literary Benevolent Institution," to which our earliest attention shall be given.

The Poetical Sketch of a Fire in London will be inserted early.

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TO THE

THIRTY-FOURTH VOLUME.

END OF THE THIRTY-FOURTH VOLUME

London Printed by W Clowes, Stamford-street